

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1907.

THE MERGER BILL.

Speaker Cole's anti merger bill, without amendment of any importance, was passed in the last hours of the Legislature and signed by Governor Guild.

Although nobody outside of the General Court, and, apparently, but few in it, understand what the bill means, the general impression is that it is a good thing, inasmuch as it cuts off the power of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad Company from swallowing the Boston and Maine, and clips the wings of President Mellen's ambition to become another railroad magnate and wrecker.

Some say there was a great deal of politics in the measure, and, mabey, there was. If so, Speaker Cole, who aspired to the next nomination, after this year, for Lieutenant Governor, won a decided victory over the Guild party.

However, the Boston and Maine is still a New England road, with President Tuttle at the head, and is likely to remain so for years to come.

ENDED AT LAST.

At 11 o'clock last Friday night, in accordance with the necessary vote of the Governor and Council, Secretary of State William M. Olin, prorogued the Great and General Court of Massachusetts of 1907, after one of the longest sessions within the memory of the Oldest Inhabitant. If the plans of the Democratic member of the Council had worked, the Legislature might have yet been in session; but they failed.

It was not only one of the longest, but one of the liveliest and sharpest sessions that has been held in recent years, and a large amount of highly important business was disposed of during the nearly six months of its duration.

FOURTH OF JULY.

There was no celebration in Woburn. Universal quiet reigned during the day, and "Night Before."

Only noteworthy thing about it was: 50 degrees above zero at 6 A. M., and 80 at 11 A. M.

Private fireworks in the evening.

F The Mass. Div. of the S. of V. have accepted an invitation to participate in the Boston Old Home Week celebration, and will march in the great New England Day parade on Wednesday, July 31, for the organization and management of which strong committee of S. of V. has been appointed. James H. Wentworth, Division Commander, says: "Brothers, never in the history of our Order has such an opportunity been presented where we, as an organization, may show to the public at large what manner of men we are," as at this Old Home Week celebration. Our Woburn Boys will please take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

F Francis Murphy, the great Christian Temperance advocate, died at Los Angeles, California, last Sunday, at the ripe age of 71 years. During the period of his temperance work, which was begun in Portland, Me., in 1871, over 18,000,000 people were induced to sign the pledge from his preaching in this country and Great Britain. Some dozen years ago Murphy prosecuted a temperance campaign in Woburn with wonderful success, and is remembered with affection by many of those who then signed the pledge. He was a praying man, as well as a great temperance champion and moral reformer. He was born in county Wexford, Ireland.

F The title page of the June number of the New England Telephone Topics is finely embellished with a portrait of General Thomas Sherwood, President of the New England Tel. and Tel. Company, which is followed by an interesting biographical sketch of him. Although devoted to telephone matters the layman will be interested in the contents of the Topics.

F Lawyer W. Frederic Davis has started a campaign in this city in behalf of lawyer Johnson of Waltham for District Attorney.

LOCAL NEWS.

Now Advertisements.
City-Dog Notice.
E. Caldwell—Records.
G. W. Park—Class.
G. W. Collier—Let.
J. W. Johnson—Mot. Sale.

We have lacked for hot weather this week, either.

A portion of Judge Johnson's family are at Rockport, Cape Ann.

Mrs. Everett G. Place and family are occupying a cottage at Salisbury Beach.

Master Owen of the High School and family have gone to their summer home at Mountmout, Maine.

A heavy rain last Saturday night soaked the ground handsomely and gave vegetation a bright and thirsty look.

Mass. Div. S. of V. are to hold memorial services at the Soldiers Home at 3 o'clock next Sunday afternoon, July 11.

Mr. F. W. Bosworth, daughter, Mrs. Henry L. Andrews, started last Monday for a visit to Los Angeles, California.

Farmer E. C. Colman has a notice "To Let" in this paper which deserves to be carefully considered by the reading public.

Gage & Co., merchant tailors, are offering especial inducements in the way of prices for gentlemen to buy fine suits of clothing at their reliable and popular store.

The C. A. Nichols factory is busy every day in the week, Sundays excepted, manufacturing handsome rugs from old carpets for people scattered all over the country.

The Misses McDermott, daughters of Chief Charles of the Police Department, have had a guest at their home on Scott street, Miss Mary Foss of Leominster.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Bliss & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

We have been assured on unimpeachable testimony that the few Daughters of A. R. who went to the famous Wayside Inn for an outing and dinner last Saturday had the time of their lives.

Lawyer James E. Feeney has closed his Scott street residence and taken the family, including Hon. John P. and Mrs. Mary McDermott of N. Y., to Hull where they will tarry during the vacation season.

Mr. Dennis L. Sullivan, who has been reading law in the office of J. P. & J. E. Feeney in this city for several years, was before the Bar Committee one day last week for examination to become a member of the Massachusetts Bar.

Miss Marion Horstense Taylor of 23 Pleasant street has gone to Salisbury Beach for a month's tarry. When she went away, a few days ago, she took along, for company, her mother, Mrs. Bertha (G. H.) Taylor.

Capt. John P. Crane will leave shortly for Poland Springs, Maine, one of the most famous island summer resorts in the Pine Tree State. The fine golf links, pure water, and perfect cuisine there, are potent attractions for the Captain.

Thomas Beggs, Jr. and family are visiting Mr. T. G. Beggs and family at Confluence, Pa. Mr. T. G. Beggs was formerly a resident of Woburn, but has been, for several years, successfully engaged in leather making in the Keystone State.

Rev. Frank P. Johnson, Assistant Pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church of Boston, with a couple of companions, sailed from New York for Europe on July 1. His visit over there is expected to cover a period of about two months.

Last Saturday was an outing and picnic day. The Lexington cars carried loads of early morning picnickers, all in holiday attire; the Burlington and Billerica trolleys had a good share of the outers, and everybody, especially the children, seemed happy.

We advise our readers who, for many years, have been collecting and hoarding old and odd American coins, from a copper cent up to a silver dollar, to overhaul the receipts which contain them and see if they can find a cent dated 1850, and, if so, we would inform them that they can sell it for \$18.50; and if they chance to come across a silver dollar (oval in shape), in their search, coined in 1804, collectors will be glad to give them \$3.00 each. It may be that there are several of such pieces of money in the possession of Woburn people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. A. Brackett and Quincy A. Brackett of Highland street go to their old stamping ground at Southport, Maine, to spend the summer months. Southport is a popular seaside resort, and an especial favorite of many Woburn people.

Mrs. Harriet C. Blake of Abbott street is visiting friends at Allerton. She is, generally speaking, quite a summer rambler, usually dividing her flitting and resting during the hot weather months between seashore and country resorts, an inclination suggests.

Mr. Philip M. Brown, son of Mr. and Mrs. David W. Brown, has been appointed Secretary of the American Embassy at Constantinople, Turkey, where, some years ago, he served as Assistant Secretary. He has been in Guatemala, attached to the Legation there, for several years.

If this tepid weather lasts much longer, and the demand for his soda suffers no abatement, Whitcher's fountain is likely to be damaged by hot boxes before long. They all say that that fountain yields the best cold beverages for the comfort of sizzling humanity that can be found in this city.

Some of the postoffice employees are making the most of the allotted time accorded to them for vacation; the Police Department is somewhat at sixes-and-sevens for the same reason; City Hall is sleeping peacefully, as is usual in hot weather; and the simonpure vacation spirit reigns triumphant in this city.

About next week will be witnessed by those who care for such things many individual and family departures from this city to temporary homes by the ocean, or such other summer resorts as the size of the pocketbook, fancy, or sound sense, may dictate; and much comfort and happiness may all of them enjoy during the hot months.

Last year, on the 90th anniversary of his birthday, July 21, the people of this city, old First church in an especial manner, remembered Rev. Dr. Daniel March with hearty greetings, an abundance of flowers, and in other ways. Are they going to repeat it this year, two weeks from next Sunday, July 21, when the Doctor will reach the age of 91 years?

Mr. Wilford D. Gray, a recent graduate from the Boston University Law School, was examined last week for admission to the Bar. He is the Tax Collector of this city, and a promising young man. By the way, as indicative of his popularity at school, it may be mentioned that he was recently elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in the Boston University's mock Legislature.

The gypsies and brownbarts are thicker than ever around in these parts. Considering the money and labor expended in efforts to exterminate them it seems as though there ought to be a moth within hatching distance of this city. By the way, has anybody seen a tree hercules which the moths have despoiled of its foliage? A few such spectacles might, or might not, justify the expense of going for the pests.

Mass. Div. S. of V. are to hold memorial services at the Soldiers Home at 3 o'clock next Sunday afternoon, July 11.

Mr. F. W. Bosworth, daughter, Mrs. Henry L. Andrews, started last Monday for a visit to Los Angeles, California.

Farmer E. C. Colman has a notice "To Let" in this paper which deserves to be carefully considered by the reading public.

Gage & Co., merchant tailors, are offering especial inducements in the way of prices for gentlemen to buy fine suits of clothing at their reliable and popular store.

The C. A. Nichols factory is busy every day in the week, Sundays excepted, manufacturing handsome rugs from old carpets for people scattered all over the country.

The Misses McDermott, daughters of Chief Charles of the Police Department, have had a guest at their home on Scott street, Miss Mary Foss of Leominster.

Editor Baker of the News went to Portland, Maine, last evening to visit his mother, brother, and other relatives who are residents of that most charming of all New England cities. For a summer tarrying place Portland, located on the shore of broad Casco Bay with its 365 islands, covered with trees and verdure and granite hemmed in, of all other Atlantic seaports, the most healthy, comfortable and in all respects the choicest.

We have been assured on unimpeachable testimony that the few Daughters of A. R. who went to the famous Wayside Inn for an outing and dinner last Saturday had the time of their lives.

Lawyer James E. Feeney has closed his Scott street residence and taken the family, including Hon. John P. and Mrs. Mary McDermott of N. Y., to Hull where they will tarry during the vacation season.

Mr. Dennis L. Sullivan, who has been reading law in the office of J. P. & J. E. Feeney in this city for several years, was before the Bar Committee one day last week for examination to become a member of the Massachusetts Bar.

Miss Marion Horstense Taylor of 23 Pleasant street has gone to Salisbury Beach for a month's tarry. When she went away, a few days ago, she took along, for company, her mother, Mrs. Bertha (G. H.) Taylor.

Editor Baker of the News went to Portland, Maine, last evening to visit his mother, brother, and other relatives who are residents of that most charming of all New England cities. For a summer tarrying place Portland, located on the shore of broad Casco Bay with its 365 islands, covered with trees and verdure and granite hemmed in, of all other Atlantic seaports, the most healthy, comfortable and in all respects the choicest.

— Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. Hanson paid a visit to Portland, Maine, early this week.

— Mrs. Emma Wright of Arlington Road takes her vacation at Phillips Beach.

— Dockham was on deck with his green peas yesterday—4th of July just as he said he would be. They were prime.

— Representative A. R. Linsecott is here for a guest his daughter, Mrs. Eugene Poole, and children of Waterbury, Conn.

— Subscribers about to go away on vacation can have the JOURNAL forwarded to them by simply notifying the publisher.

— Mr. Ernest N. Hartwell, son of Mr. F. A. Hartwell of Pleasant street, is enjoying his month's vacation at Sand Hills, Scituate.

— Mr. Charles A. Burdett of Burdett's Business College, Boston, and family are at Intervale, N. H., for the vacation season.

— According to the testimony of a truthful storyteller, Nichols' Corner has special facilities for receiving "wires" from absent friends.

— A few days ago the wholesale dealers advanced the price of coal 10 cents a ton, and quicker than seat thereafter that the retailers increased the price 25 cents a ton!

— Miss Susan M. Frye, Principal of the Parker School, is making her vacation headquarters at Newton. She will visit Beverly, Northfield, and elsewhere during the summer.

— On Wednesday evening Mr. Angelo Crovo stopped a runaway horse on Main street and bravely rescued a young woman in the carriage from an extremely perilous situation.

— No echo of the general outcry against the price of ice is heard in Woburn these days. The idea prevails that Mr. Nichols is doing the fair thing by his patrons.

— Miss Mattie Cook, daughter of Deacon Samuel Cook of Bow street, is recovering from a severe surgical operation performed at Charlesgate Hospital, Cambridge, a few days ago.

— If dogs know what's good for them they will either take out a license or keep shad, judging from a notice signed by Mayor Blodgett and published in this issue of the JOURNAL.

— It was announced that Loammi Baldwin Chapter, D. A. R., would enjoy a fish dinner at Wayside Inn in Sudbury, made famous by Longfellow's or somebody's else's, poem, last Saturday.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

— The boys began a sort of "desertory" fire all along the line," an irregular, spasmodic popping of crackers, Tuesday evening, which was kept up Wednesday; but real business did not open until the evening of July 3. Then for 24 hours there was a racket.

STATE POLITICS

Public Glad Anti-Merger Bill Was Enacted by Legislature

INDEPENDENCE MEN ALERT

May Nominate Own State Ticket If Democrats Name Whitney For Governor—Bartlett Men Think the Nomination Should Come to Him

The great and general court of Massachusetts has finished its work and is adjourned until the first Tuesday in January of 19

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCY LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturdays, 10:12 A. M., 2:45 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument. Lessons given at the pupil's residence if desired. Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or telephone.

35 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

The Price

— OF —

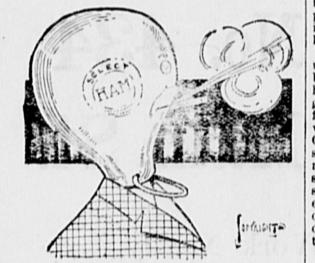
BUTTER
REDUCED!

On All Grades

Including Prints and 5 lb. Boxes.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House351 Main Street,
Fitz & Stanley,
Telephone 109-6.AFTER HARD WORK
THE USE OFWoburna
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness and invigoration obtained in no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

SMOKED HAM

With a pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind we can give you. Because . . .

WE SELL AI HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than demanded for ham. We don't stand invigoration. Our hams are the healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

PREPARE FOR
Spring Cleaning.Gulpho-Naphthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

used generally about the house, in place of soap, &c., and at the same time at an unusual rate of economy. Lead up the drain work by putting the sink toilets and entire drainage system in a perfectly healthy condition. It breaks up all foul odors, clears out all greasy, decomposing accumulations.

Be sure you get the genuine. Avoid inferior 'Just as Good' imitations. Look for the trade-mark.

Sold in original packages at all dealers.

10c., 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

Get Your Printing Done
At This Office

WINCHESTER.

Aquatic doings are on top here. Mystic Lake grows more popular every year.

An ominous silence is preserved here respecting the grade crossing. What's the matter with our folks?

The Browning School of intellectual workers will resume their literary studies early in the fall. I don't hear anything about the Shakespeare Club, nor the Ibsen devotees.

Increase of travel has induced Sup. Elits to put on 15-minute cars between the Highlands and Arlington from 4 to 7 p. m. daily. It is a good thing. Losses of fine scenery like the Arling-ton line.

Last week's issue of the Star blows with stories and songs of the graduation exercises. It was a good number for the Class of '07 to preserve. Neighbor Wilson knows a thing or two about newspapers.

As usual at this season of the year, the population of this town is rapidly thinning out. Summer resorts are drawing the people away from home, and by the middle of this month our will wear the appearance of a "Deserted Village."

The Boat Club, the apple of Winchester's eye, have hired a Swimming Master to teach our inhabitants how to swim. His title is "Professor of Swimming" and he is an expert at the business, and, also, a teacher. I'll bet there are lots of boys here who could teach him a few of his bs at swimming.

Literary Notices.

The splendid picture in colors of an American boy triumphantly riding the American eagle, on the front cover of the July AMERICAN BOY is inspiring. In the excellence and timeliness of its reading matter also, the magazine will interest and delight its readers. There are additional chapters of the fine serial by Tomlinson, Sprague and Ellis. Of the larger stories and articles are: Bennie's Fourth of July; President Roosevelt's address on the American Boy; A Poor Boy who Pushed to the Front; The American boy as a page in the U. S. Senate; The Boy who Made an Error; Chase of Lone Wolf; In Touch with a Lion; A Beautiful English Bird; Stealing General; A Memorable Fourth; Interfering Gardner; The Passing of the Author of The Story of a Bad Boy; A Chinese Reform School in New York; Chats with Big Americans; The Boy on His Muscle, How to Become Strong, What the Baseball Rules Say, and Practical Golf; Suggestions from the Boss will be found full of pointers to the boy who is seeking work. The usual departments of Stamps, Coins, and Curios; Boy Photographer, O. A. B. and the Boy Mechanic and Electrician, will hold the interest of their readers. There are in addition 75 illustrations, \$1.00 a year. The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.

An Allegorical Picture of America.

To look at things from a more helpful point of view is always helpful. And when by some means or other, one can get a glimpse of the way he goes along, why toward understanding, the world is a better place to live in. Allegories on national topics have often moulded a country's history. A notable example of national allegory appears in the "American Boy" by Margaret Sherwood and a graphic picture it gives us of ourselves as seen in the guise of people in the days of King Arthur.

The Gentle Robber has always been a universal and virile family with linear features, and a strong, healthy, robust heritage. From the days of Adam, Margaret Sherwood's "Gentle Robber" stole from yeoman, squire, knight, merchant, widow and woman, gave to church and State, and to the universally yawning receptacle of "stained money"—the colleges. It is admirable where the gentle, tragic, failing, failing, avaricious, and the more than tragic ending of his own life, a sacrifice to the power of corruption, is pathetic but so vitally true.

Nothing Doing.

Is that shag? I thought it was until I came upon the words in Dickens' "Donkey-Son."

In chapter 4 son Sol Gillie is explaining to his nephew Walter why the shop must be closed and the business abandoned.

"You see, Walter," said he, "in truth this business is merely a habit with me. I am so accustomed to the habit that I could hardly live if I relinquished it, but there's nothing doing, nothing doing."

So, you see, the phrase had its pathetic fitness many years ago and is not slang at all—Jeffersonian Magazine.

Satisfied.

A steady looking bather, having ordered and eaten a large and sumptuous dinner, exclaimed to the waiter that he had no money. The waiter immediately told the restaurant proprietor, who sent for a policeman. The proprietor, going up to the unwelcome guest, explained that he had sent for a policeman.

"Thank goodness, you didn't send for a stomach pump!" the seedy one replied, with a huge contentment—Illustrated Bits.

His Consolation.

Mr. Justice Why, what are you crying about? said Justice. Justice, Oh, George! The mice have got into the pantry and eaten up a whole custard pie I made myself. Mr. Justice. There, there! Don't cry over a few little mice.

Cleveland Leader.

Preferred to Die.

"I would be glad to provide a good watch as long as I lived, and now after barely a fortnight it is quite good for nothing!" Watchmaker.—But it is not my fault that you were so thin and sick looking!—Translated For Transatlantic Tales From Fliegende Blatter.

Advice They Need.

"Yes, I'm going abroad at once. I gotta go."

"Oh, you mustn't let the doctors scare you!"

"I got this from a lawyer!"—Washington Herald.

Ingratitude.

One of the passengers from a wrecked steamer who was saved by pigs swimming ashore with a life line ate bacon for breakfast as soon as he arrived at Sydney—Exchange.

No Chasing.

Jeweler.—This ring is 5 shillings more than the plain one on account of the chasing. Buyer.—But you won't have to chase me. I'm going to pay for what I get.—London Lady.

WHAT IS THE SOIL?

Extent of This Precious but Limited Surface Material.

If you were asked to name the most important of mineral substances, you would doubtless hesitate for a moment and weigh the respective merits of coal, iron and the precious metals. Only after some consideration probably would it occur to you that these highly useful substances have insignificant value as compared with that familiar mixture of ground up minerals which we call the soil.

Man could make shift to live and even in a measure to progress with out glass or cement or metals, but his very life depends upon the little thin triturated rock that is spread over the surface of the globe in the form of soil. The constituents of this are metamorphosed into the substance of plants and ultimately into the tissues of man himself.

Properly to understand the matter, however, it must be comprehended that the soil is not important part of the earth's structure, except from a strictly human standpoint. At best it is only a little film of material frayed off from the jacket called the earth's crust. To a giant of such size that the earth were to him what an apple is to us the soil would be no more than the bloom on the peach.

With his handkerchief he could wipe off the soil, and then, with a few more strokes, like so much daw, and polish off the soil as we rub the bloom from an apple, clear down to the rock foundations, without changing appreciably the size or the weight of his toy.

To scrape away the entire crust of the earth (so far as known to us) would be but to remove an infinitesimal shell, and the total bulk of air and oceans aggregates only 7 per cent of that shell. Yet the oceans cover 75 per cent of the earth's surface and, as measured in human terms, are some miles in depth. How, then, shall we estimate the insignificance of that little powdery soil only a few feet in thickness, that is ousted over the remaining two-fifths of the earth's crust?—Appleton.

THE FLIRTING LOBBY.

Feminine Visitors to the English House of Commons.

Women visitors to the English House of Commons cover the semi-section of a gallery provided with a heavy iron grating. When a gentle hum of conversation and light laughter drowns down from the ladies' gallery members look up and see through the interstices of the heavy grating delicate hints of soft fabrics, the bloom of a fair cheek or the gleam of a bare white arm.

Amusement and curiosity, of course, bring the ladies to the house of commons, but these cannot be the only motives. The fair visitors would hardly trouble to array themselves in such ravishing evening toilettes merely to stand in the gallery, that ill-lighted den where dresses are not seen to advantage.

No doubt it was with a view to the protection of dirt that the rule was laid down that if a member desires to converse with a lady in the gallery he may do so for five minutes only. Members, especially the young and irresponsible, make frequent visits to the cage. Of course it is for the purpose of pointing out the celebrities on the benches below.

But if in doing so he should exceed five minutes, the gallery attendant is empowered to call his attention, courteously, but firmly, to the fact that he has outstayed his limit. It is to be feared that this official, in evening dress with a chain and badge, often interrupts, by his "Time's up, sir!" whispers of soft nothings in the ladies' gallery, or the "flirting lobby," as it will be nicknamed.—London Daily Mail.

A PAPER OF PINS.

Pins were introduced in the sixteenth century.

Then they were costly and highly prized as gifts.

A paper of pins was more acceptable than a bunch of needles.

An act was passed in 1513 making it illegal to charge more than eightpence a thousand for metal pins.

Persons of quality often used pins made of boxwood, bone and silver, while the poor put up with wooden skewers.

In those day husbands were often surprised at the great amount of money that went for pins; hence the term "pin money."

Not so many years ago the frugal American housewife was wont to teach her economy by teaching her children that canny couplet, "See a pin a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."

—Philadelphia Record.

The Indirect Method.

Homemade ice cream was a regular item on the bill of fare at Willies house, and he liked the cream he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find he had been so successful as to find the cream he had turned out to be of a quality that he had never heard of before.

"I don't see how you got him to turn the cream freezer," she said to her husband. "I offered him a dime to do it, and he just laughed at me."

"You didn't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I'll bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour,"—Harper's Weekly.

He is still in Glasgow.—Glasgow Times.

Overshot the Mark.

McHugh was the manager of a large warehouse in Glasgow, and he was intensely disliked. One fine morning he announced that he had received from his wife a letter from a friend in America, in which she said that he must be dismissed at once.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," she said to him.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

"I don't care if he's a thousand times better than I am," he said to his wife.

Where Two Paths Met.

By INA WRIGHT HANSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

In the birch blossom path I saw her first, and my mind was full of annoyances because my sister, who kept my house, should invite a girl to visit her, and then insist that it was my duty to help entertain her. I would do nothing of the sort, I was thinking, when a turn in the white blossomed pathway brought her to my view.

She was slender and had a great mass of brownish yellow hair, plumed up with gold pins, one of which glowed sardonically at me with its topaz eye. While I was wondering why she didn't comb her hair smoothly she turned, and her eyes, of a wonderful vivid blue, seemed to look down into my very soul.

"Stand perfectly still, Mr. Angove, and shut your eyes. Is there anything so sweet in this wide world as a birch path in springtime? Don't open them, Mr. Angove. I want you to get the fragrance uninterrupted by any other sense."

Why I should have stood there with my foolish eyes shut tight I don't know, but I did until she gave me permission to look at the white feather sprays and at her. Then quite soothily we strolled the rest of the way together. I began to feel interested in knowing what she would say when we came to the end of the path and she said:

"Why, I don't know your name," I said abruptly.

"At first you are going to address me as Miss Britland," she replied promptly. "Afterward you will say Phoenix, and at the end you will call me Caprice."

"Who in the world should I call you Caprice?" I asked.

"I don't know," she said. "Don't you ever say things just as if somebody inside of you were saying them with your own tongue?"

My reply to this amazing question was hindered by the ending of the birch bushes. We stood facing a little pagoda of white marble. I looked at the girl. Her hands were tensely clasped; her red lips were quivering.

"It's like walking down the pathway of love and suddenly coming to the very temple of love itself," she explained.

I frowned. Why should my sister prattle to strangers of our ancestors' conceptions? She seemed to divine my thoughts.

"Why do you look at me like that? What is it? What does it mean?"

I showed her the inscription on the worn threshold—"Temple of Love"—and with a sudden swift grace she knelt above the lettering. Then she sprang up. "Come, Mr. Angove," she cried gayly: "I will run you a race!"

So back along the birch-lined path we ran like two children, and only my sister's amazement at the end of the race relieved me of my foolish dignity. I went the rest of the day among my books and alone.

Next morning Miss Britland and I selected a walk opposite the birch path. This was a straight path through an avenue of stately pines. Yesterday the girl had been fanciful or merry; this day she was neither. She walked sedately by me, talking quite learnedly of the future of radium. I began to see why I might some time call her Caprice.

"This is the path of the pines," I said, "and when you are exhausted radium—'You would have taken this path, for it leads straight and true as the compass needle to the temple, while the birch path meanders foolishly this way and that and makes one run unnecessary steps to reach the same place."

"One welcomes unnecessary steps when one walks with the spirit of the woods," she answered. "Anyways, you should not have told me that this path leads to the same place. It would have been nicer for me to discover it for myself."

"So it would," I answered humbly.

"How shall I atone?"

"By telling me of yourself," she replied.

"There isn't much to tell," I said, feeling pleased at her interest. We sat in the pagoda, and for me at least it was the temple of love. Let he who will prize of long growing affection. To me love came as the sun rises suddenly over the mountain.

I told her of my life as a boy in college, as a man in the business world till this estate came to me, neglected and long uninhabited.

Another day I told her of the temple, how my ancestor had laid out these paths to typify his love for his fair young wife and her love for him—outwardly, quick and true; the compass needle, the other sweet in its shy deflections, but ending just as surely at the temple.

"What was the young wife's name?" she asked.

"I don't know. His diary is full of her beauty and sweeteness and accomplishments, but it never mentions her name. He had his own name for her—Sunbeam, Starlight, Heartsease. Love like that should not die when the bodies of the lovers are dust."

"How do you know that it does?" she demanded. "How do you know that their souls are living again and having a home in the family?"

I had so many strange thoughts, this little Frances, and she had so many moods—gay, serious, learned, childlike. How I loved her! I could not wait much longer to tell her so, but I seemed to lack the right words.

One day in the temple I had been long silent, though I had not realized it till she interrupted my thoughts most saucily.

"I wish that it could speak, for it looks so very pleasant," she quoted.

"It is going to speak," I said, turning suddenly toward her, but she pointed, laughing, toward the door.

Down the path of the pines came my sister, eager, breathless, waving a letter in her hand.

"A secret drawer in the wall back of my wardrobe!" she gasped. "And three nights since she has been here that country?"—Kansas City independent.

I saw with a curious feeling the peculiar chirography of my ancestor I read aloud:

"Look under the threshold of the temple, thou man of my own blood, but think not to appropriate to thyself what thou shalt find there. They are for her whom thou lovest as I loved my own Caprice."

"Traveling 'For Health,'" my doctor recommends Europe."

"Going?"

"Dunno yet. My lawyer seems to think Canada will do."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Dig, dig!" exclaimed my sister, dropping on her knees and trying to pry up the step with her bare hands. "Don't sit there and stare at each other, you two. Let's find what's here."

It was not a hard task, for time had loosened the marble steps till they were easily removed. It was an exciting moment when my sister's eager hands dragged to view a small iron box.

"Open it, brother!" she cried.

"Jewels!" cried the sweet, excited voice of my dear girl.

I have always admired my sister, but never more than at that moment, when her curiosity must have been well nigh uncontrollable. She cast one swift look at us two; then she started up the pine path.

"I know that careless Martin is letting the bread burn," she called back over her dear motherly shoulder.

I took a string of diamonds from the box and put them around my sweet heart's neck. An amethyst necklace, a coral, and a collier of pearls I placed on her golden hair. On her slender, trembling fingers I put rings—rubies, diamonds, emeralds. On her pretty arms I hung bracelets of queer design, and then I fastened her girdle—dull gold, set with a great white opal which broke into marvelous colors as my sweetheart touched it reverently. When I had finished, she looked like a sweet barbaric princess. I knelt before her, kissing her hand.

"All yours, my queen," I whispered, "for I love you as he loved—Caprice."

"I suppose I am his Caprice," she answered dreamily, "and—may you be happy, kissing her hand."

"Tell me that you love me, dear!" I pleaded.

She put her flower-like face to mine.

"My first thought of you and my last are the same, beloved," she answered.

"And the thought is this—that you have a heart for whose beloved wak ing queens might keep vigil?"

Then he blew out the match.

Phoenix Park, Dublin.

Of all the pleasure grounds we saw abroad I liked Phoenix Park, in Dublin, the best, says a writer in the *Guidon*. It covers nearly 2,000 acres, and the seven miles drive around it is delightful.

Across it are let to citizens for pasture and herds of fat kine lazily chewing under the trees or idly standing in a cool stream give a touch not found in any other resort.

On one plat when we were there a detail of his majesty's redcoats were practicing target shooting. Yonder came three dragons back from a cross country run. The vice regal lodge, plain and white, looked, in spite of the vastness of the green grounds about it, hot and inhospitable in the glare of the August sun.

In sight of the house, but a long way from it, is the spot where Cavendish and Burke were murdered some years ago. In it the gardeners try to keep grass above it. As fast as a bit grows it is taken up and carried off by the hunters.

Scores of deer were roaming about, so tame that they frequently came close to our car. One big stretch of rolling land was crossed and recrossed with what looked in the distance like ditches. They are troughs, our driver told us, into which at morning and night water is pumped for the deer, which come there by the hundreds to drink.

It Was His Dog.

An auto olive dashed along the country road. Turning a curve, it came suddenly upon a man with a gun on his shoulder and a weak, sick looking old dog beside him. The dog was directly in the path of the motor car.

The chauffeur sounded his horn, but the dog did not move—until he was struck. After that he did not move.

The automobile stopped and one of the men got out and came forward. He had once paid a farmer \$10 for a dog that belonged to another farmer. That time he was wary.

"What's that you dog?"

"You own him?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if we'd killed him."

"Certainly looks so."

"Very valuable dog?"

"Well, not so very."

"Will \$5 satisfy you?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, here you are." He handed a \$5 bill to the man with the gun and added pleasantly, "I'm sorry to have broken up your hunt."

"I wasn't going hunting," replied the other, who pocketed the bill.

"Not going hunting? Then what were you doing with the dog and the gun?"

"Going down to the woods to shoot the dog,"—Youth's Companion.

Story of a Clever Jackdaw.

In a small cottage in Hertfordshire there lived a family who owned a very bold but clever jackdaw which was noted for its very witty sayings.

One day the jackdaw saw the lid of the stovetop partly off, so thinking he should like a meat dinner he went out and caught a frog and put it in the boiling water in the stovetop, which had in some pieces of beef. After this the jackdaw went quietly back to his perch and waited till dinner time. All went well, till the cook began to share the dinner with the family.

The Old Stagecoach.

These who have destined to look back with longing eyes to the "good old days" will find it interesting to learn that in the middle of the eighteenth century the common carrier between Selkirk and Edinburgh, a distance of thirty-eight miles, required two weeks to make the journey. In 1778 it took a day and a half for a stagecoach to go from Edinburgh to Glasgow, only forty-four miles away. About the same time the swiftest stages seldom covered the road between Edinburgh and London, 310 miles, in less than two weeks, an average speed of about twenty-two miles a day.—*St. Louis Republic*.

The Bride Wins.

At Yarmouth, in North Wales, church, one of the most curious objects is known as the Devil's Chair. It is formed out of the huge jawbone of a whale and stands at the west end of the church. When fisher lasses get married, they think it good for the newly wedded couple to race from the chancel, and they believe that whoever reaches the Devil's Chair first will rule the roost in the little household they are about to set up.—*London Graphic*.

A Canine Secret.

"You can always tell the people who are unhappy from the look of their faces," said the tired woman, "but you look out for the court of a morning you never can tell which dog it is that has cried all night and kept you awake!"—*New York Press*.

A Social Catastrophe.

"Was no one injured in the railway collision, count?"

"No, but nevertheless it was a most painful situation. First, second, third and fourth class passengers all混杂 together! Simply unheard of!"—*Flegende Blatter*.

Gladstone Spoke in the Rain.

One day as Mr. Gladstone was speaking from the terrace rain began to fall.

With the first few drops a voice came from the crowd, "Put on your hat, Mr. Gladstone." "No," blandly responded the veteran, "some prefer their hats on; I prefer mine off." As the rain fell more heavily Mrs. Gladstone stepped behind her husband and held an umbrella over his bare head. He was over eighty at the time. Mr. Gladstone went dutifully on, expounding the merits of rabbit farming, but after a time he noticed the rain and the umbrella. Turning to Mrs. Gladstone, he said, "I will put my own up, my dear," and he did so. Again the elderly voice piped up, "Put on your hat, Mr. Gladstone." "No," he responded. The moment he felt it he turned quickly round and with some asperity said, "I won't have it." He shrugged his shoulders, the mackintosh fell, and Mrs. Gladstone stepped back. For five minutes more in a deluge Mr. Gladstone went on, till he was stopped, and then stood silent together, shivering and wet, waiting for the howl of the storm to be over.

The following morning the postman's shrill whistle brought Gladstone himself to the door. She took the mail and glanced through it, then tore open the envelope and scanned the contents with whitening face. The paper fell from her fingers, and she leaned limply against the banister rail. So she was indeed in the briefest possible way, to restrain his ardor till the close of the term, but when it became manifest that the adorable little instructor of grade No. 4 reciprocated his affection prudence was thrown to the winds. From the standpoint of the professional all played the leaguer has a club in each hand. The schoolroom is the most important figure in a Servian wedding, but the best man takes the leading part. He carefully guards the bride all the day before the wedding takes place, and sleeps outside her chamber the night before the girl is to be married. He wears a big stiff sash made of heavy silk, carries a big white staff and a large bouquet for himself, but two godfathers each of whom presents to the bride a silk dress. After the priest has performed the ceremony the best man takes the bride around the church and to the sixth day gathers enough for a sumptuous feast. This is the day of the wedding, but the best man takes the bride around the church and to the sixth day gathers enough for a sumptuous feast. This is the day of the wedding, but the best man takes the bride around the church and to the sixth day gathers enough for a sumptuous feast. This is the day of the wedding, but the best man takes the bride around the church and to the sixth day gathers enough for a sumptuous feast.

Women and Cards.

It seems that the passion for card playing among Jewish women is not of recent date. More than a century ago Miss Rebecca Frank wrote:

"The ladies of Philadelphia have more cleverness in the turn of an eye than those of New York have in their whole composition. With the ease of a child they play cards, and are not afraid to be beaten."

Then she goes on to say:

"They are not afraid to be beaten."

Preparing For Dinner.

One of the residents of the town of Idvor was noted for his parsimony. Let us call him Mr. Wiggles. There was an old major in Idvor who said to his valet one evening, "Go and tell the cook to get me ready a chop and a poached egg." "Pardon me, major," said the valet, "but you have forgotten that you are dining with Mr. Wiggles tonight." The major frowned. "Yes," he said, "I had forgotten it. Tell the cook to make it two chops and two poached eggs."

He Knew Mother.

"See here," cried the boy's father.

"If you don't believe I'll whip you!"

"I wish you would," replied the boy.

"You do, eh?"

"Yes, 'cause when it's all over I'll be sent to the poorhouse."

The Hymn He Didn't Want.

A young man who was to be married in church to a Miss Way, after a courtship of four years, privately requested the choir not to open the hymn book by singing, "This is the Way I long have sought."

Traveling "For Health."

"My doctor recommends Europe."

"Going?"

"Dunno yet. My lawyer seems to think Canada will do."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The confession of evil works is the beginning of good works.—Augustine.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1907.

THE CHANCE CAME.

Dan's Father Said He Never Would Set the River on Fire.

Several years ago a Irishman named McCarthy, and his son Dan came to this country from the Emerald Isle. Dan was a young man of twenty, but

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LVII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 38.

Business Cards.

Cummings, Chute & Co.,
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.

Agents for the Leading Brands
of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS

Made into handsome and durable

RUGS

For full particulars address

C. A. NICHOLS,

Proprietor of Woburn Steam Carpet Clean

ing Co. All kinds of Carpet and Rug

Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.

Canopy Chairs Reseated.

Telephone 151-5.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR, Photographer.

AMATUER SUFFLIES. All

Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscape, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures

Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of

work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St. Woburn

L. B. A. & C. E. TRIPP, Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals, constantly on hand.

Office and Wareooms,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.

No. of Telephone 14-2336.

Residence and Night Telephone 2336.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER, - DEALERS IN -

Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main Street.

Elevator on Prospect street. Telephone connection.

C. E. COOPER & CO., WOBURN

Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care
of Estates and Collection of Rents.

Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.
Rooms 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

GRiffin PLACE, General Insurance & Real Estate,

Office: 428 MAIN STREET*

Street Floor.

NORRIS & NORRIS, Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law, NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Boston & Northern St. Railway

The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. Ry. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Woburn at 6:17 A. M., and then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 7:27 P. M., then every 30 minutes until 7:57 P. M. Cars leave Woburn Central ten minutes later than North Woburn. Returning leave Sullivan Square terminus of the Elevated for Woburn at Woburn, North Woburn at 6:17 A. M., and then every 15 minutes to 10:30 A. M., then every 30 minutes to 1:32 P. M., then every 15 minutes to 8:30 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 10:02 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 1:02 P. M., and then every 30 minutes to 12:02 P. M.

The through car from Lowell which has been run from Merrimack Square, via Tewksbury, Lowell, and North Woburn, and Bedford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimack Square, via Tewksbury, Woburn, Lexington, and Reading, where direct connections can be made for through cars to Sullivan Square, station subways, station Park, and Sullivan Square. Those running to go to Woburn, Tewksbury, and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house, and enter the Lowell car line at Woburn.

Cars leave No. Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour, and returning leave Perry Corner, Wilmington, for No. Woburn the half-hour.

Boston & Maine R. R.

TRAIN SERVICE

In effect June 10, 1907

Trains Leave Woburn:

WINCHESTER, MASS., and BOSTON — 15:55

16:14, 19:44, 17:15, 17:37, 18:14, 19:19, 19:45

19:55, 20:00, 21:45, 22:45, 22:52, 23:25, 14:25

14:45, 14:55, 15:05, 15:15, 15:25, 15:45

15:55, 16:05, 16:25, 16:45, 16:55, 17:05, 17:25

17:45, 17:55, 18:05, 18:25, 18:45, 18:55, 19:05

19:25, 19:35, 19:45, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55, 19:55

19:5

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1907.

OLD HOME WEEK.

In two weeks and two days, to wit: July 28, the Boston Old Home Week, for which immense preparations are nearly completed, will open. It will close on August 3.

A committee consisting of 1000 prominent people have the general oversight of arrangements for the celebration, while numerous subcommittees are carrying out the details.

The whole city of Boston will be magnificently decorated, and on each day a splendid program has been arranged for the entertainment of the 100,000 Sons and Daughters of New England, residents of other States, who are expected to visit the Hub and enjoy the good things prepared for them during the Week.

Boston will keep open house, and welcome the visiting Sons and Daughters with open arms and entertainments of every conceivable name and nature.

It is reported that John P. Feeney, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, has announced his intention to support General Charles W. Bartlett for the Democratic nomination for Governor as against Henry M. Whitney who is making a strong fight for it. It is alleged in the same newspaper paragraph that Feeney has no love for either of those distinguished gentlemen, but sees a better chance for retaining his position as head of the State Committee and leader of his party by espousing Gen. Bartlett's cause than by backing Whitney. Neither is the kind of a man that Feeney would like to work for; but of the pair Whitney is the less honest and sincere in what he calls his political convictions, and party loyalty sits lightly on his conscience when it comes in contact with his material interests; therefore, and for other reasons, Chief Engineer Feeney of the Massachusetts Democratic machine will talk and fight for Bartlett's nomination.

After spending \$100,000 of his own money in only partially successful efforts to exterminate the gypsy and brown tail moth on his beautiful and costly homestead in Medford, Gen. Samuel C. Lawrence has extended his labors and money for a like purpose to Winchester and the Middlesex Fells, with probably, about the same unsatisfactory results in store for him. He sometimes has as many as 100 men at a time fighting moth on his lawns. This item in the report of Gen. Lawrence's work of extermination strikes us forcibly because it sustains our position that the ravages of the moth are not necessarily fatal to the trees. "It is difficult to believe that magnificent trees that now drop over the border of Winchester reservoir were as bare a year ago as if a forest fire had withered their foliage." They are all right now, it seems; the moths did not kill the trees.

Mr. Charlie A. Jones, President of the Woburn Savings Bank Corporation, has recently been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Colby College, Waterville, Maine. He has for several years filled a similar position in the Newton Baptist Institute; from which facts it may fairly be inferred that he is considered a good man for the management of institutions of religion and learning. President White of Colby is a grandson of the late Samuel Richardson of Winchester, who, for a long period, was a pillar of the First Baptist church of Woburn, an old fashioned Christian, and man of sterling character and worth. He and Mr. Jones are friends of long standing.

The JOURNAL acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of a copy of "Electric Jingles" per favor of Mr. L. D. Gibbs, Special Agent of the Edison Electric Illuminating Company of Boston. It is a novel publication, uniquely illustrated, issued by the Edison Company, and will, doubtless, prove a good advertiser.

The resignation of Mr. William A. Prior from the Board of Directors has been accepted by Mayor Blodgett, and Mr. Joseph H. Buck has been appointed to fill the vacancy. Increased business duties were answerable for the resignation of Mr. Prior. His successor, Mr. Buck, will fill the bill to the satisfaction of the public.

Our thanks are due to Senator Herbert S. Riley of this District for a copy of the manual for the General Court. One for 1907 would have been more useful.

Talk among the Democratic leaders of this Representative District makes it plain that Representative Lewis of Reading is not to have a re-nomination this fall.

At the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening the Finance Committee reported a loan of \$30,000 for a new pump at the water station. It was the proper thing to do.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
J. W. Johnson—Gas, Sale.
J. W. Johnson—Mort. Sale.

Mrs. Eva Ives will spend two weeks at Raymond, N. H.

Miss Millie Penney is to pass her vacation at Raymond, N. H.

Sup. Clapp and family will summer at Ogunquit, Maine.

Every tree in City Park is swarmed with gypsy moth worms.

Miss Alice Whitcomb has arranged to enjoy her vacation at Ogunquit, Me.

The days have decreased in length 13 minutes. Is it noticeable in your gas bills?

Ralph G. Lombard is spending the summer at the Grand at Mt. Vernon, N. H.

Misses Bertha Cutler and Ida Robbins will spend 2 weeks at Ogunquit, Maine.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert E. Conlin are visiting their former home at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Percy T. Stroot and Guy Lane will start Saturday for 3 weeks' outing at Ogunquit, Me.

Miss Jessie Dibble of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting the Hollands on Middlesex street.

Assessor Arthur E. Gage and family go out on vacation early in August.

Farmers have been complaining this week of the dry weather. More rain is needed.

The Montvale avenue big sewer job is about finished. It used up a good deal of dynamite and elbow grease.

We are informed by Mr. Edward T. Brigham that Mr. L. Waldo Thompson is traveling and visiting in the West.

Miss Lilla Fowle, daughter of Geo. E. Fowle, Esq., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Conn at Cleveland, Ohio.

Roland Blaisted of the High School orchestra is engaged at the Grand at Mt. Vernon, N. H., for the season.

Don't you know that spraying has no effect on moth caterpillars? It is about time for Boss Kirkland to find this out.

Mr. Fred A. Flint went down to Camden, Maine, by boat just before July 4, and returned on the following Saturday evening.

Charlie A. Jones knows where the best trout brooks are, and how to catch the denizens thereof with neatness and despatch.

Business is dull in this city just now, but all the surrounding towns and cities tell the same story. It is always so in vacation time.

Miss Ruth Johnson, daughter of J. W. Johnson, Esq., of Warren avenue, is at Salisbury Beach for a couple or three weeks.

Mr. Charlie A. Jones and family will pack their vacation at York Beach, one of the most popular summer resorts on the Atlantic coast.

Ex-Mayor Lawrence Read and Mrs. Maher are entertaining their daughter and sister, Mrs. Dr. Mary Winn of Boston this week.

The Executive Committee of No. 84 W. R. C. will hold an adjourned meeting with Mrs. Margaret Henderson on the first Monday in August.

If Mr. E. Prior, the real estate and insurance agent, concludes to take a vacation, it will be at Duxbury, the ancestral home of the Prior family.

Capt. William C. Parker and wife are entertaining their niece, Miss Grace Richardson of Erie, Pa., at their pleasant home on Arlington Road.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred P. Brooks are to enjoy the next week or two at Ashby, the gentleman's former home, and where his father and family now reside.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Company G will go to muster at Fort Union on July 27. On Aug. 3 the Co. are to make a part of the Boston Old Home Week grand parade, with full ranks.

Dogdays are drawing near; two weeks from yesterday, July 25, will witness their arrival. No remarkable change of weather need be expected with their advent.

Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue, who has been in a Nashua, N. H., hospital several weeks, is rapidly improving, and will soon be at home completely cured.

Commissioner Hayward of the Board of Public Works and Lady have made up their minds to spend the vacation season at their pleasant Fairmount street home.

Mr. Joseph F. Wigg, dealer, denies, with warmth, not to say vehemence, the statement that the local dealers have advanced the price of coal, and he knows.

The First Baptist Sunday School had fine weather last Wednesday for their picnic at Milligan's Grove in Wilmington, and the trolley that left here at 9 a. m. were filled with happy children and adults.

Louis A. White, in the JOURNAL building, is not able to handle the rags yet, but his arm, which was severely cut by an accidental thrust through a glass window, is doing well, and will soon be as good as new.

The National Band gave a first concert on the Common last Wednesday evening. It was a grand opening of the summer operatic series of concerts, and drew a large and enthusiastic audience.

Evening trolley parties to the beaches are quite the rage in this city just now. They are said to be greatly enjoyed. A waxing moon will soon enhance the pleasures of these midnight drives in safely conducted electric cars.

On Saturday, July 20, the B. & M. Railroad Company will run an excursion train to Old Orchard.

It is to start from the North Station at 8:30 a. m., and reach Old Orchard about 11. Fare for the round trip is only \$2 from Boston.

Mr. Fred E. Dockham, the gardener and railroader, placed us under great obligations to him last Wednesday by the present of a big bouquet of the largest, sweetest, and most brilliant sweetpeas that we have seen this season.

Dr. Charles B. DeLoires, a foremost dentist in this part of the State, is at Harpswell on the coast of Maine, the most interesting historical spot in New England. Harpswell was a stalwart youth, and growing when the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock.

Commissioner McHugh insists that Mayor Blodgett has got to replace that tablet on the High School wall, or he'll know the reason why. The question to be decided is whether, or not, the taxpayers can afford to pay \$175 just to tickle the vanity of the Board of Public Works, and advertise the architect.

Mr. A. V. Haynes is visiting friends out of town.

Mrs. Nathaniel S. Watson takes her summer outing in Oxford, N. H.

Assessor Arthur E. Gage and family go out on vacation early in August.

Farmers have been complaining this week of the dry weather. More rain is needed.

The Montvale avenue big sewer job is about finished. It used up a good deal of dynamite and elbow grease.

We are informed by Mr. Edward T. Brigham that Mr. L. Waldo Thompson is traveling and visiting in the West.

The alarm from box 65 at 4:05 Tuesday afternoon was a fire in the tan bed at the Skinner leather factory on Green street.

Mrs. Ernest M. Ellis of Broad street and children and Miss Matie Bostons of Boston are camping out on Shawmeen river.

In Caldwell's show windows are exhibited some fine parlor suits as can be found in any furniture store in Boston or elsewhere.

The St. Charles ball team are to play the Winchester A. A. boys on Manchester Field, Winchester, tomorrow afternoon.

It was reported a few days ago, whether truthfully, or not, we are unable to say, that Lawyer G. W. Norris and lady are at Nahant.

We received a brief but pleasant visit yesterday from the venerable William A. Stone, who was the first Principal of the Woburn High School when it was established in 1852. He is as bright as a dollar, and an interesting man to chat with.

Mayor Blodgett's appointee to the office of Dog Constable, i. e., an officer to kill unlicensed dogs, is James M. Callahan. He entered on the discharge of his official duties last Wednesday, and it is earnestly hoped that he will not find an unlicensed dog in this city.

On the authority of a Boston paper the JOURNAL said, a couple or 3 weeks ago, that an American cent of date 1850 is worth \$18.50. Mr. H. L. Andrews, one of the chief coin collectors in this city, informs us that the statement was erroneous; the cent of date 1850 has no special value.

Mr. W. H. Slater is doing pretty much all of the art painting in this city. In the line of fine sign lettering and embellishing he has no successful competitor. Mr. Slater does not send his orders for art work to Boston to be executed, but does it himself, and nothing neater and nicer than the products of his brush comes here from the Hub.

With a coastline 2400 miles long, from Kittery Point to Quoddy Head, it would seem as though Maine has room enough for all the people of America who seek to spend the hot weather in the pleasant and more comfortable quarter of the habitable globe. Twenty-four hundred miles of seacoast is something no other State in the Union can boast of.

Mr. Leon L. Dorr, for many years a prominent personality in the town, is the author of a fine sign lettering and monogram, and he has no equal in this field.

Yesterday we received a letter from Mr. Samuel R. Dorr, a former resident of Woburn, a Veteran of the Civil War, and for many years a successful merchant in San Francisco, California, but thrown out of business by the great earthquake.

At the close of a week's agreeable visit to his old stamping grounds in Woburn Mr. George Carroll left for his home at Oakland, California, last Tuesday morning. He went to the Pacific Coast in 1889, and is next to the oldest locomotive engineer on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He was introduced to the JOURNAL by his friend, Mr. Joseph Linnell, with whom he and his wife had a pleasant time. Mr. Carroll found some of his former associates here, who was glad to meet, but missed more of them, and discovered many changes in the town.

Mr. Daniel N. Hood, organist at First church, and Mrs. Hood leave here on July 22 for their vacation, the first half of which they will pass in the White Mountains, and the latter part at Thetford, Vt., their program varying but slightly from that of last season. These good people claim that the summer air at Thetford is far superior to that of any other New England locality, the ozone in it being stronger, more invigorating, and, considerably more of it to the square inch. The Blakes of Woburn are of the same opinion.

At the close of a week's agreeable visit to his old stamping grounds in Woburn Mr. George Carroll left for his home at Oakland, California, last Tuesday morning. He went to the Pacific Coast in 1889, and is next to the oldest locomotive engineer on the Southern Pacific Railroad. He was introduced to the JOURNAL by his friend, Mr. Joseph Linnell, with whom he and his wife had a pleasant time. Mr. Carroll found some of his former associates here, who was glad to meet, but missed more of them, and discovered many changes in the town.

Mr. Daniel N. Hood, organist at First church, and Mrs. Hood leave here on July 22 for their vacation, the first half of which they will pass in the White Mountains, and the latter part at Thetford, Vt., their program varying but slightly from that of last season. These good people claim that the summer air at Thetford is far superior to that of any other New England locality, the ozone in it being stronger, more invigorating, and, considerably more of it to the square inch. The Blakes of Woburn are of the same opinion.

Mr. M. T. Field, an agent from the Postoffice Department at Washington, visited this city last Tuesday to view and collect facts respecting a site for a government building. He was shown around by Postmaster Wyr, by whom his attention was called to some of those proposed. Of course, nothing was gleaned from him indicative of a choice, or views respecting the object of his visit. The question of location has become so narrowed down that it would seem as though a decision by the Department might soon be made, and work on the building commenced.

The methods of spending vacation vary with people's moods, notions, and length of practice. As sensible as any way as, practice, is to take an early breakfast; wash and dress the children quickly; hold up a clean basket of generous dimensions and fill it with good eatables, not forgetting bottles of coffee, tea and milk; board a trolley, and his way to some quiet spot by the sea-side; or to a cool, quiet and mossy dell" in the woods; or a pond hidden away in the shade of hills; and there, in a lazy day, eat, drink, and lounge the day through, and, as the sun sinks low in the west, return home rested, invigorated, and happy.

Frank Clarke, ex-submaster of the Woburn High School, and, at present, a student at the Harvard Medical School, is vacating at Block Island, off the Rhode Island Coast, and with 'im are several Woburn young men who are deeply in love with that delightful seaside resort. If Frank will keep his eyes open, he may see at his hotel, about July 20-25, some people from Illinois who can tell him something about the Editor of the WOBURN JOURNAL. Mr. Clarke (M. D. in embryo) is a Franklin county, Maine, product, which country was never known, under any circumstances whatever, to turn out any but first-class men and women.

A fine rain yesterday afternoon and evening came just in the nick of time to change to smiles the anxious looks on the faces of the farmers.

The Ellis-Bussell Company of this city, contractors, have large gangs of men employed on numerous jobs of stone and other work in their line. Thanks to flush times and the excellent reputation of the Company, the present is a busy season with them. They have workmen at Magnolia, Newburyport, Eliot and Conway Junction, Medford, Kennebunk, and some other localities, which will give them employment until the snow flies next winter.

Mrs. Blanche E. daughter of Mr. George E. Tripp, celebrated, by a lawn party, her 11th birthday in the most delightful manner at the home of her parents, 136 Montvale avenue, last Tuesday evening. A lovely time was enjoyed by her and her young friends, and Blanche was given a gold locket and other presents by the generous guests, who were: Bertha Bontelle, Carlton Dean, Thad Foster, Dorothy Foss, Doris Gilberth, Elliot DeLoires, Sirens Yates, Vigo Anderson, Cara Anderson, Blanche Scrivens, Bessie Scrivens, Mildred Elson, Sadie Page, Muriel Northrup, Norman Northrup, Roy Northrup, Margaret Yates, Sarah Yates, Florence Elson, Cora Bontelle, Gladys McKenzie, Eleanor Lund.

Trusts are not an unmixed evil—if we have employed the right wording to convey our idea to the public. What is meant is, that there may possibly be worse things than trusts that trusts not infrequently show silver linings—not a half figure of speech, you may say, but one that must answer the purpose this hot day; call it, then, silver linings. For example: the Woburn Station Hack Trust use better horses and carriages than are seen in any other city in this part of the country, and one member, Mr. Frank Fitzgerald, actually goes so far as to employ a fine automobile in which to convey passengers, the speed and comfort of which no tongue can tell. This superior condition of affairs is due to a combination of talent and money, and right here is where the silver lining comes into view.

Woburn pastors have made the following arrangement for union meetings at the churches during vacation. The North Congregational and Montvale Congregational churches are not included in the program. Churches and preachers are as follows: August 11 at M. E. Church, Dr. Norton; August 18, at Cong'l Church, Dr. Norton; August 25, at Baptist church, Baptist supply; Sept. 1 at M. E. church, Rev. Mr. Vandermark.

The citizens of a town of 15,000 population, situated about Woburn is respecting a site for the government building promised them, have sent 4,000 letters and 90 delegates to Washington to induce the Postoffice Department to select this, that, and the other location, so sharp is the fight put up by the multitude of individual interests. In view of this fact Azen Field, who was here last Tuesday, thought Woburn people were extremely modest and pacific in temper respecting the choice of a P. O. site.

Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder and wife of Honolulu, Hawaii, will be welcome guests of friends in Woburn about July 15, according

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERGYAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN,

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturday, 10:12 a. m., 2:45 p. m.

Address Winchester, Mass.

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress of the pupil warrants the purchase.

Lessons given at the pupil's residence if desired.

Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter.

33 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

WINCHESTER.

Gas in this town is \$1.65 per 1000 feet. The price is an outrage on the public.

Chief McIntosh continues to go for the auto securers. It is a praiseworthy work.

Last Monday, July 8, a vacation school opened in the Chapin school-house, to continue 6 weeks. The sessions last from 9 a. m. to 12 m. It promises to be beneficial.

A goodly number of Class '07 of our High School are to enter colleges this fall. They have selected various institutions of higher education at which to pursue their studies and polish off.

According to the allotment of the State Committee this town will be entitled to 6 delegates to all Republican conventions this summer, except the Representative one, when the number will be 15.

What with a large number of our people in Europe and nearly all the rest of them at the seaside and in the mountains, our pretty town has a deserted appearance, and will grow more so as the vacation season advances.

Openair weekly concerts on Manchester Field by the Woburn Brass Band is a great scheme. The first one was given last Saturday afternoon and proved a grand success. Ours are a musical people, and the Woburn musicians, equal to any in the State, give them just what they want.

The special committee say the grade crossing question is progressing as rapidly and favorably as the most exacting and impatient of our people should desire; when, however, it will come to a head, and the grade abolished, is something that nobody knows anything about. I am strongly in favor of a fine piece of fancywork.

The 4th of July celebration (what there was of it) passed off in a satisfactory manner, with no accidents, or drawbacks, worthy of mention. The Star thinks the town, and not individuals, should run and pay for the show, and so do all other sensible people. If you want to turn out a lot of hobos from the rising generation, set the boys and girls to begging money from citizens when they are young. It is a bad practice.

At the late Town Meeting a committee was chosen to investigate and report at the next regular meeting on the matter of contracting with the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. for a long term of street lighting by which, it is claimed, the town can save a great sum of money. A short time contract was lately made with the Company, but it is not satisfactory to a large number of our people, while in justice, it must be said, that a long term is strenuously opposed by many. This latter is all right if the town is properly protected in making out the papers.

"What constitutes a good education" which appeared in the Star last week was about the driest and dullest piece of English composition that I ever tackled with a view of mental absorption. Its length, too, exceeded by several foldings the proverbial "Mosaic Dispensation." Don't everybody know that there is no standard by which the question can be answered? that education is a comparative term? that what would be a good education for one person would be nothing of the sort for another? Then again nobody has a "good education." It may be fairly good so far as it goes; but, good Lord! how limited! A "good education" is a proposition about as infinite and impossible of application as anything can be.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of whom repeated the tale of the day was so windy that the crews had to walk home.

"Still that wind was nothing to one we encountered in the bay of Biscay," laughed the Lieutenant. "Why, it blew so hard that it took four men to hold Prince Louis' hat, and even then it blew the anchors off the buttons on his coat!"—Woman's Home Magazine.

It Blew.
When a British battleship was lying in New York harbor a Lieutenant of the visiting vessel was discussing rough weather with a group of American naval officers, one of

TIRED AND SICK
YET MUST WORK

MRS. AUG. LYON

"Man may work from sun to sun but woman's work is not done." In order to live the house must be kept and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo and often suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the difficulties which daily make life a burden.

It is to these women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, comes as a blessing. When the spirit is down, when the head and back aches, there are dragging-down pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, and reluctance to go anywhere, these are only symptoms which unless healed, are soon followed by the worst forms of Female Complaints.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

keeps the feminine organism in a strong and healthy condition. It cures Inflammation, Hernia, Displacements, and organic troubles. In preparing the oil, she adds to carry women safely through the Change of Life it is most efficient.

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"For a long time I suffered from female troubles and had all kinds of aches and pains in the lower part of back and sides. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following the advice which you gave me I feel like a new woman and I cannot praise your medicine too highly."

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female troubles are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn. Mrs. Lyon of Lynn, who has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

HIS GREATEST HIT.

The Batter Was Home All Right, but the Run Didn't Count.

"Talking of home plates, that reminds me," said Brick Morse, "of the greatest hit I ever made. I was back to the newspaper stands in San Francisco, final game of the series with Stanford, score 3 to 2 against us.

"Remember the way that angle of the fence came in at center field? There was one of those wooden drags used to smooth off the field. It had been left tilted up against that corner of the fence, supposedly out of the way.

"I missed the first ball up, let three bad ones pass, had a rotten high one called on me, and it looked all off for yours truly. The next one came easy. I just shut my eyes and saw with all my might, fell my hands stung on the bat. I was out of sight! Three thousand people were up yelling like maniacs. 'Oh, you Brick! Home run, home run!' I tagged third and went for the plate. 'Slide! You gotta slide!' sounded in a roar like an express train crossing a trestle. Something struck me a terrible smash on the left side of the head. 'Out!' yelled the umpire. 'Hit by his own batted ball!' My big bat had gone to the center fence, struck the seat on that smoother-seat was mounted on old spiral bed spring—and the ball had rebounded clear back to the plate!"

"It's a great hit," said home, Clinton, inspiring a listener.

"Oh, I was home all right. When I came to my flingers were touching the corner of the!"

"Plate?"

"Nope. The bureau."—San Francisco Chronicle.

SINKING FUNDS.

They Originated in a Scheme Devised by Lord Stanhope.

The general public has no idea of the meaning of "sinking fund." The term had its origin in a scheme devised by Lord Stanhope in 1756 where by certain taxes on the South Sea (Bullock) and funds were appropriated, and it was enacted that the surplus should be annually invested and applied to the discharge of the national debt. By means of it between the years 1756 and 1753 the sum of \$52,240,000 of the debt was actually discharged. So rich became the sinking fund that it excited the cupidity of parliament, and the grifters laid violent hands on it, diverting it to other purposes, so that in the succeeding years only \$42,500,000 more had been paid off.

The fund got into a condition soretched that it did little in time of peace and nothing in time of war to discharge the national debt. Dr. Price persuaded William Pitt to adopt his plan of investing \$5,000,000 every year at compound interest until with the accumulations the sum amounted to \$20,000,000, when it was to be invested at simple interest only, leaving the amount of interest annually redeemed at the rate of 5 per cent. Dr. Price said: "Let a state be supposed to run in debt \$10,000,000 a year, for which it pays interest at 4 per cent. In seventy years a debt of \$700,000,000 would be incurred. But an appropriation of \$2,000,000 a year employed as a sinking fund at compound interest would at the end of this time leave the nation beforehand \$30,000,000."—New York Press.

The Dread of Death.

Granted that it is the will of God that we shall remain on earth and live our appointed time, it is essential that mankind should not be afraid of death. Without that dread the world could hardly remain peaceful.

The dread of death is to the soul what the law of gravity is to the body. It anchors us to the earth. Without that dread to weigh us down and keep us to the globe half mankind would be driven by curiosity, by the love of change, by the dread of enmity, by what Bacon calls "inebriety and satiety," to push open the closed door and see what is beyond.

Children and a very few happy and easily pleased people might perhaps say they would not explore further and that they were perfectly content with things as they are.—St. James' Gazette.

His Business.

A passing stranger was attracted by frightful screams coming from a little house not far from the road. Hurriedly tying his horse, he ran to the house and found that a little boy had swallowed a quarter, and his mother, not knowing what to do, had become frantic. The stranger caught the little fellow by his heels and holding him up, gave a few sharp raps upon the quinsy, soon stopped to the door.

"Well, master," said the grateful mother, "you cert'nly know how to get it out. Air 'em a doctor?"

"No, madam," replied the stranger, "I'm a collector of internal revenue."—Philadelphia Ledger.

How to Remember History. Teacher—With whom did Achilles fight at the battle of Troy?

Pupil—Hector.

"Wrong. Try again."

"Nero."

"Nero? How do you?"

"Then it must have been Hector. I know it was one of our three dogs."—London Mail.

ANCIENT TRADES UNION.

The Company of Pewterers, Which Was Composed of Masters Only.

Unlike the trades unions of today, the Company of Pewterers at its inception was composed of the masters only, and disobedience of the rules was punished by the loss of the right to practice, final game of the series with Stanford, score 3 to 2 against us.

"Remember the way that angle of the fence came in at center field?"

There was one of those wooden drags used to smooth off the field. It had been left tilted up against that corner of the fence, supposedly out of the way.

"I missed the first ball up, let three bad ones pass, had a rotten high one called on me, and it looked all off for yours truly. The next one came easy. I just shut my eyes and saw with all my might, fell my hands stung on the bat. I was out of sight! Three thousand people were up yelling like maniacs. 'Oh, you Brick! Home run, home run!' I tagged third and went for the plate. 'Slide! You gotta slide!' sounded in a roar like an express train crossing a trestle. Something struck me a terrible smash on the left side of the head. 'Out!' yelled the umpire. 'Hit by his own batted ball!' My big bat had gone to the center fence, struck the seat on that smoother-seat was mounted on old spiral bed spring—and the ball had rebounded clear back to the plate!"

"It's a great hit," said home, Clinton, inspiring a listener.

"Oh, I was home all right. When I came to my flingers were touching the corner of the!"

"Plate?"

"Nope. The bureau."—San Francisco Chronicle.

CONFECTIONERY.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

The most ancient kind of sweetmeat is the sugar plum. It was the invention of Julius Dragatus, a noted Roman baker and confectioner, who belonged to the family of Fabius. According to an authority on ancient history, it was in 177 B. C. that he made the great discovery which for two centuries has done so much damage to teeth.

These bonbons, called dragatt, after their inventor dragees in French, remained the exclusive privilege of the family of Fabius until the birth of Christ, when a monk, named a great distributor of dragatt took place as a sign of rejoicing. The custom is still observed by many of the nobility of Europe.

Burned almonds are purely of French origin, owing their inception to the gluttony of a certain French merchant. One day Marshal Duplessis-Pralin, an old gourmet, sent for Lassagne, who had already invented many a toothsome dainty, to concoct a new bonbon for him. Lassagne searched, reflected, combined, until finally he conceived a delicious bonbon, which he baptised "almonds for burned almonds."—Popular Magazine.

Confectionery.

The Sugar Plum is the Most Ancient Kind of Sweetmeat.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

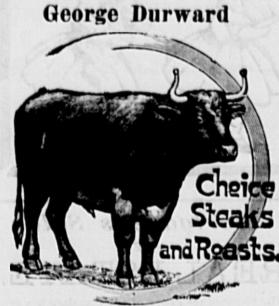
VOL. LVII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1907.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 34.

Business Cards.
Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hav, Straw,
Coal and Wood,
Agents for the Leading Brands
of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.



450 Main St., Woburn

HAVE YOUR OLD CARPETS
Made into handsome and durable
RUGS
For full particulars address
C. A. NICHOLS,
Proprietors of Woburn Steam Carpet Cleaning, 7 BUEL PLACE, WOBURN.
Canecise Chairs Rescued.
Telephone 151-5.

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.
AMATUER SUILIES. All
Films.
Discount of 10 per cent from list.
Lestersons, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures
Copied and Enlarged, etc.
Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of
work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.
23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.
Everything pertaining to Funerals
constantly on hand.

Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN
Office and residence connected by Telephone.
Residence and Night Telephone 255-2.

CARTER, EAMES & CARTER,
— DEALERS IN —
Coal, Coke and Wood

335 Main St.
Elevator on Prospect street. Telephone connection.

C. E. COOPER & CO.,
WOBURN
Real Estate Exchange,
Special attention given to the care
of Estates and Collection of Rents.
Office, 415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS
Room 5, Mechanics Building,
C. E. Cooper, Justice of the Peace.

GRiffin PLACE,
General Insurance & Real Estate,
Office: 428 MAIN STREET.
Street Floor.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS

Boston & Northern St. Railway
The following new timetable for the Woburn Division of the B. & N. St. R. was the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1905:

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Woburn at 6.30 A. M. and 11.15 A. M., then every 15 minutes until 9.27 A. M., then every 30 minutes until 12.27 P. M., then every 15 minutes until 1.27 P. M., cars leave Woburn Centre 15 minutes later than North Woburn. The cars leave Woburn for Woburn, of the Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6.17 A. M. and then every 30 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 12.02 P. M., then every 30 minutes to 12.02 P. M. on Sunday cars leave at 7.32 A. M. and then every 30 minutes to 10.30 A. M., then every 15 minutes to 10.32 P. M. and then every 30 minutes to 12.02 P. M.

The through car from Woburn which has been running Merrimac Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford Square, will be discontinued on Jan. 15, and in place of this route, the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimac Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Woburn, and North Woburn, via Woburn, Peabody and Salem. Those who live in Woburn and Medford Square and Lowell can connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and comes to Lowell car house, Woburn.

Cars leave Woburn car house for Wilmington on the even hour and return leaving Perry Corner, Wilmington for No. Woburn on the half hour.—H.

Boston & Maine R. R.
TRAIN SERVICE
In effect June 10, 1907
Trains Leave Woburn:

WINCHESTER, MASS. and BOSTON — 15.55
16.14, 16.41, 17.10, 17.37, 18.14, 18.21, 19.19, 19.23
19.20, 19.34, 19.41, 19.48, 19.55, 19.58, 19.59, 19.60, 19.61, 19.62, 19.63, 19.64, 19.65, 19.66, 19.67, 19.68, 19.69, 19.70, 19.71, 19.72, 19.73, 19.74, 19.75, 19.76, 19.77, 19.78, 19.79, 19.80, 19.81, 19.82, 19.83, 19.84, 19.85, 19.86, 19.87, 19.88, 19.89, 19.90, 19.91, 19.92, 19.93, 19.94, 19.95, 19.96, 19.97, 19.98, 19.99, 19.100, 19.101, 19.102, 19.103, 19.104, 19.105, 19.106, 19.107, 19.108, 19.109, 19.110, 19.111, 19.112, 19.113, 19.114, 19.115, 19.116, 19.117, 19.118, 19.119, 19.120, 19.121, 19.122, 19.123, 19.124, 19.125, 19.126, 19.127, 19.128, 19.129, 19.130, 19.131, 19.132, 19.133, 19.134, 19.135, 19.136, 19.137, 19.138, 19.139, 19.140, 19.141, 19.142, 19.143, 19.144, 19.145, 19.146, 19.147, 19.148, 19.149, 19.150, 19.151, 19.152, 19.153, 19.154, 19.155, 19.156, 19.157, 19.158, 19.159, 19.160, 19.161, 19.162, 19.163, 19.164, 19.165, 19.166, 19.167, 19.168, 19.169, 19.170, 19.171, 19.172, 19.173, 19.174, 19.175, 19.176, 19.177, 19.178, 19.179, 19.180, 19.181, 19.182, 19.183, 19.184, 19.185, 19.186, 19.187, 19.188, 19.189, 19.190, 19.191, 19.192, 19.193, 19.194, 19.195, 19.196, 19.197, 19.198, 19.199, 19.200, 19.201, 19.202, 19.203, 19.204, 19.205, 19.206, 19.207, 19.208, 19.209, 19.210, 19.211, 19.212, 19.213, 19.214, 19.215, 19.216, 19.217, 19.218, 19.219, 19.220, 19.221, 19.222, 19.223, 19.224, 19.225, 19.226, 19.227, 19.228, 19.229, 19.230, 19.231, 19.232, 19.233, 19.234, 19.235, 19.236, 19.237, 19.238, 19.239, 19.240, 19.241, 19.242, 19.243, 19.244, 19.245, 19.246, 19.247, 19.248, 19.249, 19.250, 19.251, 19.252, 19.253, 19.254, 19.255, 19.256, 19.257, 19.258, 19.259, 19.260, 19.261, 19.262, 19.263, 19.264, 19.265, 19.266, 19.267, 19.268, 19.269, 19.270, 19.271, 19.272, 19.273, 19.274, 19.275, 19.276, 19.277, 19.278, 19.279, 19.280, 19.281, 19.282, 19.283, 19.284, 19.285, 19.286, 19.287, 19.288, 19.289, 19.290, 19.291, 19.292, 19.293, 19.294, 19.295, 19.296, 19.297, 19.298, 19.299, 19.300, 19.301, 19.302, 19.303, 19.304, 19.305, 19.306, 19.307, 19.308, 19.309, 19.310, 19.311, 19.312, 19.313, 19.314, 19.315, 19.316, 19.317, 19.318, 19.319, 19.320, 19.321, 19.322, 19.323, 19.324, 19.325, 19.326, 19.327, 19.328, 19.329, 19.330, 19.331, 19.332, 19.333, 19.334, 19.335, 19.336, 19.337, 19.338, 19.339, 19.340, 19.341, 19.342, 19.343, 19.344, 19.345, 19.346, 19.347, 19.348, 19.349, 19.350, 19.351, 19.352, 19.353, 19.354, 19.355, 19.356, 19.357, 19.358, 19.359, 19.360, 19.361, 19.362, 19.363, 19.364, 19.365, 19.366, 19.367, 19.368, 19.369, 19.370, 19.371, 19.372, 19.373, 19.374, 19.375, 19.376, 19.377, 19.378, 19.379, 19.380, 19.381, 19.382, 19.383, 19.384, 19.385, 19.386, 19.387, 19.388, 19.389, 19.390, 19.391, 19.392, 19.393, 19.394, 19.395, 19.396, 19.397, 19.398, 19.399, 19.400, 19.401, 19.402, 19.403, 19.404, 19.405, 19.406, 19.407, 19.408, 19.409, 19.410, 19.411, 19.412, 19.413, 19.414, 19.415, 19.416, 19.417, 19.418, 19.419, 19.420, 19.421, 19.422, 19.423, 19.424, 19.425, 19.426, 19.427, 19.428, 19.429, 19.430, 19.431, 19.432, 19.433, 19.434, 19.435, 19.436, 19.437, 19.438, 19.439, 19.440, 19.441, 19.442, 19.443, 19.444, 19.445, 19.446, 19.447, 19.448, 19.449, 19.450, 19.451, 19.452, 19.453, 19.454, 19.455, 19.456, 19.457, 19.458, 19.459, 19.460, 19.461, 19.462, 19.463, 19.464, 19.465, 19.466, 19.467, 19.468, 19.469, 19.470, 19.471, 19.472, 19.473, 19.474, 19.475, 19.476, 19.477, 19.478, 19.479, 19.480, 19.481, 19.482, 19.483, 19.484, 19.485, 19.486, 19.487, 19.488, 19.489, 19.490, 19.491, 19.492, 19.493, 19.494, 19.495, 19.496, 19.497, 19.498, 19.499, 19.500, 19.501, 19.502, 19.503, 19.504, 19.505, 19.506, 19.507, 19.508, 19.509, 19.510, 19.511, 19.512, 19.513, 19.514, 19.515, 19.516, 19.517, 19.518, 19.519, 19.520, 19.521, 19.522, 19.523, 19.524, 19.525, 19.526, 19.527, 19.528, 19.529, 19.530, 19.531, 19.532, 19.533, 19.534, 19.535, 19.536, 19.537, 19.538, 19.539, 19.540, 19.541, 19.542, 19.543, 19.544, 19.545, 19.546, 19.547, 19.548, 19.549, 19.550, 19.551, 19.552, 19.553, 19.554, 19.555, 19.556, 19.557, 19.558, 19.559, 19.560, 19.561, 19.562, 19.563, 19.564, 19.565, 19.566, 19.567, 19.568, 19.569, 19.570, 19.571, 19.572, 19.573, 19.574, 19.575, 19.576, 19.577, 19.578, 19.579, 19.580, 19.581, 19.582, 19.583, 19.584, 19.585, 19.586, 19.587, 19.588, 19.589, 19.590, 19.591, 19.592, 19.593, 19.594, 19.595, 19.596, 19.597, 19.598, 19.599, 19.600, 19.601, 19.602, 19.603, 19.604, 19.605, 19.606, 19.607, 19.608, 19.609, 19.610, 19.611, 19.612, 19.613, 19.614, 19.615, 19.616, 19.617, 19.618, 19.619, 19.620, 19.621, 19.622, 19.623, 19.624, 19.625, 19.626, 19.627, 19.628, 19.629, 19.630, 19.631, 19.632, 19.633, 19.634, 19.635, 19.636, 19.637, 19.638, 19.639, 19.640, 19.641, 19.642, 19.643, 19.644, 19.645, 19.646, 19.647, 19.648, 19.649, 19.650, 19.651, 19.652, 19.653, 19.654, 19.655, 19.656, 19.657, 19.658, 19.659, 19.660, 19.661, 19.662, 19.663, 19.664, 19.665, 19.666, 19.667, 19.668, 19.669, 19.670, 19.671, 19.672, 19.673, 19.674, 19.675, 19.676, 19.677, 19.678, 19.679, 19.680, 19.681, 19.682, 19.683, 19.684, 19.685, 19.686, 19.687, 19.688, 19.689, 19.690, 19.691, 19.692, 19.693, 19.694, 19.695, 19.696, 19.697, 19.698, 19.699, 19.700, 19.701, 19.702, 19.703, 19.704, 19.705, 19.706, 19.707, 19.708, 19.709, 19.710, 19.711, 19.712, 19.713, 19.714, 19.715, 19.716, 19.717, 19.718, 19.719, 19.720, 19.721, 19.722, 19.723, 19.724, 19.725, 19.726, 19.727, 19.728, 19.729, 19.730, 19.731, 19.732, 19.733, 19.734, 19.735, 19.736, 19.737, 19.738, 19.739, 19.740, 19.741, 19.742, 19.743, 19.744, 19.745, 19.746, 19.747, 19.748, 19.749, 19.750, 19.751, 19.752, 19.753, 19.754, 19.755, 19.756, 19.757, 19.758, 19.759, 19.760, 19.761, 19.762, 19.763, 19.764, 19.765, 19.766, 19.767, 19.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1907.

Next Sunday, July 21, 1907, Rev. Dr. Daniel March, Pastor Emeritus of the First Congregational church of Woburn, should be live to see that date—and if the prayers of his hosts of friends prevail, he will not only live to see it, but many more birthday anniversaries—will be 91 years old, having been born on July 21, 1816. It was proposed by the church people and others that the event be specially observed, and the Doctor publicly honored; but he objected to such a course, as everybody might have known he would, for he is a modest man, opposed to "fuss and feathers" under all circumstances; and plans for a somewhat elaborate birthday celebration for him was abandoned. The Doctor, however, consented to preach in the forenoon of the day, with which, it is needless to say, everybody was pleased. A sermon by Dr. March on his 91st birthday anniversary, in the pulpit he has so long occupied with honor to himself and profit to his people, will be a notable event, worthy of a large and conspicuous page in the church history. That it will be a sermon worth listening to, and remembering nobody doubts. Organist Hood will select and have sung appropriate music; flowers will decorate the pulpit and spaces thereabouts; somebody may have something to say about the Doctor, his life and work, which would add interest and pleasure to the occasion. Rev. Mr. Tilton and his church should come down and hear Dr. March preach, and seats would be gladly furnished for the Montvale church, and the Winchester minister and his flock. Without any labored display the Doctor might, and doubtless will, be honored by the people who love and admire him, in some such a way as above indicated, next Sunday, July 21, his 91st birthday anniversary.

Mayor Blodgett's summing up and presenting to the public the salient points of his administration's work during the last 3 months makes good reading. There are no flaws in his statement to the public that we can discover. It shows that he has not been indolent in managing the city's business, for which he has a good head and willing disposition, but has supplemented industry with prudence, care, and due regard for the greatest good of the greatest number. These frank quarterly statements by Mayor Blodgett are good things. They inform the public as to what is going on in the Executive office at City Hall—just what the people want to know. They constitute an open record-book, and when the year rolls round to the end these documents will show what Mayor Blodgett has done to entitle him to a reelection, which, of course, he is sure of, if he consents to be a candidate.

It looks as though Charlie Bartlett was cutting into Whitney's campaign and putting that distinguished candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor to his trumpet. Whitney is a "merger" man, a big stockholder in the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, an ardent Reciprocity advocate, and other objectionable things; while Bartlett is quite the reverse on those questions. Evidently the voters in the party are in favor of Bartlett, while the trusts, corporation people, and capitalists, are working for Whitney. But Whitney's money may save his bacon, and secure him the much coveted prize.

Hon. John P. Feeney, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, came out last Monday, flat-footed for the nomination of General Bartlett and against Whitney for the nomination, and, if it is given to him, will win at the polls hands down, especially so, if Lewis is again the Democratic candidate, which is doubtful. But with any other Democrat opposed to him, Bartlett would be easily elected as one of the Republican Representatives from this District.

Judge John G. Maguire was everlastingly right when he remarked from the bench of the District Court last Monday that the men who sold the rum on which a Wilmington boy got intoxicated and was arraigned in Court, were vastly more to blame for his pitiful condition than the boy himself. The words of Judge Maguire ought to be a warning to the liquor-sellers of this city.

They say that John R. Thayer of Worcester has given in his consent to run as a Democratic candidate for Governor this fall in obedience to a call from the Western Massachusetts Unterrified. He is an erratic individual, a lover of official honors, but not a warm admirer of the Boston Democracy. Worcester and regions round about them demand a gubernatorial candidate, and John is willing.

Last week President Roosevelt and the Japanese naval and diplomatic representatives got together at Oyster Bay and, over a pitcher of ice-water, let the gas out of the Japanese war burr in less time than it would take to tell of it. We will not be likely to hear any more such idiotic talk for some time to come.

Governor Guild is to visit the Jamestown Exposition some time in August to help celebrate Massachusetts Day. While away he will leave his political fence mending in capable hands.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. W. Johnson—Citation.
W. T. Shepherd—Station.
J. W. Johnson—Motor Sales.

Assistant P. M. Nellie McCarthy is away on her annual vacation.

Mrs. B. A. Tripp visited her former home at Warren last week.

Winthrop Hammond and family of Worcester are at Portland, Maine.

The weather this week has been the kind that makes the iceman's heart rejoice.

Miss Maud Littlefield is enjoying her vacation down on Cape Cod, if the report is reliable.

A fine concert may be expected by the Woburn Brass Band on the Common this evening.

W. R. C. 84 are to indulge in a trolley trip to Revere Beach on next Wednesday July 24.

Miss Hanson, stenographer at the Goddard insurance rooms, takes her vacation on Cambridge street.

People do say that McLaughlin & Denison's soda is the boss, and Mc and D. are fine fellows, too.

The St Charles Society are to take an outing on Shawnee River tomorrow and the day following.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Beggs have returned from a pleasant visit with relatives at Confluence, Pa.

Dogdays will set in next Thursday, and for 40 days, or until Sept. 5, the Dog Star will have things all his own way.

Under the leadership of Mrs. Ella Curtis W. R. C. 84 are to make a trolley trip to Revere Beach on Wednesday, July 24.

The days have decreased in length 28 minutes, and yet one hardly comprehends the fact that summer has any more than just begun.

Mayor Blodgett's explanation of the award of the Tidd prizes is clear, and ought to be entirely satisfactory to thinking, candid minds.

Dr. Caulfield is having his residence on Church avenue put in order by the Edison Electric Illuminating Co. for electric lighting.

Last Saturday was one of James Russell's "A day in June," for some reason or other delayed in its arrival until nearly the middle of July.

Sunday was a lovely day as respects weather. It was followed by a cool, comfortable night, and no mosquitoes worth mentioning.

On August 3 the Danish Vilvorde are to give a lawn party and hold a modest musical festival. The society is composed of excellent singers.

A few of our local vacationists are weary returning to their homes; but many more are going away. To every point of the compass.

Capt. John P. Crane goes to Poland Springs, Maine, tomorrow to finish his summer vacation. He likes the place, especially its fine golf links.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and hardware work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blie & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—45.

The Woburn tax rate for 1907 is \$18.40 per \$1,000. The increase of taxable property is \$200,000. The tax rate is less than was expected it would be.

The moth destroying business has a silver lining, too. It gives employment at good wages to a host of men, and in this view of the case is a public benefit.

Mr. Philip M. Brown is at home from Central America. He has recently been appointed Secretary of the American Legation at Constantinople, Turkey, and will soon sail for that country.

Mrs. Julia P. Lewis of Illinois left here last Wednesday to visit friends in Somerset county, Maine, and to stay a month at Boothbay by the sea, a favorite summer resort on Sheepscot Bay.

Irene J. Foster, a bright young lady, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alva Foster of Church avenue, George D. Merrick and L. P. Lyric won money prizes in the Boston *Globe* school contest.

According to the interpretation of the old "swell" by some people the present new moon is a "swell" one; but others say that it is a "dry" one. "You pay your money and takes your choice."

Capt. J. M. Ellis is building a cottage at Nahant. The one formerly built by him at Little Nahant and occupied every summer by his family, was appropriated by the State for a public reservation.

Ex-Mayor Lawrence Read and his daughter, Mrs. Maher, neatly and closely clad, in bright anticipation of a day of pleasure, took the 8.14 train for Boston last Wednesday morning, with most others still bound.

Icecream and other delicacies will be on tap at the lawn party to be given this evening under the management of Alpha Club at Mrs. Simonds' on Seaport street, Burlington, at which a large attendance is confidently looked for.

As before stated by the *Journal*, the Loammi Baldwin Chapter of D. A. R. of this city have had Saturday, Aug. 3, assigned on which to entertain Old Home Week visitors at the Pierce Building, Copley Square, Boston.

The patent leather shops are not turning out much of a product just now, but the prospect for a busy fall is doubtful if there is a place anywhere that manufactures as much patent leather as Woburn.

In a masterly game of baseball played on Manchester Field in Woburn last Saturday the St. Charles team of this city beat the Winchester A. A. 2 to 0. Our boys put up a splendid fight for victory and won handomely.

John C. Larock left here last Monday with his two fast horses (previously shipped) to enter them in the races at White Plains, N. Y., from whence he will go to Danbury and Bridgeport, Conn., and race for the prizes there.

They say that John R. Thayer of Worcester has given in his consent to run as a Democratic candidate for Governor this fall in obedience to a call from the Western Massachusetts Unterrified. He is an erratic individual, a lover of official honors, but not a warm admirer of the Boston Democracy. Worcester and regions round about them demand a gubernatorial candidate, and John is willing.

Last week President Roosevelt and the Japanese naval and diplomatic representatives got together at Oyster Bay and, over a pitcher of ice-water, let the gas out of the Japanese war burr in less time than it would take to tell of it. We will not be likely to hear any more such idiotic talk for some time to come.

Governor Guild is to visit the Jamestown Exposition some time in August to help celebrate Massachusetts Day. While away he will leave his political fence mending in capable hands.

—There has been a plenty of good summer weather this week. Corn should grow, and beach taverns flourish under such favorable meteorological conditions.

—E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—Up to date business at the Linne Market has prevented Manager James H. Linnell from going down to Southport, Maine, his favorite and heretofore regularly patronized summer resort, this season, and may block his plans for an outing altogether.

—Mrs. McDonald, wife of Mr. James W. McDonald, the well known and skillful piano tuner of this city, has returned, or is about to do so, from a visit with relatives in Philadelphia, where she tarried for about 8 weeks. She has been at Atlantic City recently.

—Mr. Frank A. Winn, wife and daughter Dora A., of Highland street, are enjoying their vacation at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine, Ruggles & Turnbull, proprietors. The Inn is a popular summer resort for Woburn people and from other points of the compass.

—Mr. Edward L. Shea, wife and children are to depart from here next Monday for a visit to Orr's Island, Casco Bay, Maine, where Mr. Shea has relatives, and sea-shelling is unexcited. He is native of the Pine Tree State and knows salt water when he sees it.

—Miss Eva Langill conducted a large trolley party of Methodist church people to Wonderland, Revere Beach, last Monday night, and all of them declared that they got their money's worth, and right change back. They made up their minds that Wonderland is a big thing.

—It is at Ogunquit, a popular sea-side resort in the town of Wells, York county, Maine, that Hon. E. E. Thompson and his brother Abijah are to spend their vacation this summer, and not Old Orchard, as the Intelligent Composer of the *JOURNAL* insisted on having it last week.

—Extremely slow progress, if any, is made towards giving this city that promised government building. Some of those most actively interested in it are getting slightly discouraged. But it should be constantly borne in mind that great bodies move slow, especially in Washington.

—Crawford, the confectioner, would love dearly to skip out on a vacation, would he can't account for the continuous and potent public demand for his splendid icecream, to manufacture which from genuine cream, and keep his customers satisfied, he has to stay right at home all the time.

—Lawyer Edward Johnson of Warren avenue; John Cole Andrews, printer; and several more of the Gabble Club go to Orr's Island, the winter Star.—Capt. Parker is one of the best and most reliable men in the business. He has a thorough knowledge of the trade, theoretically and practically, and that is why he does most of the steamfittering in this city.

—Mr. L. Lela Thompson and sister are at home from their Western trip, which was a pleasant one; especially for Mrs. Shaw, who got white on it her first view of the Rocky Mountains. Their tour extended into Wyoming, and when they left there the mountain peaks were covered with snow, the melting of which had filled the rivers and streams bankful. Mr. Thompson reports the ranchmen all over that Western country as remarkably prosperous, forging ahead, and contented.

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Edward F. Parker of Woburn, the well known expert steam fitter, has been awarded the contract to install heating apparatus in the town stable on Linden street. Mr. Parker has furnished the heating for many of the best houses in Winchester.—Winchester Plaques are expected to prove a bright and shining light among the military, and we have heard that the melody of our two fine bands will be heard in Boston during the week.

—Several 1000 soldiers are to march in the great Boston Old Home Week parade, which will be a sight worth going miles to see. Many bands of music will accompany the procession, which is planned to include a large and varied assortment of new and entertaining features. The Woburn Plaques are to prove a great attraction.

—Extremely slow progress, if any, is made towards giving this city that promised government building. Some of those most actively interested in it are getting slightly discouraged. But it should be constantly borne in mind that great bodies move slow, especially in Washington.

—Crawford, the confectioner, would love dearly to skip out on a vacation, would he can't account for the continuous and potent public demand for his splendid icecream, to manufacture which from genuine cream, and keep his customers satisfied, he has to stay right at home all the time.

—Lawyer Edward Johnson of Warren avenue; John Cole Andrews, printer; and several more of the Gabble Club go to Orr's Island, the winter Star.—Capt. Parker is one of the best and most reliable men in the business. He has a thorough knowledge of the trade, theoretically and practically, and that is why he does most of the steamfittering in this city.

—Mr. L. Lela Thompson and sister are at home from their Western trip, which was a pleasant one; especially for Mrs. Shaw, who got white on it her first view of the Rocky Mountains. Their tour extended into Wyoming, and when they left there the mountain peaks were covered with snow, the melting of which had filled the rivers and streams bankful. Mr. Thompson reports the ranchmen all over that Western country as remarkably prosperous, forging ahead, and contented.

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Edward F. Parker of Woburn, the well known expert steam fitter, has been awarded the contract to install heating apparatus in the town stable on Linden street. Mr. Parker has furnished the heating for many of the best houses in Winchester.—Winchester Plaques are to prove a great attraction.

—Extremely slow progress, if any, is made towards giving this city that promised government building. Some of those most actively interested in it are getting slightly discouraged. But it should be constantly borne in mind that great bodies move slow, especially in Washington.

—Crawford, the confectioner, would love dearly to skip out on a vacation, would he can't account for the continuous and potent public demand for his splendid icecream, to manufacture which from genuine cream, and keep his customers satisfied, he has to stay right at home all the time.

—Lawyer Edward Johnson of Warren avenue; John Cole Andrews, printer; and several more of the Gabble Club go to Orr's Island, the winter Star.—Capt. Parker is one of the best and most reliable men in the business. He has a thorough knowledge of the trade, theoretically and practically, and that is why he does most of the steamfittering in this city.

—Mr. L. Lela Thompson and sister are at home from their Western trip, which was a pleasant one; especially for Mrs. Shaw, who got white on it her first view of the Rocky Mountains. Their tour extended into Wyoming, and when they left there the mountain peaks were covered with snow, the melting of which had filled the rivers and streams bankful. Mr. Thompson reports the ranchmen all over that Western country as remarkably prosperous, forging ahead, and contented.

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Edward F. Parker of Woburn, the well known expert steam fitter, has been awarded the contract to install heating apparatus in the town stable on Linden street. Mr. Parker has furnished the heating for many of the best houses in Winchester.—Winchester Plaques are to prove a great attraction.

—Extremely slow progress, if any, is made towards giving this city that promised government building. Some of those most actively interested in it are getting slightly discouraged. But it should be constantly borne in mind that great bodies move slow, especially in Washington.

—Crawford, the confectioner, would love dearly to skip out on a vacation, would he can't account for the continuous and potent public demand for his splendid icecream, to manufacture which from genuine cream, and keep his customers satisfied, he has to stay right at home all the time.

—Lawyer Edward Johnson of Warren avenue; John Cole Andrews, printer; and several more of the Gabble Club go to Orr's Island, the winter Star.—Capt. Parker is one of the best and most reliable men in the business. He has a thorough knowledge of the trade, theoretically and practically, and that is why he does most of the steamfittering in this city.

—Mr. L. Lela Thompson and sister are at home from their Western trip, which was a pleasant one; especially for Mrs. Shaw, who got white on it her first view of the Rocky Mountains. Their tour extended into Wyoming, and when they left there the mountain peaks were covered with snow, the melting of which had filled the rivers and streams bankful. Mr. Thompson reports the ranchmen all over that Western country as remarkably prosperous, forging ahead, and contented.

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Several Knights of Columbus are to attend the Old Home Week celebration at Bath, Maine, next month. The people of that prosperous ship-building city on the Kennebec are to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the building of the first vessel in New England, at Popham, in 1607, and make a great

—Edward F. Parker of Woburn, the well known expert steam fitter, has been awarded the contract to install heating apparatus in the town stable on Linden street. Mr. Parker has furnished the heating for many of the best houses in

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturdays, 10:12 A. M., 2:45 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

Lessons given in pupil's residence if desired.

Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

33 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

The Price

—OF—

BUTTER
REDUCED!

On All Grades

Including Prints and 5 lb. Boxes.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House351 Main Street.
Fitz & Stanley.
Telephone 109-6.

AFTER HARD WORK

THE USE OF

Woburna
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness and invigoration obtained in no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

SMOKED HAM

With a pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind we can give you. Because.

WE SELL AI HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than is often asked for hams that won't stand investigation. Our hams are from healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone 125-6

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage. My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

HOT
WEATHER
DISINFECTING
DEODORIZING
and
PURIFYING

maintains those desirable sanitary conditions which are indispensable to perfect health. A little goes far and accomplishes much. Try it. Keep it always on hand. Avoid Inferior Substitutes.

Look for above Trade-Mark.

NOTICE

I hereby give notice that my subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Christiana J. Long of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, and that he has been holding the trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are to present the same to him, and he will pay the same to the persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to him.

RUPERT G. BANKS, Executor.

Rupert G. Banks, care of Charles Toye, Attorney, 912 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

June 19th, 1907.

WINCHESTER.

CURIOS DECEPTIONS.

The Way Our Senses Are Liable to Play Us False.

Our senses deceive us curiously at times. A dash of lightning lights up the ground for only one millionth of a second, yet it seems to us to last even so much longer. What happens is that the impression remains in the eye or the retina for about one-eighth of a second, or 12,000 times as long as the flash lasts. If on a dark night a train speeds along at sixty miles an hour it is lit up by a lightning flash it appears stationary yet for the eighth second during which we see it we see it as the train travels eleven feet.

But we really only see it during one-eighth of a second, and in that time it travels only one-hundredth of an inch.

When a man's leg is cut off, if the stump is irritated he feels the pain in his toes. This curious deception is the same as any one can practice on himself by striking his elbow on the table, when he feels the pain in his fingers. Of course in both cases the pain is felt in the brain.

We do not always see things differently from the eyes, but judge them from various indications. When our judgment is at fault we are deceived. If you see a person in a fog, for instance, he seems to be much bigger than usual. The same thing happens when you see men or cattle on the top of a hill against the horizon in twilight. In both cases you judge them to be farther away than they really are, and consequently they appear unusually large.

A STUBBORN LOVER.

He Lay Firm and Conquered the Bride's Close Fisted Father.

I remember, says a writer on Irish

Life, the marriage of the daughter of a well to do shopkeeper in the town of Galway. The father of the bride was considered to be decidedly close fisted.

The bridegroom, as well as a remittance boy, stood by the side of the

bride, who was a king's daughter.

George IV, felt seriously this savage attack. The nation stood with the queen, and her defender had paid his debt with interest.

THE DRUG STORE.

Its Evolution From the Apothecaries of the Colonies.

During the seventeenth century the druggist came to America and closely followed English precedents, modifying them, however, by the practice of the Indians, with whom he came in contact. Quack apothecaries began to spring up in the new land, and in 1636 the colony of Virginia passed a law which among other things regulated the prices and fees of the druggist. At this time it was fashionable for the druggists to practice surgery in addition to pharmacy, and the Virginia colonists prohibited the practice of surgery by those who were professed in both professions.

"Soror foot do I stir out of this," said the prospective bride, "unless the fortune's doubled."

For an hour or more intermediate backward and forward between the chapel and the bridegroom's dwelling, striving to make terms, while the bride waited at the altar with such patience as she could muster. The bridegroom, however, stood, or rather lay, firm, and at last the father, unwilling that his daughter should be put to shame in the sight of all Galway by returning to her father's house unwed, gave way and promised to double the fortune as demanded, whereupon the bridegroom got up, dressed himself and went to church to be married.

Largest Crater on the Earth.

The volcano of Asosan in southern Japan, on the island of Kyushu, pos-

sesses the largest crater known on the earth.

It is about fourteen miles

across in one direction, by ten or

eleven in the other, and is surrounded by walls of an average height of 200

feet. Although the volcano is still ac-

tive, its eruptions consist only of ashes

and dust. Indeed, a range of volcanic

mountains, evidently of subsequent

formation, extends directly across the

old crater. In these particulars Asosan resembles some of the craters of the moon, where a long history of suc-

cessive and gradually enfeebled out-

breaks of volcanic force is graphically

represented.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIAN—Church closed until second Sunday in August.

Methodist—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. E. Vandermark.

12 M. Sunday School.

Wednesday, at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

BAPTIST—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. Williams, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School.

At 5:45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

Wednesday, at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

CONGREGATIONAL—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. Norton, D. D.

12 M., Sunday School.

At 6:45 P. M., Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

Wednesday, at 7:45 P. M., Prayer Meeting.

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST—Services in Five Cents Savings Bank Building, Room 101, on Sunday morning at 10:45. Subject: "Truth."

Sunday School for Children at 11:45 A. M.

Wednesday evening Experiments in Mental

Meetings at 7:45.

The Reading Room is open from 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.

All are welcome.

Christian Science Literature on Sale. Room 15.

I promise to pay to Mr. X. the sum of \$100 for his kindness in referring me as referee in this interesting competition.

B. L. BARNATO.

The award was unanimously con-

firmed by the competitors, and the

check was duly honored.—London

Telegraph.

Delicately Put.

"A footman," said a banker, "called his master up by telephone and said:

"I regret to inform you, sir, that your house is on fire and fast burning."

"Oh," cried the master, "what a ter-

rible misfortune! But my wife—she is safe!"

"Quite safe, sir. She got out among the flames afterward, "that had been in upright judge I might have been killed."

"All right, sir. They're with their mother."

There was a pause. Then:

"And what about my mother-in-law, James?"

"That, sir," said the footman suavely,

"was what I wished to speak to you about, sir, particularly. Your mother-in-law is lyin' asleep in the third story back, and knowin' your regard for her comfort, sir, I wasn't sure whether I ought to disturb her or not, sir."

—Los Angeles Times.

Which Is Your Shortest Hour?

"What is your shortest hour in the day?" asked a business man of an acquaintance.

"Don't you have none? It's very cheering to a husband to see a nice motto on the wall when he comes home."

Mrs. Dagg—You might sell me one if you've got one that says, "Bet-

ter late than never."

A Mean Trick.

Smith—You say you write dunning

letters to yourself and sign them with fictitious names. What do you do that for?

Jones—You see, my wife is always after me for money, and when she reads those letters she becomes discouraged.

A Fresh Clerk.

Customer—What have you got that is strictly fresh?

Grocer—One moment, please.

Here, John, wait on the lady.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

FOR SALE.

The Residence of the late

James I. Hanson,

situated on Eastern Ave. House contains twelve rooms, bath and furnace. For particulars and terms, address

Mrs. HELEN C. HANSON,
Uxbridge, Mass.

The Way Our Senses Are Liable to Play Us False.

Our senses deceive us curiously at

times. A dash of lightning lights up

the ground for only one millionth of a

second, yet it seems to us to last even

so much longer. What happens is

that the impression remains in the eye

or the retina for about one-eighth of a

second, or 12,000 times as long as the

flash lasts. If on a dark night a

train speeds along at sixty miles

an hour it is lit up by a lightning

flash it appears stationary yet for the

eighth second during which we see it

we see it as the train travels eleven

feet.

GOT HIS REVENGE.

The Way Lord Brougham Paid His

Debt to George IV.

With all of his knowledge and talent

and beauty in his personal habits.

He was a young and comparatively

unknown barrister he was asked to a

dinner at which the prince regent

proposed. Mr. Brougham

had been taken to the following

table.

He carried them to Brougham, pre-

senting them with the prince regent's

compliments. The barrister instantly

withdrew and never afterward re-

ferred to the insult.

Years later, when the prince

was in India, he met Brougham

again, tried to divorce his wife, Brougham

had developed a very strong

feeling for her.

Two on a Tour

By TROY ALLISON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

The elevator of the Washington monument reached the ground after its semicircular descent of twenty minutes, and Rhoda Jamison, feeling some what overawed by the world as seen from the top of the monument, sat down on a bench near the elevator door. She needed a few minutes to readjust her thoughts and to plan for the rest of the day.

Rhoda had saved every possible penny from her salary during the school term in order to take this Washington trip and had determined to crowd as much sightseeing into her ten days as any other Washington tourist had ever done.

She had spent hours with the visiting milliner in her town planning every detail of the time and had finally arrived in the city and taken a cab directly to the quiet lodgings she had recommended. The milliner had, however, forgotten to take into consideration the time it would take to have been accustomed to a city and to city ways and had therefore failed to prepare her for the feeling of desolation and loneliness that grew more and more oppressive every minute.

The Congressional library had satisfied her love of elegance, the capitol and the White House had seemed like old friends from the pictures in the geography and history from which she had taught four years, but in her classes she had known none.

She was destined to drift into loneliness, and the things that had been mere ideas and pictures towered over her oppressively, and she was overcome by her littleness and her loneliness and longed for some one to speak to her with a hint of friendly interest.

The big, broad shoulder man sitting on the other end of the bench she had seen walking down the steps of the monument. He had evidently felt so secure in his superb physical strength that he walked down to examine the inscriptions on the stones that could not be studied so well from the elevator.

She saw him take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

She remembered the package she had bought to send her pupils so she took her own pen from her hand bag and commenced racking her brain for little things to write that would interest them.

The postman stopped at all of a dozen-colored eyes of the monument itself, she addressed to her mother. Across it she wrote, "It's so very big, and I feel so little and so lonely."

She leaned forward to kiss the hand she had seen take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

"Do you know what I am going to wish? That when I go back west—I'll go with me"—he waited, a big, awkward boy in his embarrassment, for her to look at him.

"—I—train is starting," she said, holding her hand hastily, "but—if one finds a four leaf clover—he is supposed to get his wish."

"I—haven't seemed to miss the boys much lately, either," he said, abashedly, watching her slender fingers arrange the largest daisies and clover leaves that she found near her, "but I go to missing them again every time your train pulls out this afternoon."

He sat up straight suddenly and looked at her almost sternly.

"Do you think a man ought to be forgive for telling a lie?" he demanded abruptly.

Her face paled slightly, and her eyes were large with a fear that he might in some way confess himself unworthy of the friendly confidence she had placed in him. The unconventionality of their acquaintance stood out in her mind, and she knew of no one of whom she could be more than a little afraid.

"You haven't lied to me?" she asked faintly.

"Absolutely! No one ever told a big one," he said, with his eyes fixed on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing, it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and she avoided his eyes as she rose, her feet, the daisies and clover leaves falling to the ground.

"I will be late for my train if we don't hurry back," she said abruptly.

"I almost wish you would miss it—it seems a shame that you cannot afford to stay longer when I have more money than I can possibly spend—unless the town will let me build 'em another library. You couldn't let me—!" he stammered, not knowing how to express himself.

"No, I couldn't," she blazed, catching his half-formed idea.

"There—there—little woman—don't get angry. I suppose I do bump up on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing, it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and she avoided his eyes as she rose, her feet, the daisies and clover leaves falling to the ground.

"I will be late for my train if we don't hurry back," she said abruptly.

"I almost wish you would miss it—it seems a shame that you cannot afford to stay longer when I have more money than I can possibly spend—unless the town will let me build 'em another library. You couldn't let me—!" he stammered, not knowing how to express himself.

"No, I couldn't," she blazed, catching his half-formed idea.

"There—there—little woman—don't get angry. I suppose I do bump up on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing, it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and when they reached the station she watched his broad shoulders as he elbowed his way through the crowd at the ticket office and wondered why, now her face was turned homeward, she should feel more homesick than ever.

• • • • •

When he had put her on the train, he had seen walking down the steps of the monument. He had evidently felt so secure in his superb physical strength that he walked down to examine the inscriptions on the stones that could not be studied so well from the elevator.

She saw him take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

She remembered the package she had bought to send her pupils so she took her own pen from her hand bag and commenced racking her brain for little things to write that would interest them.

The postman stopped at all of a dozen-colored eyes of the monument itself, she addressed to her mother. Across it she wrote, "It's so very big, and I feel so little and so lonely."

She leaned forward to kiss the hand she had seen take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

"Do you know what I am going to wish? That when I go back west—I'll go with me"—he waited, a big, awkward boy in his embarrassment, for her to look at him.

"—I—train is starting," she said, holding her hand hastily, "but—if one finds a four leaf clover—he is supposed to get his wish."

Fox and Gibbon.

When the family of Charles James Fox, the famous English orator and statesman, was sold by auction, the lot was among the books a copy of the first volume of Gibbon's Roman history. It appeared by the title page that the book had been presented by the author to Fox, but no considerations of sentiment deterred the recipient from writing on the fly leaf this aneote.

"The author at Brooks' said there was no salvation for this country until six heads of the principal persons in administration were laid on the table. Eleazar says, 'Even this same gentleman accepted a thousand lord of trade under those very same persons and has acted with them ever since.'

Such was the acidity of bitters anxious to secure the least scrap of the writing and composition of the famous owner of the copy that owing to the addition of this little record the book sold for 3 guineas, a large sum for the times.

Better Than the Music.

In one of the Australian mining camps in the old days there were no women or children, only the hard, bare-handed men who fought with the earth in the attempt to wrest from it the yellow gold. To the men there came a band of wandering musicians, and with the band were the wife and baby of one of the members. A grand concert was planned in the big saloon and a fine dashing programme was given.

"That's right," he thought looking at the poster, "but just remember that you can add more loneliness than you for I am feeling lonely from the sole of my feet to the top of my new felt hat that I bought in Carson City to see the sights of Washington in."

"At least you are farther from home than I. I'm from South Carolina," she chattered, three days' absence from conversation having left her with a surpise on her hand.

"I was just sending some of these things to the boys," he said. "They are living in a knock-me-near-milk-and-it-will-teke-me-back home, and it's a good place to get those pictures of civilization. You see we had been out there for two years digging away for gold without any success, and just as we'd fallen into a fit of gloom and shortage in grub, why we struck it rich."

"How lovely! Did you find it in chunks?" Her eyes sparkled like a child's.

"That's about the size of it," he laughed with a whole soul'd heartiness he hadn't experienced for days. "We sure found it in large sized pieces, and I just thought I'd take a vacation to the world. I've never been east before."

"Do you like it?" She failed to put as much doubt as to the charms of Washington in her tone as she might have put had an hour earlier.

"I've been about the loneliest person the dome ever shadowed. I could get on very well in the daytime, but I've wanted to sit round the fire at night and talk it over with the boys. How long are you going to stay?" he asked eagerly.

"Ten days. I've been here three." His face lengthened visibly.

"I'll be home in whole month," he added, "but you stay longer?" "Why don't you stay longer?"

"You see I haven't struck it rich in huge chunks. The trustees of my school are rather a parsimonious lot."

"I don't know much about eastern etiquette, but I wonder if it wouldn't be tolerably proper for us to do some sightseeing together this afternoon?" he said with a touch of boyish shyness.

"I wonder," she said slowly.

The joy of companionship settled the question, and they and called at her boarding house morning after morning, guidebook in hand, the plan for the day already laid out.

They had left the trip to Arlington for the last afternoon of her stay, and they wandered through the grounds more beautiful than ever in their early summer foliage, until they reached the spot overlooking the Potomac, where the tall shaft rose in honor of the heroes of the Spanish war.

"This is the loveliest spot of all," he said, as they sat down on the grassy slope with their faces turned toward the river. "Washington will seem dead after I put you on the train this afternoon. Have you enjoyed this week, little Anna?" a slight nervousness in his voice.

"It has been perfect," she said softly. "After I had you to talk to the crowd, it didn't seem unfriendly at all; they changed into a set of good natured passersby."

work. Napoleon even took the plow-share out of the man's hand and attempted to guide it himself. But the oxen refused to obey him, overturned the plow and spoiled the furrow.

The inscription runs thus: "Napoleon the Great, working in the field in 1804, took the neighboring field a plowshare from the hands of a peasant and himself tried to plow, but the oxen, rebellious to those hands which yet had guided Europe, heading fled from the furrow."

Confusion at These Dinners.

In his dining room Sir Joshua Reynolds constantly entertained all the best known men of his time, including Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, Sterne, Hogarth, Wilkes, Allan Ramsay and a host of others who formed the brilliant literary circle which the great painter was the founder. There doubtless, in the familiar lines of the author of "Re-taliation."

When they talked of their Raphaelas, Corregios and stuff.

He shifted his trumpet and only took

the other dinner parties according to

Mahone, though the wine and the dishes were of the best, there seemed to be a tacit agreement that mind should predominate over body. The table, we are told, though set only for seven or eight, often had to accommodate double that number. There was usually a deficiency of knives, forks and glasses, and the guests had to bawl for more supplies, while the host calmly left every one to shift for himself, though he lost not a word, if he could help it, of the conversation.

"I'm not," he said, catching his half-formed idea.

"There—there—little woman—don't get angry. I suppose I do bump up on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing, it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and she avoided his eyes as she rose, her feet, the daisies and clover leaves falling to the ground.

"I will be late for my train if we don't hurry back," she said abruptly.

"I almost wish you would miss it—it seems a shame that you cannot afford to stay longer when I have more money than I can possibly spend—unless the town will let me build 'em another library. You couldn't let me—!" he stammered, not knowing how to express himself.

"No, I couldn't," she blazed, catching his half-formed idea.

"There—there—little woman—don't get angry. I suppose I do bump up on the clover leaves, failing to see her pallor, "for it will not be the boys I'll be missing, it will be—just you."

Her color came back with a rush, and when they reached the station she watched his broad shoulders as he elbowed his way through the crowd at the ticket office and wondered why, now her face was turned homeward, she should feel more homesick than ever.

• • • • •

When he had put her on the train, he had seen walking down the steps of the monument. He had evidently felt so secure in his superb physical strength that he walked down to examine the inscriptions on the stones that could not be studied so well from the elevator.

She saw him take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

She remembered the package she had bought to send her pupils so she took her own pen from her hand bag and commenced racking her brain for little things to write that would interest them.

The postman stopped at all of a dozen-colored eyes of the monument itself, she addressed to her mother. Across it she wrote, "It's so very big, and I feel so little and so lonely."

She leaned forward to kiss the hand she had seen take a fountain pen from his pocket, adjust it and finally sort a package of souvenir post cards and begin writing industriously.

"Do you know what I am going to wish? That when I go back west—I'll go with me"—he waited, a big, awkward boy in his embarrassment, for her to look at him.

"—I—train is starting," she said, holding her hand hastily, "but—if one finds a four leaf clover—he is supposed to get his wish."

Scot Free.

The superiority of certain English fruits has its origin in a cause little suspected. It is the blessed gulf stream which does it. Foreign growers are every bit as acute as the English, it may be, but they have not the right atmosphere. The gulf stream imparts a beneficent humidity to our atmosphere which results in our fruit having the thinnest and finest skins of any in the world. The English strawberries, though equal in flavor, are inferior to ours.

"Isaac L. Ellwood was the inventor of barbed wire. In his youth he lived in De Kalb, Ill., and, having a neighbor whose pigs trespassed on his garden, he put up one day a wire fence of his own make. This fence had barbs and points on it. It was queer and ugly.

"It was a real barbed wire fence, the first in the world, and there were millions of money in it, but young Ellwood and his friends laughed at it.

"One day two strangers saw this fence, perceived how well it kept out the pigs, realized how cheap it was, and with it, in a little factory, a few years later, it was realized, in a word, its value—and ordered several tons of it from Ellwood.

Furthermore, they contracted to sell it for a term of years all the barbed wire he could produce.

"Ellwood borrowed \$1,000 and set up a little factory. A few years later, he had paid back that loan and was worth a small matter of \$15,000 besides."—New York Press.

The Water Lily.

Almost everybody has observed the strange characteristic of the water lily and opening its petals at sunrise and closing them again at sunset. It was for this reason mainly that the ancients held the water lily sacred to the sun.

Pliny says: "It is reported that in the Euphrates the flower of the lotus plummages into the water at night, remaining there till midnight and to such a depth that it cannot be reached with the hand." After midnight it begins to rise, the hand can then be reached with it.

"One day two strangers saw this fence, perceived how well it kept out the pigs, realized how cheap it was, and with it, in a little factory, a few years later, it was realized, in a word, its value—and ordered several tons of it from Ellwood.

Furthermore, they contracted to sell it for a term of years all the barbed wire he could produce.

"Ellwood borrowed \$1,000 and set up a little factory. A few years later, he had paid back that loan and was worth a small matter of \$15,000 besides."—New York Press.

The Water Lily.

The expression "scot free," which is in use every day, goes back to the time of Scottish commandants and their soldiers, so humorously described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy." In these stirring tales we are told of one form of Scottish trials given certain offenders of justice. He who had broken the law was divested of all his clothing and the scot, or fine, was imposed on him.

Another bailiff was in a conversation overhead between two workmen. One put the question, "Were you acquainted with So-and-so?" to which the reply was, "No; he was dead before I knew him."

Such was the helplessness, the deep despair of this imprudent but amiable author who has added to the delight of millions and to the glory of English literature.

Scot Free.

The expression "scot free," which is in use every day, goes back to the time of Scottish commandants and their soldiers, so humorously described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Antiquary" and "Rob Roy." In these stirring tales we are told of one form of Scottish trials given certain offenders of justice. He who had broken the law was divested of all his clothing and the scot, or fine, was imposed on him.

Another bailiff was in a conversation overhead between two workmen. One put the question, "Were you acquainted with So-and-so?" to which the reply was, "No; he was dead before I knew him."

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1907.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1907.

OLD HOME WEEK

Boston is ready to start at the drop of the hat. Every preparation is completed for the opening next Sunday.

Old Home Week is to be the biggest thing in the celebration line that Boston ever took a hand in, or ever even witnessed, and all the world knows that Boston has always been a leader in galas and festivals.

It is said that the whole city is ablaze with decorations. There are many arches which are beautiful to behold. The public buildings are splendidly decked out in bunting, and fine artistic taste, for which Boston is famous, is displayed in the adornments of stores, hotels, residences, and other private structures.

The Sacred Cod is in his glory.

For each day and night of the celebration of Old Home Week there is to be a specially arranged programme, and if we should attempt to enumerate all the grand things that have been planned for by the Executive Committee, of which our own Elwyn Preston is a working member, the attempt would prove a lamentable failure. We take it for granted that the JOURNAL readers have made themselves familiar with it, and will avail themselves of all of its features.

The Metropolitan District, outside of the Hub of the Universe, are doing their whole duty towards making the Boston Old Home Week an event never to be erased from the tablets of anybody's memory.

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION.

The Republican State convention is to be held in Boston on Oct. 5.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge has been selected to preside at it.

Rev. Dr. Daniel March was vouchsafed a fine weather last Sunday for preaching his 91st birthday anniversary sermon at First church, this city, where he has labored so long, faithfully and successfully, and a great many people took advantage of it to assemble there and listen. Not only was an unusual number of his own congregation present, but scores from other places came to hear the venerable Doctor expound the Scriptures, and give good counsel for right living, which he did in a clear and vigorous manner as years ago when in his physical prime. His text was: Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom;

Job 32: 7, and for three-quarters of an hour he stood erect and strong in the pulpit and told a profoundly interested audience what the words of Job meant.

Rev. Dr. Norton, pastor of the church, of which Dr. March is Pastor Emeritus, assisted in the exercises; and Organist Daniel Hood and Miss Jennie Treadorin of the church choir, led the singing of appropriate hymns.

At the close of the religious services Dr. March held a brief reception, and then the meeting was dismissed.

Not only on account of the extreme age of the preacher, but for the religious and practical character of the sermon, or address, and accompanying exercises, will the 91st anniversary of Rev. Dr. March's birthday be remembered by his church and community.

When Judge John G. Maguire of the District Court landed in Woburn from his native town of Waltham on July 25, 1877, and immediately hung his Lawyer's shingle on the outer wall of a Main street office, this was a busy business place, with a fair prospect of soon growing into a much larger city than it is at the present time. Thirty years ago when Judge Maguire became a citizen of this old and highly respectable town the numerous leather factories were running at high speed; 2000 laborers were turning out carloads of leather daily; money was plenty, wages good, trade brisk in all lines, and things moved. The Judge, then a plain Lawyer, thought he had struck it rich, and so it seemed. Then what? Then the Trust came along—well, everybody knows the story—closed factories, and men out of work. But the Judge prospered, kept pegging away, and for years has been classed as one of Woburn's old men.

The great Civic and Trades Parade, which is to be the crowning glory of the Boston Old Home Week, will take place on Wednesday, July 31. It is to start on Commonwealth Avenue near Arlington street about 11 o'clock in the forenoon. Lieut. General Nelson A. Miles, Chief Marshal, has appointed his Aids and Escorts, and issued orders for the march. Thousands of people are expected to join in the Parade, which is to be the principal public feature in the grand celebration.

John B. Moran's man Carroll refuses to enter the race for the Democratic nomination for Governor, and he must look elsewhere for a candidate to beat Whitney and Bartlett. He says, however, that he has quit work in that direction, and will give his attention entirely to securing his reelection to the office of District Attorney.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

Andrews, For Sale, P.R. Zelina, Prob. Notice, Sawyer & Prob. Notice.

—Police Commissioner O'Neill and Haggerty are away on vacation.

—Lightning struck in Jefferson Court last Saturday night, but did only slight damage.

—The July number of "The Tri-State Tourist" abounds in good reading and fine pictures.

—The Clerks Association will hold a business meeting in K. of C. Hall at 9:30 this evening.

—Carl Brooks of Mishawum Road has returned from a pleasant vacation spent at Bath, Me.

—Mrs. George A. Blaisdell and her son Clifford are at Mt. Vernon, N. H., for the heated term.

—Reporters find but scarce news with which to garnish local newspapers these vacation days.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Brooks have returned from a pleasant visit with druggist Brooks's parents at Ashby.

—The Woburn Elks who attended the National convention at Philadelphia last week arrived home in good trim on Sunday.

—Extreme heat and humidity till you couldn't rest made last Tuesday one of the most uncomfortable days of the season.

—Mr. and Mrs. Moses M. True are spending their vacation at Weirs, N. H., where several other Woburn parties are congregated.

—After a good rest and a good time, Mr. Arthur A. Fawcett resumes his tasks as Managing Editor of the Boston *Globe* this week.

—Miss Hattie Kenney returned from a visit to Nova Scotia to her home 13 Church avenue last Tuesday well and well pleased with the trip.

—Why make your own Ice Cream this hot weather? We have all flavors

at great prices, all delivered free. Crawford's 412 Main street. Tel. 123.

—At last accounts the Board of Public Works had awarded no contract for furnishing a new pump at the pumping station. It is coming, though.

—In roofing, sheet iron, and tinsmith work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blye & Sons, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—44.

—Reports from Woburn European tourists inform us that they are having

every day of travel in countries new to them.

—The family of Ald. D. W. Bond are camping on Concord River, to which comfortable spot the Alderman bade himself at the close of his day's vacation.

—Last Monday George Peterson, Chief Engineer of the Edison Electric Illuminating Station in this city, left here for New York on a fortnight's vacation.

—A beautiful silver prize is to be awarded to the winner of the St. Charles—South End game of ball to be played Aug. 10, at the St. Joseph's Field Day.

—E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

—The huckleberrying season is on, and the hills swarm with boys and girls gathering the luscious fruit. Likewise, kitchen doors are besieged with youngsters who offer them for sale.

—Mr. Charles W. Fitz, senior member of the old grocery firm of Fitz & Stanley, proprietors of the popular Boston Branch, is in Minneapolis, Minnesota, for business and pleasure.

—A goodly number of contributions to the Flower Mission was received by the women engaged in the good work of First church vestry last Friday. They solict flowers from all who have them to spare.

—The McDonald estate on Arlington Road has been sold through the office of C. E. Smith, consisting of 8 room house and about 5,000 ft. of land. The purchaser is C. H. Fountain, who will occupy the same.

—Rev. Dr. Scudder, former pastor of First church, hoped to be present to hear Dr. March's sermon last Sunday, but was unable to make connections. He was detained in York State over the Sabbath.

—Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Whitcomb of Second street are enjoying their summer outing at North Falmouth on the Cape. Mr. Whitcomb is chief clerk of the old music house of Oliver Ditson & Co. of Boston.

—Judge Charles Day Adams and Lady A. are at Hampton, N. H., for the remainder of the summer. They have occupied their cottage at Nahant for many seasons past, but concluded to try a change this year.

—Judging from the rush to Salisbury Beach, it is fair to presume that Mrs. George H. Taylor of this city has done much towards popularizing that hitherto quiet seaside resort. She rediscovered the place about 3 years ago.

—Miss May Wheeler, daughter of Mr. J. S. Wheeler of 23 Kilby street, passes the vacation visiting her uncle and family at Stowe. She left here some days ago with the expectation of having a good time while away from home.

—Our policemen go out on vacation in pairs, at least, they leave headquarters in that order, shut off uniforms, and robed in costumes such as private citizen wear. They spend their two weeks of duty wherever fancy and desire dictate.

—The E. Prior Real Estate Agency, has sold the Trull estate No. 2 Auburn street to Edwin T. Bailey. Said estate consists of a large dwellinghouse with modern improvements, barn and about 20,000 ft. of land. Mr. Bailey buys for occupancy.

—Capt. John P. Crane of Academy Hill is taking his vacation at South Paris, Maine, with headquarters at the Harrison House. His principal amusement is golf, for which that fair town near the Androscoggin furnishes the finest kind of links.

—C. T. Duncan has contracted with The Edison Electric Illuminating Company for five high efficiency electric lamps in his drug store, 150 Main street. These lights furnish beautiful yet powerful illumination that is much appreciated by all.

—The July number of the *N. E. Telephone Topics* gives the record standing of the Woburn Exchange under the new merit service rating for June, at 75.8; and E. M. Wilson as Manager, and Nellie O'Neill as Chief Operator of the Exchange.

—Mrs. O. M. Brooks is at home from Bass Point where she spent the hot days of last week in comfort. A brother of Mr. Brooks has a cottage situated on a high knoll which commands the seabreeze and is remote from the crowds at the shore.

—Three Aldermen declined, for good and sufficient reasons which did not appear on the face of the papers, as the Lawyers say, to serve on Ald. Meagher's committee appointed to investigate the Boston & Maine Railroad officials at Monday's Council meeting.

—St. Joseph's Parish, Montvale, are to hold a Field Day on Aug. 10 in Greenough's Grove, for which extensive preparations are being made.

—Athletic sports, ball games, and other entertainments, will be provided in great plenty. A good program is out.

—Major Hall, Secretary of the Board of Health, says that no case of scarlet fever has been reported within a week or 10 days. Of the half a hundred, or so, reported during his term of office not a single death occurred. Which speaks well for our Doctors.

—At the meeting of the City Council last Monday evening a permit to open a Hebrew cemetery at Montvale was denied. Cemeteries are more useful than ornamental, and Woburn has enough of them already.

—Another thunder shower and powerful rain Wednesday night cooled things off and refreshed the earth in grand style. The rain was needed, and it delighted the soul of the lone and lonesome street waterer—no, sprinkler—no watering about it, only in rare spots—and everything was lovely. Yesterday was a great one for picnics and picnicking.

—Charles, son of Mr. James A. Anderson of 549 Main street, this city, 22 years old, was run over by a shifting engine on the B. & M. Railroad at the Rutland avenue yards in Charlestown, last Monday evening and had both legs so terribly crushed that he died at the Mass. Gen. Hospital early Tuesday morning. Undertakers Trip brought the body from there Tuesday. He was employed as a fireman on the shitter.

—Last Friday morning George Michurs, a Greek employed at the Black leather factory on Lake street, this city, was struck by the 5:55 a. m. train to Boston. Richard Carlton, conductor, and Charles J. Chase, engineer, ran Blanchard & Kendall's mill, and so badly injured that he died soon after at the Mass. Gen. Hospital. The train men were, in no way, to blame for the accident.

—Few people realize that right within a comparatively short trolley ride from Boston there is as much real country life, real country scenery to be found, and as much beautiful, exhilarating free out-door air to be found as anywhere in New England. This particularly impresses the traveler over the through lines from Sullivan Square up through Woburn, Burlington and Billerica on the way to Lowell.—*Traveler.*

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, when others to follow. Rev. Keegan expects to sail late in August, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September. He says that the colored voters of this district will oppose him.

—Mr. Philip M. Brown of this city, having closed his official labors in Guatemala, is at home here taking a rest on a well merited furlough, and late last week went to Squam Lake, N. H., to join his father, mother and other relatives who are spending the vacation season there. Mr. Brown was lately promoted to the office of Secretary of the American Embassy to Turkey, the Embassy headquarters being at Constantinople, to which city Mr. Brown expects to sail late in August, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

—It was said by the JOURNAL some weeks ago that the St. Charles Parochial school was to be conducted for boys and girls, and last Sunday Rev. Mr. Keegan announced that when it is opened next September boys of the first, second and third grades would be admitted and duly provided for. A fourth grade will be added next year, unless he can get his furlough extended to the latter part of September.

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCYAL LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry,
Saturdays, 10.12 A. M., 2.45 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument. Address at the pupil's residence if desired. Information regarding lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

35 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Summer Beverages.

Chelmsford Spring Ginger Ale, 90c doz.

Victor Lime Juice, 25c bot.

Eagle " " 10c "

Moxie, 20c "

Hire's Root Beer Extract 15c "

Williams " " 15c "

Bryants " " 10c "

Boston Branch Tea and Grocery Hous

351 Main Street.
Fitz & Stanley.
TELEPHONE 109-6.

AFTER HARD WORK
THE USE OF

Woburna
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness and invigoration obtained in no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN



SMOKED HAM

with a pedigree never goes begging. It's the kind you're looking for and the kind we can give you. Because

WE SELL AI HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the contrary, we charge a less price than is often asked for hams that won't stand investigation. Our hams are from healthy stock, properly cured and will keep in any climate. For good hams don't shop, but buy them here.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.
Telephone 128-6

REMOVAL !

I have removed my business to Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to be favored with your patronage.

My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.
Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try the Barrington Hall. Price 35c. per pound.

HOT WEATHER DISINFECTING DEODORIZING and PURIFYING

CABOT'S
Gulpho-Naphthol
LIQUID CLEANSER

maintain those desirable sanitary conditions which are indispensable to perfect health. It goes far and accomplishes much. Try it. It always on hand. Look for above Trade-Mark.

NOTICE

I hereby give that the subscriber has been duly appointed executor of the will of Christians J. Smith of Woburn, deceased, and that he has been deceased, testate, and has taken upon himself the trust by giving bond, as the law directs. All persons are hereby required to exhibit the said bond, and all persons interested in said estate are called upon to do so.

ROBERT G. BANKS, Executor.
912 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.
June 19th, 1907.

WINCHESTER.

But wasn't it hot last week! It was the greatest sweltering time that history anywhere records.

The Saturday afternoon concerts on Manchester Field by the Woburn Brass Band are very popular.

Mr. Whiffield Tuck is stirring up the Anti-Imperialist people to more action. Pray, Whiffield, let 'em remain at peace.

During the heavy shower last Saturday evening the steeple of St. Mary's Catholic church was struck by lightning and burned. Good work of the firemen saved the church from destruction.

The announcement of the Assessors that the tax rate this year is \$17.80 on \$1,000 was a great and unpleasant surprise to the people of this town. So high a tax has never before been reached since Winchester was incorporated. But if the town gets its money's worth by judiciously expediting the tax collections, nobody ought to find fault because the assessments happen to be a little larger this year than formerly. If the officials use the money prudently and show value received for it, then ought to be no grumbling at the \$17.80. Our public improvements are almost always worth all they cost.

The vacation school in the Chapin schoolhouse, established and carried on under the auspices and at the expense of the Fortnightly Club, is in full swing with nearly 150 pupils, the largest number yet in attendance. The ages of the youngsters are from 3 to 12 years, that being the limit both ways—just the period in their lives when they should be shooed of books and school-rooms, and granted full, or only lightly, restrained, liberty to stay outdoors, play, romp, and feel, from sunup to sundown, perfectly carefree. Possibly I do not understand the object of the vacation school; but this cramming young, tender brains with "schoolin'" isn't according to my way of thinking. Let the younguns caper and play.

As my mind's eye sweeps over this town I seem forced to the conclusion that a much greater number of our people are now absent on vacation pleasures than than in any other summer within the memory of man or woman. Why this is thus cannot be readily explained to my satisfaction. It is an undeniable fact that Winchester offers more and stronger inducements for its citizens to remain at home, and for outsiders to come here for vacation comforts and pleasures, than any other inland place, not excepting the popular spots in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, to which so many people flock during the hot weather. Winchester is a beautiful town at all seasons of the year, and especially attractive in the sweet summertime. It is picturesque—a show town, delightful from every point of view. Just think of our wooded hills, the valleys, and between them, the green meadows, and beautiful sheets of water, tree margined, that lie it and around its borders, and try to imagine why anyone should leave these fine land and waterscapes for others vastly less charming and more remote. It is beyond my ken to explain it.

"That's true," replied Du Hallays, "but that can always be remedied."

A large and strong party of the two cousins were in mortal combat the following morning, the encounter resulting in the Marquis de l'Angle-Beaumont having his right hand pierced by his adversary's rapier, which, while it rendered a continuance of the fight impossible, left the other hand free to grasp that of his cousin in undiminished friendship a moment afterward.

On another occasion when he was about to fight a duel in which he was entirely in the right and his adversary in the wrong he suddenly discovered that his opponent was a perfect novice in swordsmanship. He should therefore have him completely at his mercy. So he strade up to him and in the presence of twenty or thirty persons presented the most courteous and full apology. Almost dumfounded, the latter inquired why the marquis assumed such an extraordinary course.

"Because," he returned, "it would really be too unfortunate if I were to fight with many little odds were it not that he made a low bow and then turned his back upon him.

Rainbows That Can Change Sex.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-resident hunters, unless assessed on real estate in Massachusetts valued at \$500 or more, must procure from the game and game commissioners a license to hunt, costing \$10.

A certain Cure for Aching Feet.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder, cures Tired, Aching, Sweating, Swollen feet. Sample sent FREE, also Sample of Foot-Ease, SANITARY CORN-PAD, a new invention. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Leffey, N. Y.

For Sportsmen.

For the benefit of the public the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protection Association on July 18th issued a circular which gave the changes in the State game laws made by the late Legislature. Sportsmen will please take note that the season for trout fishing in Massachusetts closed on August 1, instead of September 1, as heretofore.

The season for killing gray squirrels will be from October 1 to December 1, instead of October 1 to December 1, as heretofore.

The killing of all gulls and eagles, and of flocks from fresh waters prohibited.

But the killing of owls, and the killing of which is permitted, include only the following: Sharp-shinned hawk, Cooper's hawk, goshawks, red-tails, screech owls, barred owls, great horned owls, and snowy owls.

Non-res

WOMEN WHO CHARM

Health is the First Essential Toward Making a Woman Attractive.



MISS HULDA KUGHLER

MISS ELIZABETH WYNN

There is a beauty and attractiveness in health which is far greater than mere regularity of feature.

A sickly, irritable, and complaining woman always carries a cloud of depression with her; she is not only unhappy herself but is a damper to all joy and happiness when with her family and friends.

It is the bright, healthy, vivacious woman who always charms and carries sunshine wherever she goes.

If a woman finds that her energies are flagging and her nervous system fails to perform its allotted duties, there is nervousness, sleeplessness, faintness, backache, headache, bearing-down pains, and irregularities causing constant misery. The medicine she should remember is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs will dispel all these troubles. By correcting the cause of the trouble it cures where other treatment may have failed.

Miss Elizabeth Wynn, of No. 205 5th Avenue, New York City, writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
For months I was ill with an internal trouble, and nothing I could do was of any avail, until I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am now well again, and I would like to recommend it to every suffering woman."

Women who are troubled with painful or irregular functions, backache, bloating (or flatulence), displacements, inflammation or ulceration, that bearing-down feeling, diarrhea, indigestion, or nervous prostration, should be restored to perfect health and strength by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. From the thousands of cases of trouble she has treated, she is the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of her vast volume of experience in treating female illa Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—
For months I suffered with dreadful headaches, pain in the back and severe hemorrhage. I was weak and out of sorts all the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me when all other medicines had failed. It seemed to be just what I needed and quickly restored my health."

Akin to Love

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

The door of room 14, primary department, opened very slowly, very contritely, and a small, anxious, freckled face peeked in. Miss Orvis turned from the blackboard at a smothered giggle from the children and saw the freckled face.

"Come in, Hardy." The curving line of her pretty, sympathetic mouth straightened with sudden determination. It was the fourth time that week that Hardy Andrews had come in late, and even the children were beginning to look upon it as a joke. Discipline must be enforced, even when the delinquent is only seven and a half. Miss Orvis left the blackboard and the hands that held his cap were the hands of the toller.

"It was the only introduction they ever had, those two, and neither ever forgot the moment. Flushing to the curl of her soft dark hair, Pauline Orvis saw before her Reddy Lane of the bridge, blue eyed, with Keen, unswerving gaze, half a shocked explosion of laughter, and Miss Orvis stood up quickly.

"Reddy, Reddy! This is teacher." It was the only introduction they ever had, those two, and neither ever forgot the moment. Flushing to the curl of her soft dark hair, Pauline Orvis saw before her Reddy Lane of the bridge, blue eyed, with Keen, unswerving gaze, half a shocked explosion of laughter, and Miss Orvis stood up quickly.

"I just run around after the kid," he explained, lowering his voice as if he were in a sanctuary. "He's always home as soon as the rest, and I'm worried when he don't show up."

"No'm." Hardy rubbed one shoe over the toe of the other and tried to jam his stocking cap into his side trousers pocket.

"Why didn't your mother write one for you?"

It was so still in the large, sunny schoolroom you could hear the clock tick high up on the wall and the buzzing of the flies over near the open window where the rows of geraniums stood, but slowly the color mounted in Hardy's little, thin, freckled face, and after a minute he looked up at Miss Orvis, his big blue eyes filled with a half apologetic bewilderment.

"I never had any mother." The silence was worse than ever. Miss Orvis caught her breath and looked at the rest of the children to see what horrible effect the announcement had made on them, but they were only interested and joyous over the diversion. Hardy caught the look and hastened to cover his mistake.

"But I got a father, Miss Orvis, all right." Reddy Lane's kid and dad's a policeman over on the bridge at night, and he don't get home till most 10 o'clock in the morning, and that's why I'm late, 'cause I like to have breakfast with him."

Miss Orvis hesitated, but the blue eyes pleaded well their cause, and she smiled as she laid one hand on Reddy Lane's kid's head.

But somehow all the morning she caught herself musing on the child who had no mother. It was a tragedy, of course—some storm, tear swept through life from the great city's underworld, and only this sort of wreckage left him and the world. Pauline Orvis had her own lashes once or twice as she watched Hardy's small, eager face, so trusting and foolishly happy when he had nothing in the whole world to be happy for except the mere fact that he was alive.

As the lines were forming at noon she touched Hardy on the shoulder and told him to wait a minute at her desk, and the little fellow obeyed, watching the rest of the boys proudly from his post on teacher's chair. And when all was still in the great building Miss Orvis came back and took him on her lap.

"Your papa's a watchman, you say, dear, over on the bridge?" she began, but Hardy interposed hastily.

"Oh, no, not my father—that's Reddy. I never had any father. I'm a foundling kid," Reddy says, and his mother rented me, and then she died, and Reddy adopted me his own self, so now I'm his kid."

"Oh, I see." Miss Orvis leaned back in her chair and gazed at the cheerful little face. "And you and Reddy live on Cherry street?"

"Yes." We got a room with the Battersons, a whole room of our own, just for Reddy and me. And the Battersons have only got one room left for their own selves, and they're both dead."

"You don't say so." Miss Orvis caught the lonesome little figure close

Penny as sure.

And after that night a queer thing happened to the teacher in room 14. Every morning as she stood at the head of the stairs, with the two lines of small boys passing her, all at once the color would rise in her cheeks as Hardy drew near, for not a single morning passed that he did not bear a love offering of fresh violets. He confided to her the very first morning where they came from.

"Red gets them from an old man on the bridge every morning fresh. He says they don't grow."

One night toward the end of June they stood out on the stone balcony of the settlement house, looking down on the crowds passing below along the highway of push carts. Miss Orvis was pleading the cause of Hardy.

"Let me take him with me for the summer," she begged. "It has done him so much good, being with me."

"Some one else, too," murmured Reddy, but she went on:

"I am going to the mountains, and he would be so much company for me. Besides, it will give you time to study that—that is—if she hesitated and bent further away from him over the board, low parapet—"If you really intend taking the civil engineering course?"

"You know what I intend doing," he interrupted. "You know just as well as I do what we do for the little chap and me. Of course he can go with you. I suppose I may run up now and then just to see how he's getting on."

"Oh, of course." Her voice was low and without invitation.

"And if I pass and get the Harrison appointment this fall, why, it's you that's to blame."

"Blame?" The word left her startled and vaguely frightened.

"That's what I said. You've taken an encouraged look at the two of us as we you to death. Oh, you know it's so right. And if I do win out and make something of myself it's you that made me try and feel it was worth while. Before I was only thinking of the boy and working for him, but now—"

"Yes?" He could hardly catch her whisper, but his hand suddenly crushed over hers as it lay lightly beside him.

"Now it's for you and me. Can I come if I win the appointment?"

Down in the street below some one was playing on a harp, while a ring of children danced and sang the chorus of a popular song. The words floated up in the shadowy balcony.

"It's been so short that when we do it's time enough to say goodbye."

She turned her face to him.

"Come anyway," she said.

Shark Worship in Hawaii.

The shark has been perhaps the most universally worshipped that in the earth in the part of Scotland that the "fair folk" or "fayed neebors," as the fairies are called, still live in the hills, and during the first days of convalescence a mother must be zealous in guarding her child one of the "wee people" come and rob the child of its nourishment. Sometimes they succeed in carrying off the mother. Here is one of the superstitions legends:

A north country fisher had a fine child. One evening a beggar woman entered the hut and went up to the cradle to gaze into the eyes of the babe. From the time good health and a smiling look came into his face, and the mother was troubled. An old man begging for food passed that way. When he caught sight of the child he cried:

"That's nae a bairn. It's an image, and the gweed folk has stoun his spirit."

Thereupon he set to work to recall the fisher's bairn. A peat fire was heaped high on the hearth and a black hen held over it at such a distance that it was singed and not killed. After some struggling the hen escaped up the chimney, a few moments elapsed, and then the parents were gladdened by the sight of the happy expression once more on the child's face. It thrived from that day forward—spectator.

It Might Have Been Worse.

Mark Twain, during one of his lecture tours, was waiting at a station for a delayed train. The lecture committee and several townsmen were with him and taking their best to pass the time away. One man told about a frightfully unhealthy town he had read about, and it was a grousing tale of dying and burials and that sort. "It might have been worse," Twain followed in his slow and direct manner.

"Er—when?" he asked feebly.

"Just as soon as you can get the engagement ring."

"Of course, of course, anything you say, but what might be the name of my future wife?"

"Louise. It's mamma's name too."

"It would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would certainly be unique. I see you would be able to plan things like a real housewife should, but do you think you could stand the pines?"

"You could keep all your pipes in one room, and I could have a little blue and white room and not have any pipes, could't I?"

"That's the scheme. We'll plan that blue and white room right away," he agreed heartily.

His housekeeper was surprised when the south room in blue. She was still more surprised when the van drove up with all the furnishings for a dainty little bedroom. She felt hurt, considering how long she had been in his service. It was a special slight for Drayton to tell her first, of all, that he intended to be married.

But Drayton, following a whim, was fitting up the room according to the child's fancy.

Late one afternoon he strolled down the garden path and found little Louise waiting for him to lift her over the hedge.

"Your blue room is all finished, little wife," he said, tossing her in the air, to her great delight. "It's ready for you to look at. I told the housekeeper a young woman was going to visit her this afternoon."

"Are there blue roses on the wall?" she asked eagerly.

"Bushels of them—and little white frilly curtains, and a dear little white wall."

"She'll stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

"That would be lovely to have a wife named Louise, but you wouldn't like my house, little girl. It's full of pipes and things."

"I would stay out in the darden with the roses, and you could bring an umbrella and hold it over me when it rained," she suggested resourcefully.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 2, 1907.

NOT GUILTY.

The famous criminal case of the State of Idaho against D. Haywood, Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, for participation in the murder of Governor Frank Steunenberg at Boise in Dec. 1905, ended last Sunday in a verdict of Not Guilty by the jury. The trial lasted nearly three months, and the jury were out 21 hours.

Even after the strong charge for the defense by Fremont Wood, the presiding Judge, the verdict was a great surprise to the prosecuting officers and all who had kept run of the testimony.

Governor Gooding announced that Moyer and Pettibone, who were indicted with Haywood for complicity in the murder of Steunenberg by Henry Orchard, would be brought to trial and vigorously prosecuted.

On Saturday forenoon General Charles W. Bartlett, aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Governor, came here to spy out the land and shake hands with the hardy, etc. Hon. John P. Feeney, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, an ardent supporter of the General for the office, who was trying an important run case in the District Court, Judge Johnson presiding, introduced his political ward to a number of the Democratic wheel-horses here, all of whom were charmed with the ward's cordial manners and bang. The Woburn Democratic delegation to the State convention will vote as a unit for Bartlett; first, because they do not like Whitney, with his shady political record, his merger ideas and friendly attitude towards monopolies; and, second, because John P. will tell them they must.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

C. A. Jones—Citation. C. W. Clark—Citation. F. C. S. Bank—Notices. County Sheriff—Notice. Grace Norris—Mort. Sale. J. H. Buck—Sheriff's Sale. Com. of Woburn—Notice. F. P. Shumway Co.—Bridgeview.

Henri Leathé is at Southport, Maine, for the heated term.

Jennie Trecartin is at her home in East Washington, N. H.

Read what Crawford has to say about icecream in this paper.

Mr. Julian E. Dow has been touring in the White Mountains.

Nantasket Beach suits Deputy Joseph H. Buck for a vacation retreat.

The Woburn Brass Band are to give another concert on the Common this evening.

Nellie J. McCarthy, Assistant P. M., has returned from a pleasant Vermont outing.

Miss Louise Wyman is enjoying fresh fish, lobsters, and sea breezes at Southport, Maine.

At the First church Dr. Norton will be the preacher next Sunday morning and evening.

The business men of this city are to observe Aug. 7 as Merchants Day, and take a pleasure outing.

Ice Cream in 1 quart bricks cut in 6 pieces. Price 50¢ at Crawford's 42 Main street. Tel. 123-3.

Rev. Mr. Paradise, Episcopal clergyman of Medford, is to preach at Trinity church, this city, next Sunday, 17, 1907.

Mr. Norman E. Richardson of Needham Heights, formerly pastor of the Woburn M. E. church, recently awarded a two years' European scholarship by Boston University, will sail for Germany Sept. 6. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Richardson and Miss Bessie Thorpe.

The great Old Home Week parade attracted a large share of Woburn's population to the Hub last Wednesday. The weather was hot, but it didn't begin to compare with the enthusiasm of the thousands of visitors and residents who crowded the streets to see the grand show.

Mr. James W. McDonald, the piano dealer and tuner, and Mrs. McDonald, accompanied by Madam Dr. J. H. Conway of Philadelphia, leave here tomorrow for Salisbury, N. H., a delightful country town at which they have spent many summer vacations. Judge Maguire, wife and sister-in-law are already domiciled at Salisbury.

A few days ago the Car Service Association of Boston voluntarily increased the wages of their employees nearly 10 percent. The Association employ a large number of clerks who were grateful for the solicited advance of their pay from August 1. Among the men benefited were Harry F. Parker of Church avenue and Henry Harrington of Wing street.

For the Boston Old Home Week the Weather Regulator gave the homesomes the best he had in the shop. Yes, the days have been hot, but the nights delicious.

Rev. H. C. Parker, wife and baby are enjoying a comfortable vacation season at home. They think some of going away for a couple of weeks during this month.

George Smith and sister Edith go to Ogunquit this week.

Hon. George F. Bass and family are going to Ogunquit.

Miss Emma Hovey and Miss Bancroft are going to Ogunquit.

Hon. George F. Bass and family are going to Ogunquit.

Hon. E. E. Thompson and Mr. Abijah Thompson were perfectly satisfied with Ogunquit, Maine, last summer, and are trying it again this year.

Mr. John Connolly, overseer of City Hall, takes his vacation at the old building where daily congregates the wisdom of the town, which he has faithfully looked after for many years.

Crawford, the prince of confectioners and icecreamists, furnished the ice for Commander Moore's W. R. C. 84, soiree last Wednesday evening, and everyone present pronounced it the best.

Mrs. Cyrus Lamb of 23 Fairmount street received a visit from her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Briggs of Revere, a few days ago. Mrs. Briggs, although 88 years old, is as smart as a cricket.

Lawyer Grace L. Norris pigeon-holed her briefs, pocketed her retainer fees, and goes to Nahant every Friday evening, where she obtains rest from professional cases and work, and returns on Monday.

Mrs. Sarah Clough Phinney is to take her vacation at North Conway, N. H., where her uncle Benjamin Chapman, the artist, and his daughter, Mrs. Wyer, are pleasantly sojourning for the summer.

On Saturday forenoon General Charles W. Bartlett, aspirant for the Democratic nomination for Governor, came here to spy out the land and shake hands with the hardy, etc. Hon. John P. Feeney, Chairman of the Democratic State Committee, an ardent supporter of the General for the office, who was trying an important run case in the District Court, Judge Johnson presiding, introduced his political ward to a number of the Democratic wheel-horses here, all of whom were charmed with the ward's cordial manners and bang. The Woburn Democratic delegation to the State convention will vote as a unit for Bartlett; first, because they do not like Whitney, with his shady political record, his merger ideas and friendly attitude towards monopolies; and, second, because John P. will tell them they must.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to show that he understands the situation, and appreciates, in some measure, at least, the high esteem in which he is held by the Republican party.

It is expected that Senator Lodge will tell the Republican State convention on Oct. 5 why there should be no cooling with the tariff question this year or next. As chairman of the convention they say he is going to make a great speech.

Mr. Feeney [Hon. John P.] says there is no sentiment for Whitney outside of Boston.—Boston Journal.

Mayor Fitzgerald and the Boston Democratic machine do not agree with Mr. Feeney, judging from recent talk at Boston City Hall.

It is reported that Lieutenant Governor Eben S. Draper is going to paddle his own canoe in the pending political campaign. Possibly he may see his way clear to yield to a pretty big Republican demand that he should enter the list for a nomination for the head of the ticket, although that is not probable. His loyalty to Governor Guild last year, without any return in kind, cost him a great many votes in the 1906 election; and if he has concluded to play a lone hand this fall, it will go to

Seeing Vesuvius.

By JAMES LEWIS.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

Robert Gaston was a bachelor of thirty-eight and was known to be fairly wealthy. He was a clubman in a conservative way. He was also a patron of the theater, but not of actresses. Now and then he made a bet on a horse race or an election, but he did not ride to the hounds or participate in wild revelry. He was a bachelor of good character, and why he did not marry was something no one could find out.

Nothing is a mystery to one who knows. Mr. Gaston knew that he was simply waiting for the right woman to come along and arouse the romance in his nature. That he had romance he felt quite sure, but that the right woman would come he had begun to doubt.

He had prevented a girl in financial distress from leaping into the river, but she was older than he was. He had given his heart to her. He had stopped a runaway cab horse and saved the woman inside the vehicle, but she turned out to be a bachelor girl, who coldly thanked him and said that she was about to vault on to the horse's back and stop him herself. At a theater panic one night he had seized a pretty girl in his arms and hustled her out, but she had told him that she was already engaged and had offered him a dollar in cash for his exertions.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-eight Mr. Gaston had had at least fifteen narrow escapes from calling up that slumbering romance that would lead to admiration and love, and he had finally come to the conclusion that it would have to be something out of the beaten track and might never happen at all.

How little do we know what a day may bring forth! On a certain Sunday Mr. Gaston sat in the smoking room of his club and read the six volume Sunday papers and was satisfied and contented. Monday he decided to sail for Italy and see the volcano of Vesuvius in operation. No one had ever suspected him of a partiality for volcanoes. He had not rushed off to the Johnstown flood or the Galveston disaster or the Baltimore fire. He had never been known to attend a prize fight or pay a visit to the morgue, and he had once turned pale at sight of a bleeding finger on the hand of a club waiter, but now he wanted to sail far away and see a volcano belching destruction for twenty miles around; Such is man!

Five days from the date of making his decision Mr. Gaston sailed for Naples. His steamer was not over-crowded. He would find plenty of standing room at the deck rail when he reached port. This would be one of the occasions when the front seats were not reserved for ladies. It was two days before the old bachelor suddenly discovered that there was an extremely good looking young woman aboard in charge of the captain. His heart gave one jump, and then he turned away. She was one of the occasions when the front seats were not reserved for ladies. It was the same girl got \$10,000 of my good money in the same way last summer! Glad I'm not the only easy mark in this old world!"

Oldest Artificial Leg.

What is said by the British Medical Journal is that the oldest artificial leg in existence is in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of England. It was found in the tomb of Cappadocia and is described in the catalogue as follows: "Roman artificial leg. The artificial limb accurately represents the form of the leg. It is made of pieces of thin bronze, fastened by bronze nails to a wooden core. Two iron bars, having holes at their free ends, are attached to the upper extremity of the bronze. A quadrilateral piece of iron, found near the position of the foot, is thought to have given strength to it. This is inlaid in the foot, and the wooden core had nearly crumbled away, that skeleton had its waist surrounded by a belt of sheet bronze edged with small rivets, probably used to fasten a leather lining. Three painted vases (red figures on a black ground) lay at the feet of the skeleton. The vases belong to a rather advanced period in the decline of art (about 300 B.C.)"

Hard Work.

"Your enormous fortune has resulted in comfort and ease for yourself and your family."

"Well, I dunno that it has," answered Mr. Cumrox. "It has compelled mother and the girls to put in a terrible amount of hard work givin' me lessons in etiquette!"—Washington Star.

Animal Peculiarities.

A herd of wild Asian buffaloes will charge any foe, even a tiger, to save the life of one of their number that has been wounded. Elephants, baboons, and other animals will do the same thing in a wild state.

The boy is trapped, his brother often will run around him all night, showing the utmost concern.

A writer in the London Spectator states that he has seen sparrows in groups discussing and lamenting when one of their number had fallen into a trap. Next day, when a robin was caught, the sparrows paid no attention. He adds that he had seen a big pig try to help a smaller one through a hole in the fence palings by pulling at its head.

There was old Vesuvius belching away and scattering ashes and fireworks all around, and hundreds feared that Naples must be destroyed, but he was not among them. He was falling in love with Miss Davison, and Naples must stand. Together the two saw the old hill doing her stunt, but their talk was mostly in regard to that grandmother's fortune. It amounted to millions of dollars, and Miss Davison was the only heir. It would be a great responsibility to have her stand dreading getting the money. Alone in the world and immensely wealthy, how could she tell whether a man sought her hand for love or the long green?

At this point Mr. Gaston reached out and took her hand and said something in reply, but as there happened to be an eruption just then—a sound like ten thousand mad bulls bellowing at once—the young lady never caught the words. She took them to mean something at least brotherly, however, and hung to his arm a little more tightly. Mr. Gaston was now in love. He was ready to bet a new hat on it. He was ready to propose marriage. He was wearing two hats on that. He must go a little slow, because he was no fortune hunter and wanted the girl to satisfy herself on that point.

A week passed and then Miss Davi-

son received a cablegram from her lawyer stating that he would be detained two weeks longer and that she should begin preliminary proceedings in the suit. Mr. Gaston did not see the cablegram, but he did see the lawyer who called on the heiress. Miss Davison insisted that he should be present at the interview as the only dear friend she had in all Italy. Vesuvius belched and roared and threw rocks out 200 feet high, but the interview took place just the same. The lawyer went over the case, which was a sure thing. It was as sure as that an American trust company could run the price of potatoes up a dollar a barrel and not go to jail for it.

Everything was ready to begin business, but there would be need of money—quite a bit of money. Being a foreigner, Miss Davison would put up \$10,000 before she would consider that she would need \$25,000 additional to bribe officials and get the papers started on the right road. The American lawyer would bring the money when he came, but that would mean more delay. When you are going to sue for millions left by your grandmother, you can't begin too quick. If you fool around too long, a hundred other heirs will rise from their graves to hold out their avuncular paws.

When the lawyer had departed, Miss Davison was almost in tears. She hadn't the cash to advance. Her lawyer had told her that she could get \$15,000 if she would. She succeeded in choking back a few sobs, and then suddenly smiled and said that she was about to vault on to the horse's back and stop him herself. At a theater panic one night he had seized a pretty girl in his arms and hustled her out, but she had told him that she was already engaged and had offered him a dollar in cash for his exertions.

Between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-eight Mr. Gaston had had at least fifteen narrow escapes from calling up that slumbering romance that would lead to admiration and love, and he had finally come to the conclusion that it would have to be something out of the beaten track and might never happen at all.

How little do we know what a day may bring forth! On a certain Sunday Mr. Gaston sat in the smoking room of his club and read the six volume Sunday papers and was satisfied and contented. Monday he decided to sail for Italy and see the volcano of Vesuvius in operation. No one had ever suspected him of a partiality for volcanoes. He had not rushed off to the Johnstown flood or the Galveston disaster or the Baltimore fire. He had never been known to attend a prize fight or pay a visit to the morgue, and he had once turned pale at sight of a bleeding finger on the hand of a club waiter, but now he wanted to sail far away and see a volcano belching destruction for twenty miles around; Such is man!

Five days from the date of making his decision Mr. Gaston sailed for Naples. His steamer was not over-crowded. He would find plenty of standing room at the deck rail when he reached port. This would be one of the occasions when the front seats were not reserved for ladies. It was the same girl got \$10,000 of my good money in the same way last summer! Glad I'm not the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

The denouement of the story is that she was the only easy mark in this old world!"

</div

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 9, 1907.

POSTOFFICE SITE SETTLED

The following Washington, D. C., dispatch appeared in the Boston *Globe* last Wednesday morning:

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Winthrop today selected as the site for a new postoffice building at Woburn that at the northwest corner of Abbot and Federal street, 131 by 135 feet. The owner is Mrs. Harriet C. Blake, who has offered to sell to the United States for \$10,000. Twelve thousand dollars was appropriated by Congress for a site at Woburn. The site chosen was recently recommended by Special Agent W. F. Field of the Supervising Architect's office, after a prolonged controversy.

There has been no controversy whatever over the selection of a site for the Federal building in this city. Several owners put in bids accompanied by descriptions of premises for the lots, and when Special Agent W. F. Field came on to inspect the proposed sites, every opportunity for judging of their comparative merits, and to determine whether the offers and property would fall within the conditions of the P. O. Dept. were afforded him by prominent citizens, who were especially careful to refrain from expressing opinions as to their relative merits.

While our business men manifested a commendable interest in the matter, it must be allowed that to Mr. A. W. Whitcher's and Mr. Charles F. Remington's activity was due its favorable termination. They worked hard, but not in the interest of any one of the several bidders.

REPRESENTATIVE APPOINTMENT.

Quite lately the Republican committees of the towns and cities composing this, the 20th, Representative District held meetings to apportion to the several voting precincts their proper share of representation in the General Court. The work was attended with considerable difficulty, and when completed it was not fully satisfactory to all parties. But the following division of the honors, finally adopted, seems to be fair and equitable to all concerned. The committees determined that the Representatives should be apportioned for future elections in this manner:

1907, Woburn and Reading.
1908, Burlington and Reading.
1909, Woburn and North Reading.
1910, Woburn and Wilmington.

For the balance of the period, Woburn and Reading.

Each of these combinations is entitled and will have two Representatives in the Legislature.

In this arrangement Woburn loses one Representative in that in the 1908 election, Reading loses two, and each of the smaller towns is given a member.

This seems to us to be a pretty fair division of the Representative spoils.

Commissioner Hayward has succeeded at last in getting the much needed new pump at the water station, or, at least, a promise of the necessary \$30,000 to purchase and install it, from the City Council. He had realized the necessity of a new pump for some time, but had been unable, until recently to convince the City Council that it was dangerous to further delay the purchase of one. However, better late than never. Now, if Commissioner Hayward's plans for an additional supply of water could be adopted and favorably acted on, this city would have a system of waterworks unapproachable for quantity and quality by any municipality in the State. It is a generally recognized fact that Horn Pond water, with which Woburn is supplied, is unsurpassed for purity, and the innumerable springs existing in the surrounding hills are everlasting. Commissioner Hayward's idea is, to utilize these springs and thus secure an everlasting supply of splendid water for our town.

There is no doubt but that Mayor Fitzgerald sought to appropriate for his own glory all the hours of the Boston Old Home Week celebration, and succeeded very well in doing so. In the parades and public demonstrations Governor Guild played second fiddle to the Mayor, and seemed to be satisfied with the position. Fitzgerald claimed the center of the stage on the ground that it was a city of Boston affair, with which the Commonwealth had no concern, neither anybody else. The Mayor has quite a knack of attracting public attention by hovering close to distinguished visitors to the city. The case of Vice President Fairbanks was in point.

Boston's Old Home Week ended at 12 o'clock last Saturday night in a blaze of glory. It was the biggest affair that Boston ever took a hand in, and tens of thousands of New England born people from other parts were there to enjoy it. Not a drop of rain fell during the entire week, and although mercury in the thermometers ran high every day nobody minded it, but called the weather fine. There was something doing every hour during the entire celebration. Everything was first class. It cost a mint of money, but was worth every cent it cost.

The Republicans of Wakefield will, without doubt, nominate Eden K. Bowser, Esq., a prominent Lawyer of that town, as their candidate for Representative this fall. Their choice could not have fallen on a worthier or better person for the place. He is an able and popular young man. Mr. Bowser has been Selectman 3 years; member of the School Board 6 years; and Chairman 2 years; Sewer Commissioner 3 years. He will command the full strength of the party at the caucus and polls.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements
William P. Martin—Mortgagor's Sale.
Hammond & Son—Mark Down Sale.

Representative Linscott is in camp on Concord River.

Don't fail to read Hammond's big ad. in this paper.

Willard D. Gray, City Tax Collector, is at the Isles of Shoals.

— Dr. H. G. Blake's family are at Beachwood, Maine.

— Mrs. Lillian P. Bailey is spending her summer outing at Bath, Me.

— D. W. Bond and family have finished their visit to Concord River and are at home again.

— Miss M. Louise Bacon and Miss Annie Cummings are at Lookaway Inn Pine Point, Maine.

— Miss Mary D. Prior has recovered her health and gone to Maine for rest and pleasure.

— The engagement is announced of Mr. Wilbur Lee and Miss Lillian E. Senyus of Jamaica Plain.

— The Woburn Lodge of Elks had a clambake and athletic sports at Milliken Grove last Wednesday.

— Miss Hattie Mitchell of Medford visited some of her former neighbors and friends in this city last Monday.

— Dora Winn, Instructor of vocal music in the public schools, has returned from a lovely visit at Pine Point, Me.

— The Phenomen Club in pine bricks to carry home made and sold only at Crawford's. Price 25c. Tel. 123-3.

— Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Kelley are at Hope, Maine. They are visiting Ald. B. H. Nichols and family of this weeks.

— Miss Esther Bean, daughter of Hon. George F. Bean, went to Ashland, Pa., last Tuesday to visit a colleague of hers.

— The King's Daughters of Trinity church are to give a lawn party on the parish house grounds on Thursday evening, Aug. 22.

— Mr. E. C. Cottow, for many years engaged in successful Y. M. C. A. work, is now doing an insurance business at Worcester.

— Miss Hosmer of Pleasant street took thirteen young lads on a historical outing through Boston and South Boston on Wednesday.

— Arthur Woods, baggagemaster at the B. & M. Center station, is away on vacation. Walter Parkins is officiating during Mr. Woods' absence.

— Joseph F. Fields, Civil War Veteran and Past Commander of Post 161, G. A. R., spent Old Home Week at Lynn, Salem and Danvers.

— The skill and nerve of Mr. Angelo Crovo as a baseball player is almost equal to that of a professional. He plays a strong, scientific game.

— Last Saturday the Boston *Courier* said that Col. W. T. Grammer, 85, past, is the oldest living Colonel of the 5th Mass. Regiment. Correct!

— The semiannual sale is now in full feather at the store of Copeland & Bowser. It affords extra opportunity to buy all kinds of dry goods cheap.

— Miss Gertrude Heartz sent a post card to the JOURNAL from London, England, the other week, containing a fine picture of Windsor Castle. Thanks.

— In this arrangement Woburn loses one Representative in that in the 1908 election, Reading loses two, and each of the smaller towns is given a member.

This seems to us to be a pretty fair division of the Representative spoils.

Commissioner Hayward has succeeded at last in getting the much needed new pump at the water station, or, at least, a promise of the necessary \$30,000 to purchase and install it, from the City Council. He had realized the necessity of a new pump for some time, but had been unable, until recently to convince the City Council that it was dangerous to further delay the purchase of one. However, better late than never. Now, if Commissioner Hayward's plans for an additional supply of water could be adopted and favorably acted on, this city would have a system of waterworks unapproachable for quantity and quality by any municipality in the State. It is a generally recognized fact that Horn Pond water, with which Woburn is supplied, is unsurpassed for purity, and the innumerable springs existing in the surrounding hills are everlasting. Commissioner Hayward's idea is, to utilize these springs and thus secure an everlasting supply of splendid water for our town.

— There is no doubt but that Mayor Fitzgerald sought to appropriate for his own glory all the hours of the Boston Old Home Week celebration, and succeeded very well in doing so. In the parades and public demonstrations Governor Guild played second fiddle to the Mayor, and seemed to be satisfied with the position. Fitzgerald claimed the center of the stage on the ground that it was a city of Boston affair, with which the Commonwealth had no concern, neither anybody else. The Mayor has quite a knack of attracting public attention by hovering close to distinguished visitors to the city. The case of Vice President Fairbanks was in point.

— Boston's Old Home Week ended at 12 o'clock last Saturday night in a blaze of glory. It was the biggest affair that Boston ever took a hand in, and tens of thousands of New England born people from other parts were there to enjoy it. Not a drop of rain fell during the entire week, and although mercury in the thermometers ran high every day nobody minded it, but called the weather fine. There was something doing every hour during the entire celebration. Everything was first class. It cost a mint of money, but was worth every cent it cost.

— The Republicans of Wakefield will, without doubt, nominate Eden K. Bowser, Esq., a prominent Lawyer of that town, as their candidate for Representative this fall. Their choice could not have fallen on a worthier or better person for the place. He is an able and popular young man. Mr. Bowser has been Selectman 3 years; member of the School Board 6 years; and Chairman 2 years; Sewer Commissioner 3 years. He will command the full strength of the party at the caucus and polls.

— Dr. H. G. Blake's family are at Beachwood, Maine.

— Mrs. Lillian P. Bailey is spending her summer outing at Bath, Me.

— D. W. Bond and family have finished their visit to Concord River and are at home again.

— A heavy rain last Sunday was a good thing for vegetation. The ground, before the rainfall was dry and lawns, pastures, and mowing woods were suffering for more wet. It came in good shape.

— Mrs. Elizabeth V. Bridgman formerly of Court street, this city, has left her home with a sister at Aurora, Illinois, and gone to that of a sorely beloved brother, Mr. L. Valentine, at Keosauqua, Iowa, where she will be likely to remain for some time to come.

— Mrs. John F. Peterson, of Beacon street, a typographical expert, left last evening, with her sister, for Gardner, Maine, to visit her native place and friends there for a few weeks. The Kennebec Valley is a grand section of country in which to spend a few summer weeks.

— The alarm from box 67 at 3:50

last Saturday afternoon was false.

— The Registrars of Voters have been revising the voting list this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henry Parker are at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine.

— Labor Day next—first Monday in September—24 day of the month—legal holiday.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church of Woburn, and wife, are at Framingham.

— Fifteen electric incandescent lamps, cleverly arranged so as to furnish the most satisfactory results supply illumination in Frederick A. Bonin's dwelling, 21 Warren avenue.

— Smith & Varney is the name of the new jewelry firm at the old stand of L. E. Hanson & Co., and a good name it is.

— The Woburn Board of Assessors will attend the annual meeting of the Association of Massachusetts Assessors in the Town House at Revere on Aug. 23. The Association will be the guests of the Revere Board. Twenty-five years ago, before Woburn became a city, it was the annual practice of the Assessors, on the completion of their work, to go to Boston or the Beach and have a banquet dinner, the cost of which was always defrayed by the Chairman of the Board. A few friends and public functionaries were usually invited to the dinner.

— The Woburn Club of Beacon street, a typographical expert, left last evening, with her sister, for Gardner, Maine, to visit her native place and friends there for a few weeks. The Kennebec Valley is a grand section of country in which to spend a few summer weeks.

— The alarm from box 67 at 3:50

last Saturday afternoon was false.

— The Registrars of Voters have been revising the voting list this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henry Parker are at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine.

— Labor Day next—first Monday in September—24 day of the month—legal holiday.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church of Woburn, and wife, are at Framingham.

— Fifteen electric incandescent lamps, cleverly arranged so as to furnish the most satisfactory results supply illumination in Frederick A. Bonin's dwelling, 21 Warren avenue.

— Smith & Varney is the name of the new jewelry firm at the old stand of L. E. Hanson & Co., and a good name it is.

— The Woburn Board of Assessors will attend the annual meeting of the Association of Massachusetts Assessors in the Town House at Revere on Aug. 23. The Association will be the guests of the Revere Board. Twenty-five years ago, before Woburn became a city, it was the annual practice of the Assessors, on the completion of their work, to go to Boston or the Beach and have a banquet dinner, the cost of which was always defrayed by the Chairman of the Board. A few friends and public functionaries were usually invited to the dinner.

— The Woburn Club of Beacon street, a typographical expert, left last evening, with her sister, for Gardner, Maine, to visit her native place and friends there for a few weeks. The Kennebec Valley is a grand section of country in which to spend a few summer weeks.

— The alarm from box 67 at 3:50

last Saturday afternoon was false.

— The Registrars of Voters have been revising the voting list this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henry Parker are at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine.

— Labor Day next—first Monday in September—24 day of the month—legal holiday.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church of Woburn, and wife, are at Framingham.

— Fifteen electric incandescent lamps, cleverly arranged so as to furnish the most satisfactory results supply illumination in Frederick A. Bonin's dwelling, 21 Warren avenue.

— Smith & Varney is the name of the new jewelry firm at the old stand of L. E. Hanson & Co., and a good name it is.

— The Woburn Board of Assessors will attend the annual meeting of the Association of Massachusetts Assessors in the Town House at Revere on Aug. 23. The Association will be the guests of the Revere Board. Twenty-five years ago, before Woburn became a city, it was the annual practice of the Assessors, on the completion of their work, to go to Boston or the Beach and have a banquet dinner, the cost of which was always defrayed by the Chairman of the Board. A few friends and public functionaries were usually invited to the dinner.

— The Woburn Club of Beacon street, a typographical expert, left last evening, with her sister, for Gardner, Maine, to visit her native place and friends there for a few weeks. The Kennebec Valley is a grand section of country in which to spend a few summer weeks.

— The alarm from box 67 at 3:50

last Saturday afternoon was false.

— The Registrars of Voters have been revising the voting list this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henry Parker are at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine.

— Labor Day next—first Monday in September—24 day of the month—legal holiday.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church of Woburn, and wife, are at Framingham.

— Fifteen electric incandescent lamps, cleverly arranged so as to furnish the most satisfactory results supply illumination in Frederick A. Bonin's dwelling, 21 Warren avenue.

— Smith & Varney is the name of the new jewelry firm at the old stand of L. E. Hanson & Co., and a good name it is.

— The Woburn Board of Assessors will attend the annual meeting of the Association of Massachusetts Assessors in the Town House at Revere on Aug. 23. The Association will be the guests of the Revere Board. Twenty-five years ago, before Woburn became a city, it was the annual practice of the Assessors, on the completion of their work, to go to Boston or the Beach and have a banquet dinner, the cost of which was always defrayed by the Chairman of the Board. A few friends and public functionaries were usually invited to the dinner.

— The Woburn Club of Beacon street, a typographical expert, left last evening, with her sister, for Gardner, Maine, to visit her native place and friends there for a few weeks. The Kennebec Valley is a grand section of country in which to spend a few summer weeks.

— The alarm from box 67 at 3:50

last Saturday afternoon was false.

— The Registrars of Voters have been revising the voting list this week.

— Mr. and Mrs. Joe Henry Parker are at Lookaway Inn, Pine Point, Maine.

— Labor Day next—first Monday in September—24 day of the month—legal holiday.

— Rev. W. E. Vandermark, pastor of the M. E. church of Woburn, and wife, are at Framingham.

— Fifteen electric incandescent lamps, cleverly arranged so as to furnish the most satisfactory results supply illumination in Frederick A. Bonin's dwelling, 21 Warren avenue.

— Smith & Varney is the name of the new jewelry firm at the old stand of L. E. Hanson & Co., and a good name it is.

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCY L. LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturdays, 10:12 A. M., 2:45 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Violins loaned to beginners without cost until paid for by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

Lessons given at the pupils' residence if desired.

Information regarding the lessons can be obtained by letter or phone.

35 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK TIME.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 A. M.; 12:15, 1:30, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, 5:45, 6:45, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:15 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40, 6:10, 6:25, 6:50, 7:05, 7:25, 7:40, 7:55, 8:05, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNG.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 7:30, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Summer

Beverages.

Chemist's Spring Ginger Ale, 90c doz.

Victor Lime Juice, 25c bot.

Eagle " " 10c "

Moxie, 20c "

Hire's Root Beer Extract 15c "

Williams " " 15c "

Bryants " " 10c "

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House

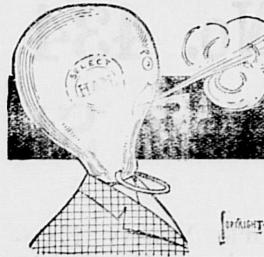
351 Main Street.
Fitz & Stanley.
Telephone 109-6.

AFTER HARD WORK
THE USE OF

Woburna
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness
and invigoration obtained in
no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN



SMOKED HAM

With a pedigree never goes begging. It's
the kind you're looking for and the kind we
can give you. Because

WE SELL AI HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the con-
trary, we sell at a price that is less than
the cost for hams that won't stand investiga-
tion. Our hams are from healthy stock,
properly cured and will keep in any climate.
For good hams don't shop, buy them
here.

Linnell's Market,
406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6

REMOVAL!

I have removed my business to
Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to
be favored with your patronage.

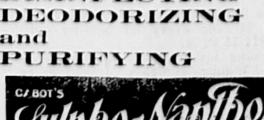
My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try
the Barrington Hall. Price 35c.
per pound.

HOT WEATHER
DISINFECTING
DEODORIZING
and
PURIFYING



C. B. O'S. Sulpho-Naphthol
LIQUID CLEANLINESS

maintains those desirable sanitary condi-
tions which are indispensable to perfect
health. A little goes a long way and accomplishes
much. Try it. Keep it always on hand.
Avoid Inferior Substitutes.
Look for above Trade-Mark.

NOTICE

I hereby give that the subscriber has been duly
appointed executors of the will of Peter Braga,
of Long late of Woburn, in the County of
Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that
having demands upon the estate of said deceased
he hereby requires to exhibit the same; and all
debtors are hereby required to pay to said estate and
to the executors of said estate are called and
are to make payment to

RUPERT G. BAKER, Executor.

Rupert G. Baker, care of Charles T. Atkinson,
912 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

July 18th, 1907.

NOTICE

I hereby give that the subscriber has been duly
appointed executors of the will of Christiana J.
Long late of Woburn, in the County of
Middlesex, deceased, and has taken upon himself that
having demands upon the estate of said deceased
he hereby requires to exhibit the same; and all
debtors are hereby required to pay to said estate and
to the executors of said estate are called and
are to make payment to

RUPERT G. BAKER, Executor.

Rupert G. Baker, care of Charles T. Atkinson,
912 Old South Building, Boston, Mass.

July 18th, 1907.

Literary Notices.

The August fiction number of McCleure's is an excellent illustration of the development which has taken place in this magazine during the past year.

The fiction number of 1906 was remarkably good. The fiction number of 1907 shows a marked growth in the distinctive quality of its stories, the power and authoritative value of its articles, and the general broadening and deepening of its editorial policy. The Orchard Confession increases in interest. Truman Bartlett contributes a strikingly illuminating study of Lincoln's physiognomy. The seventh article of the Christian Science series takes up the most interesting aspect of the whole masterpiece. Two important contributions to the study of railway reform, complete the list of articles.

Leave Reading for Winchester, Stoneham, and Arlington for Arlington 5:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:2



ALL WOMEN SUFFER

from the same physical disturbances, and the nature of their duties. In many cases, quickly drift them into the horrors of all kinds of female complaints, organic trouble, sclerosis, falling in, dislocation, etc., or perhaps irregularity or suppression causing backache, nervousness, irritability, and sleeplessness.

Women everywhere should remember this medicine that holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female ills.

Mrs. A. M. Hagermann

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Made from simple native roots and herbs. For more than thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, repairing the functions perfectly and overcoming pain. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for child birth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. Hagermann, of Bay Shore, L. I., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"I suffered from displacement, excessive and painful menstruation, so that I had to lie down or sit still most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me well again so that I am able to attend to my duties. I wish every sufferer to have this medicine that holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female ills."

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female illness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law Lydia E. Pinkham in advising. Therefore she is especially well qualified to guide sick women back to health.

INCLUDING A TIN PEDDLER.

By ARNOLD MORTON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by E. C. Parcell.

Yes, Arthur Blakely was to blame for the quarrel. The rising young lawyer frankly admitted this to his law books and his office desk, and he would have frankly admitted it to Molly Gray but for pride's sake. His transgressions consisted of seeing another young lady off on the train. The "seeing off" meant buying her ticket and getting her trunk checked, and that might have been forgivable had not something else followed. She had to change cars at a junction five miles out, and she was in such fear that she would take a wrong train and bring up in Texas instead of Connecticut that the young lawyer was prevailed upon to accompany her thus far. Of course Molly happened by the merest accident to find it out, and the fact that Blakely had said nothing made a mountain out of a molehill. It was that little trifle that brought about a quarrel and disturbed the center of equilibrium of the whole United States.

Miss Molly was fortunate enough to have two aunts. She was Aunt Rebecca's ward and resided with her in the city, and her Aunt Sarah lived about thirty miles out and had advice to offer on all occasions, but more especially in case of lovers' quarrels. When this quarrel had lasted a week, and when the young man, after seven sleepless nights, had determined to sink his pride and send flowers and follow them in person, Miss Molly was tossing her head before the glass and saying things to herself, particularly that she would show Mr. Arthur Blakely what was what and teach him a lesson to last him all the rest of his poor days. She'd teach him to buy tickets, to check trunks and ride out to junctions with a girl who had referred to her hair as plain red instead of Titan.

Ten minutes later she had decided to visit her Aunt Sarah. A message was sent ahead, and Aunt Sarah was at the depot to meet her. The niece received a warm welcome, and, following a plan perfected on the train, she forced herself to be unusually gay and appeared in the best of spirits. They had scarcely reached the house, however, when Aunt Sarah patted her on the shoulder in a motherly way and said:

"Now, then, you poor child, let's hear all about it. I want to assure you at the start that you have my entire sympathy."

"Why, aunty, what do you mean?"

"Don't try to fool me, young lady! I'm not your Aunt Rebecca, but your Aunt Sarah. Has that scoundrel toyed with your heartstrings and then walked off? When Sister Rebecca wrote me that he had a Roman nose and a sandy mustache, I set him down for a scoundrel!"

The young lady tried to brazen it out, but was cornered and had to tell. She made it as light for Arthur as she could, but when she had finished her story Aunt Sarah said:

"Well, he hasn't got the right thing. That young man needs a lesson. You are going to stay right home for the rest of the summer, and he may write, telephone and telegraph until he is gray headed, and it won't do him any good. The Grays have never allowed any one to walk over them, and they are not going to begin now. If you don't make him get down on his knees and ask your pardon a thousand times over, you are no true Gray."

Molly went to her room greatly dis-satisfied. She had had a quarrel with Arthur Blakely, but there were lots of things to be said in his favor, and it was not easy to find the right pitch to him as she had. The young lady presently found herself arguing that she had a perfect right to feel hurt and injured and be a week getting over it. She had brought along his notes and letters, of course. They made quite a large bundle. She selected three or four and read them over, and then she had a good cry.

Aunt Sarah had said that the conversation would be resumed next day. Molly woke up with a determination that nothing further should be said. After breakfast she took her book and hid herself to the hickory grove down the hill, the better to be unmolested till the horn blew for dinner. She read a little, she cried a little, and she thought a great deal. If she had had the hefty bundle of Arthur's letters with her she might have cried more, but she had carelessly left it behind her and did not wish to go back for fear of Aunt Sarah. As she reached the house she ran upstairs to look over just one letter, and a minute later a scream resounded through halls and rooms.

"What on earth is it?" demanded the aunt from the foot of the stairs.

"My—my letters are gone!"

"My—my letters are gone. I left them on the floor beside my trunk."

"Then you'll never see them again. A tin peddler came along about 10 o'clock, and I wanted to save up enough paper rags to buy a duster. I

BOOK PLATES.

They Came Within Fifty Years After the Invention of Printing.

It was within fifty years of the invention of printing that book plates were introduced as identifying marks to indicate the ownership of the volume.

Germany, the fatherland of printing from movable type and of wood cutting for making impressions in ink on paper, is likewise the home land of the book plate.

The earliest dated woodcut of accepted authenticity is the well known "St. Christopher of 1423," which was discovered in the Carthusian monastery of Buxheim in Swabia.

It was to insure the right ownership in a book that the owner had it made in the name of the arms of the family or some other heraldic device. Libraries were kept intact and passed from generation to generation, bearing the emblem of the family.

The first book plate in France is dated 1574; in Sweden, 1575; Switzerland, 1607, and Italy, 1623. The earliest English book plate is found in a folio volume once the property of Cardinal Wolsey and afterward belonging to his royal master.

The earliest mention of the book plate in English literature is in Pepys, July 10, 1688. The first known book plate in America belonged to Governor Dudley. Paul Revere, the patriot, was one of the first American engravers of book plates and a designer of great ability.—Journal of American History.

THE FLYING FOX.

Curious Inhabitant of the Forests in Eastern Australia.

The flying fox is a very curious inhabitant of the forest here. Moreton Bay, in east Australia. It hangs in docks and moves generally toward the dusk of the evening, and the noise produced by the heavy flapping of the so called wings is very singular. The foxes like araucaria pine trees, with an underwood of scrub and creepers. The foxes hang in vast numbers from the horizontal branches of the pine trees.

When there is a clear space among the trees an enormous number of the animals may be seen, and their noise can be heard, for directly they see anything unusual they utter a short bark, something like the sound made by young rooks. Often every branch is crowded, and the young foxes are seen either flapping their wings and holding on with their hind feet and with their heads downward or snarling and fighting for places.

Suddenly the whole take to flight and flap their furry, winglike sides and wheel around like heavy birds. Many with their young holding on to them.

The creature is not a true fox, and there is a fold of skin which reaches from the fore to the hind legs. This is called the wing, and it enables the pteropus, as the animal is called, to float and turn in the air.

Obsolete Cures.

It was formerly believed that epilepsy could be cured by wearing a silver ring made from a coffin nail.

Seven drops of blood from the nail of a cat and blood from a recently executed criminal were said to be valuable remedies for epilepsy. To cure a felon or run around held the finger in a cat's ear for half an hour.

For toothache trim your finger nails on Friday or eat bread that a mouse has crawled over. For a soldier killed in battle.

About the time that Aunt Sarah was picking up paper rags to make her deal with the peddler the young lawyer was leaving the city on the express and preparing his argument for the jury of one. There was, of course, no one at the depot to meet him, and he stepped out in a lively way for the half mile walk. As he did so a tin peddler came driving along, and one of the wheels of his wagon struck a stone and slewed the vehicle around and upset it in the ditch. The bags of paper rags on top were thrown to the ground, and one of them burst and sent a bundle of letters to the feet of the peddler. He recognized his stationery and his handwriting at a glance. Sherlock Holmes could not have invented a more dramatic situation.

"William, where did you get these?" Arthur finally demanded of the peddler.

"Villain yourself! What in thunder tells you?"

"You have robbed a house! You have stolen these letters from a girl!"

"Come off! You are crazy."

"I arrest you! You are my prisoner! Here is evidence to convict you!"

There is a difference between the legal business and the constabulary business, and young Blakely soon discovered it. He had only taken the turn of the highway by a certain when he was seized himself in return, and as Aunt Sarah and Molly drove up, the men were rolling over and over on the ground.

Suddenly the whole take to flight and flap their furry, winglike sides and wheel around like heavy birds. Many with their young holding on to them.

The creature is not a true fox, and there is a fold of skin which reaches from the fore to the hind legs. This is called the wing, and it enables the pteropus, as the animal is called, to float and turn in the air.

Glued Clothes.

"In Korea," said a tailor, "needle and thread are unknown to tailoring. Their place is taken by glue."

"Glue—a peculiarly fine glue made of fish. Making Korean clothes, the tailor does not bring two edges of cloth together and then slowly and painfully unite them with fine stitches of the needle. No; he overlaps the edges slightly, brushes on a little glue, presses the seam together and sets the garment away to dry."

"I wore glued clothes in Korea and found that they lasted almost as well as sewed ones!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Reading Aloud.

Surely the sum of human happiness might be indefinitely increased if the people learned to take a real delight in the simple, quiet and inexpensive pleasure of reading. Reading aloud in the family circle is an excellent way of bringing the members together. They have thoughts in common and subjects of conversation. How much better and how much happier is this way of spending an evening than the inane, driveling games which so frequently take place!—Reader Magazine.

Reading Aloud.

"I must go and see Mrs. Williams in that cottage over there. Mr. Blakely, will you have the kindness to drive me there?"

"I must be only a mile back to the farm-house, but owing to the lame horse and various other matters it was three hours before the buggy drove up to the gate. What a lover's quarrel had been settled in far less time.

Wife Has Played.

"My husband," said the concealed lady, "is a Shakespearean actor."

"Indeed! Does he play in Hamlet?"

"Asked her friend.

"No," said the actor's wife; "he only plays in the larger cities."—London Times.

Pride and Pried.

"Blifers gets his new car out several times a day. Matter of pride, I suppose."

"Yep. Pried it out of a mudhole three times last Monday."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Old Man Bath the Almanac in His Skinned Knees.

Sportsman—I wonder what's become of Mike? I told him to meet me here again. Adams says use tellin' him anything. Skinned knees, too, just goes in at one ear and out at the other, like wather off a duck's back!"—London Tit-Bits.

Cruel.

"Thought you said you were a mind reader?"

"So I am," replied the professor.

"Well, why do you hesitate? Why don't you read my mind?"

"I'm searching for it."

Which Did He Mean?

Slysoke (introducing friend to his private closet) — Now, mind, not a breath of this before my wife! Puck."

Agreed.

Wife—I'd rather starve than cook.

Huband—I'd rather starve than have you cook.—Harper's Weekly.

Sink Ink stains in sour milk, and should a stain still remain rinse in a weak solution of chloride of lime.

Hard Luck.

Tired Tatters—saw de new moon rise the left shoulder las' night. I wonder wot dat's a sign us? Wearly Walker—it's a sign dat de nex' place you ask for work you'll git it!—Chicago News.

The Speedier Term.

Englishman—In England we "stand" for parliament, but in America you "run" for congress. American—when you're run for work you'll git it!—Chicago News.

Flying Kites For Luck.

On the ninth day of the ninth month, according to the Chinese calendar, all the Chinese, young and old, go to take themselves to the hills behind their towns and amuse themselves by flying kites. But amusement is not the sole reason for this ceremony. It comes from an old Chinese legend. The real meaning of the word is unknown, its derivation having never been discovered; but, correctly speaking, kites are small sculptures executed in low relief on some substance precious either for its beauty, rarity or hardness.

There are emerald cameos, turquoise

cameos, shell cameos, coral cameos.

Indeed, any substance that lends itself

to carving in such minute detail can

be used for cameo cutting, and nearly

all the stones used in the

earring and necklace cases of

the Chinese are made in this

way."

Business Cards.

INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Persons wanting Help or Situations, or Notices

can be furnished with the best by calling on Mrs.

M. JENNINGS 419 Main Street, Woburn, Mass.

At the corner of Main and Concord Streets.

TOYS, STATIONERY, CLOTHING,

WARE, DENNISON'S CREEP and TISSUE PAPER,

and other goods.

ALL SERVICES and PRICES guaranteed

RELIABLE and SATISFACTORY.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson VI.—Third Quarter, For Aug. 11, 1907.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, Lev. x, 1-11—Memory Verse, 8—Golden Text, Prov. xx, 1—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

(Copyright, 1907, by American Press Society.)

This book of Leviticus is said to contain more of the very words of the Lord than any other of the sixty-six, and it is perhaps one

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1907.

THE MAYOR SUSTAINED.

At a meeting of the City Council last Monday evening the veto of Mayor Blodgett of the order for the transfer of the \$1450 received for the Charles street school to the School Board for repairs of buildings, which veto may be found in another column of this paper, was sustained. Eleven members of the Council were present, and Ald. Ward, Porter and Wood voting favorably, the veto was upheld by a majority of two.

The order for the transfer of the money to the School Board had been previously adopted by the Council unanimously, and some surprise was expressed at their action last Monday evening. But there was really no occasion for it, in taking action on a veto changes in the original vote almost always take place.

Whether the order should have been passed by the Council; or, having been passed, the Mayor should have vetoed it; is wholly a matter of private opinion, the right or wrong of which cannot be definitely settled. The final verdict of the Council is all the criterion the public have of judging of the merits of the case.

The Mayor advances arguments in support of his contention which are plausible, to say the least, and furnish additional proof of his desire to do the very best thing for the city's interest.

At any rate, there is nothing in the stand he has taken in this matter out of which his political critics can possibly make capital.

MASSACHUSETTS DAY.

The Massachusetts Building at the Jamestown Exposition, a reproduction of the old State House, was dedicated by Gov. Guild and State delegates last Tuesday.

One of the delegates, duly appointed and present, was Mr. Charles H. Johnson of this city, who is an officer at the State House.

■ Senator Lodge made a speech at a Republican clamshell the other day and, as usual, was "clear as mud" on the tariff question. A revision of it will come, he said, after the next Presidential election; it ought to have come 4 years ago; and, if he could have had his way, it would have come 2 years ago. All of which is sheer nonsense, buncumb, and demagogic. Nobody has ever been able to determine where Lodge stands on the tariff question.

■ A few days ago Mr. L. Waldo Thompson of this city manifested his interest in the Floating Hospital charity and respect for the memory of his wife by the gift of \$250 to the Hospital to provide a memorial bed in the same, to be called the Helen M. Thompson bed. In this Mr. Thompson is to be credited with a generous and thoughtful act.

■ The Democratic State convention is to be held at Springfield on Oct. 5.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

J. D. Maguire—Stationer.
J. W. Friend—Mort. Sales.
J. W. Grimes—Sales.

— Our public schools will reopen in less than a month.

— Dr. C. H. Bass and mother are in New Hampshire.

— Miss Emma Howey, the teacher, is at Ogunquit, Maine.

— A great bicycle roadrace is to come off here on August 24.

— Janitor McGovern of the Wind Public Library is out on vacation.

— Fire Chief Littlefield has recovered from an attack of rheumatism.

— The weather yesterday was simply charming, and everyone enjoyed it.

— This, they say, is a good apple year, that is to say, the crop is a large one.

— Postals from Miss Annie Bancroft show her busy with her party in Europe.

— Miss Helen McGowen of the Tech Library is spending her vacation at Pittsfield.

— The George H. Taylor family have returned from Salisbury Beach for good.

— A continuous trolley trip from Bangor, Me., to Philadelphia, Pa., is now possible.

— The S. E. E. U. of the Swedish Free Evangelical church are to give a concert tomorrow.

— Tuesday night was much more comfortable than several of its immediate predecessors.

— Coffee Mousse in Melon Mounds, 1 qt. 75c. \$3.00 at Crawford's, 412 Main st. Tel. 123.

— Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanley are taking their vacation outing in the White Mountains, as usual.

— Rev. H. C. Parker of the Unitarian church is taking a breathing spell among the lakes and hills of Hope, Maine.

— A fire at Old Orchard Beach, Me., last evening, burned seven hotels and nearly all of the business portion of the town.

— Miss Alice J. Whitcomb, the Reader, has returned from Ogunquit, where she has been a favorite guest this summer.

— Miss Annie Wood, Assistant Librarian, is away on her annual vacation, and Miss Edith Preston is substituting for her.

— Rev. W. W. Sleeper of Wellesley will preach morning and evening at the union services at the First Church next Sunday.

— Mr. Charles W. Fitz, of the Boston Branch, returned last week from a business and pleasure trip to Minneapolis.

— Commissioner Hayward asks the people to exercise the strictest economy in the use of the city water, particularly with the hose.

— For Sale—U. S. Cents, 1816 to 1856, inclusive. Other coins for sale. Address A, Room 5, National Bank Building, Woburn.

— Rev. and Mrs. Stephen A. Norton leave this week for an outing in the Maine woods. Address: "Camp Moosehorns," Schoodic, Me.

— The Woburn Brass Band is to give another of their fine concerts on the Common this evening. Both Bands have had great audiences this summer.

— Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blye & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—4t.

— St. Charles won the ball game from the South Enders last Saturday, 8 to 5, which was the star performance at Fr. Higgins's St. Joseph's Field Day at Moulton.

— E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

— Miss Charlotte Callahan of this city has an excellent poem in the August number of *Donau's Magazine*, to the pages of which sterling monthly she often contributes.

— Mrs. Sylvester Carter of Keokuk, Ia., and her daughter, Miss Jessie of a Chicago Seminary and Miss Irene of the Chicago University called on friends in Woburn on Thursday last.

— The Woburn Brass Band is to attend and furnish music for the Charles Russell Lowell G. A. R. Post, No. 7, on their annual excursion to Rockland and other Maine cities on Aug. 21.

— The Boston Ice Co. are to cover the site of their icehouses on Horn Pond which were destroyed by fire lately, with a single building 200x40x35 feet, with a capacity of 50,000 tons.

— Ex-Mayor Davis, wife, and Fred Davis, together with ex-Mayor Davis's brothers family that are at Five Island, Maine, were at J. Q. A. Brackett's cottage, Southport, Me., last Sunday.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— Col. Cyrus Tay resigned last week the office of caretaker of the National Bank building after a highly satisfactory service of many years. He is nearly 82 years old, and needs rest.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

— The lettercarriers felt it about as severely as anybody, and perhaps, more so. They were obliged to keep moving, upstairs and down, and over the hot pavements, heat or no heat; and did it all right.

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCY LEWISPIANO, THEORY, ORGAN,
Fundamental principles, technique, and
interpretation.Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry,
Saturdays, 10:12 A. M., 2:45 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Visitors invited to beginners without cost until
the progress made by the pupil warrants the pur-
chase of an instrument. Lessons given at the pupil's residence if desired.
Information regarding lessons can be obtained by
letter or phone.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Summer

Beverages.

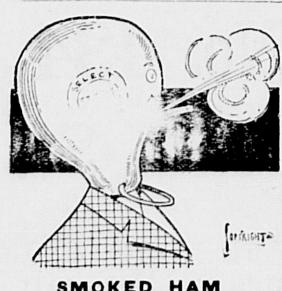
Chemist's Spring Ginger
Ale, 90¢ doz.
Victor Lime Juice, 25¢ bot.
Eagle " " 10¢
Moxie, 20¢
Hire's Root Beer Extract 15¢
Williams " " 15¢
Bryants " " 10¢

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery House

351 Main Street.

FITZ & STANLEY.

TELEPHONE 109-8.

AFTER HARD WORK
THE USE OFWoburna
Lotion SoapGives a feeling of freshness
and invigoration obtained in
no other way.F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURNWith a pedigree never goes begging. It's
the kind you're looking for and the kind we
can give you. Because

WE SELL AI HAM

doesn't signify we ask more. On the
contrary, we charge a less price than is often
asked for hams that won't stand investigation.
Our hams are from healthy stock,
properly cured and will keep in any climate.
For good hams don't shop, but buy them
here.

Linnell's Market,

406 Main Street, Woburn.

Telephone, 128-6.

REMOVAL !

I have removed my business to
Glenwood Street, Woburn Highlands. I trust I may continue to
be favored with your patronage.
My team will call for orders.

WILLIS J. BUCKMAN.

Telephone connection.

If you want the best Coffee try
the Barrington Hall. Price 35¢,
per pound.HOT
WEATHER
DISINFECTING
DEODORIZING
and
PURIFYINGmaintains those desirable sanitary conditions
which are indispensable to perfect
health. A little goes far and accomplishes
much. Try it. Keep it always on hand.
Avoid inferior substitutes.

Look for above Trade-Mark.

NOTICE

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.
Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00,
5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,
7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05,
7:20, 7:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40,
6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,
7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M., then
12:10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,
8:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
11:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and
every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10,
8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham,
Winchester and Arlington 7:30, 8:30, 9:00,
9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30
P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and
Arlington 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Reading 8:10, 9:10,
9:40, 10:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes
until 11:40 P. M., then 12:10 A. M.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Mortgagee's Sale

—OF—

REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of the power of sale contained in a
certain mortgage, held by the undersigned, in the
name of E. W. Wood, his wife, inheritor of Woburn,
in the County of Middlesex, and Commonwealth of
Massachusetts, to L. Waldo Thompson, dated April
15, 1905, and recorded with Middlesex South Dis-
trict Deeds, Book 317, Page 349, [which said
mortgage was duly assigned to Grace L. Morris
of said Woburn,] for breach of condition of
said mortgage, to secure the payment of fore-
closed on sum, will be sold at public auction on

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1907,
at three o'clock in the afternoon, the premises,
all and singular the premises conveyed by said
mortgagee and therein described substantially
as follows, namely:

A certain parcel of land, with the buildings thereon,
situated in the town of Woburn, in the County of
Middlesex, bounded on the west by the church of
the First Congregational Society, on the east by
the property of the First Congregational Church,
on the south by the property of the First Congregational
Church, and on the north by the property of the
First Congregational Church.

The said premises consist of a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

The said building situated on the property of the
First Congregational Church, is a certain building
situated on the property of the First Congregational
Church, and a certain building situated on the
property of the First Congregational Church.

Following Bigger's Example.

By JAMES REILLY.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Mary McKeon.

Temple slipped off his coat and threw it beside the camera case, with a "Watch it!" to the white bulldog that sat gravely at the foot of the tree.

Bigger exhibited his teeth in a smile intended to be pleasant and stretched himself out beside the case on the soft mat of pine needles. The walk to the falls had not tired him, but he was well content to lie on the fragrant carpet and doze and dream of cats on fences that were always low enough to bring the feline prey within his reach and of a succession of canine battles in which he was always the victor. At heart Bigger was a child of peace. It was only in his dreams that his visions were tinged with blood.

Here and there through the woods a locust shrilled and the air was vibrant with the song of birds and the soft hum of insect life. Dick Temple had picked out a clump of pines in which to make his camp, and through the leafy aisles Bigger could command a view of the deeper woods beyond and the little river that wound its way through the forest, marking with a tint of mud the vivid green of the undergrowth along its banks.

Down the wind came the faint roar of falling waters where the stream plunged forty feet over the black stones to dance in very joy at the foot of the falls before taking up its course to the river beyond.

Temple had long ago exhausted the photographic possibilities of the falls and departed in the direction of downstream, but the footfalls that roused Bigger from a dream of conquest came from the other way, and Bigger looked up just as the sunlight glinted upon the gold and scarlet of the scarlet coat of a slender girl who under other circumstances would have excited Bigger's entire approval.

From the crown of the golden head to the tip of the dainty russet shoe she was a patrician, one of Bigger's very own sort. If there were boughs for humans, surely she must be possessed of as many blue ribbons as there were in his own particular cabinet at home.

This being the case, it seemed strange to Bigger that she should share in common with the trampish characters a desire for his master's property, and he emitted a low growl of polite warning.

The girl came steadily forward until she was almost within reach of those powerful jaws; then she paused.

"You are a very bad dog," she scolded gently. "It is very dear of you to keep guard over those things, but don't you know they are not yours to guard?"

Bigger made vigorous dissent to this sentiment, but the girl went on.

"You see," she explained, "Reggy wants those extra plates before the lights get away. I am afraid you are not going to let me have them."

She moved easily toward the case, talking in the same steady voice, and her hand was already upon the holders when Bigger's teeth set firmly in her skirt.

Had it been a tramp Bigger would have sprung at his throat, but he knew that there was some mistake, and he sought only to hold the girl until his master should have come up to accept her explanations. The girl regarded him hopelessly.

"You're a bad, wicked dog," she scolded, "to make so much trouble. When Reg comes I shall have him whip you, and he will come. He is too anxious to wait long for me. Please let me go."

She made a movement to disengage herself, but Bigger growled again, and this time there was a deeper note that warned her that resistance would be met with greater force. She sank helplessly back upon the springy, odorous carpet of nature and settled herself more comfortably.

"I shall have to wait for Reggie," she said, "and he'll be really angry at you if you spoil his chance of getting that view. He's going back to town tomorrow, and he will not have another opportunity."

Bigger presented a discreet silence. He was a gallant to argue a point with a woman. As long as she remained quiet he had nothing to say. For half an hour she sat there in silence, broken only by the chatter of the squirrels and the hum of the summer noises; then there was a crashing sound in the underbrush, and Bigger picked up his ears, while the girl roused herself to listen.

"Here I am, Reggie!" she called. "Under the pines by your camera! There's a horrid dog here, and he won't let me go."

A loud, clear whistle sounded, but Bigger only growled a protest against the audience and tried to make captive. A moment later Temple came through the bushes that fringed the stream. The girl's face turned crimson.

"It is your dog," she said, with dignity. "We kindly call him off! He has kept me a prisoner here for almost an hour, and my brother is waiting for these plates."

"Possibly the dog appreciates the fact that I should need them myself," he said, with a laugh and a sign to Bigger, who released his prisoner and stalked with dignity across the temple.

"You see," he went on, "they happen to be my plates."

The Rosetta Stone. The Rosetta stone was found in 1799 in a Roman fort at Rosetta, Egypt. It is a black granite stela with an inscription in three different languages: Egyptian, Greek, and Latin. It was discovered by French engineer Jean-François Champollion in 1802.

A Poor Compliment. Mrs. Daniel, a good woman, had been giving a speech at a meeting. She said, "My brother, Mr. Storms, has the same sort of case," she explained. "He said to me, 'I have more plates, and I thought that they were his and that the dog had strayed.'"

"Storms?" he said musingly. "You must be Miss Mildred Storms, who is staying over at the Beechman Inn."

The girl nodded, and Temple smiled. "I think I can solve the mystery," he said. "You took the wrong road from the falls. Had you turned to the left instead of the right you would have come to a very similar clump of pines, where, no doubt, your brother's case lies. You can't blame Bigger, can you?"

"He is a dear old faithful," she declared, with forebodings of trouble. "He would not bite. He held me until you came to explain the mistake," Washington Star.

He Knew the Kind. She—Mary Graham is certainly a very clever woman, yet she has little to say. "He's that's where her cleverness comes in. She leads a man to believe that she thinks he is worth his keeping."

"With your permission we will call," he suggested. "Your brother and I belong to the same camera club in town."

I did not know that you were his sister. I'll give you a short cut to the other clump of pines, and we'll take the plates to him."

Storms was kneeling over his case as they came up.

"I came and got the plates," he explained when their own explanation had been offered and proper introductions accomplished. "I knew you couldn't get very far away, and I did want that picture with the light on the wet rocks. Come over this evening, Temple, and I'll show you my negatives. I go back to town in the morning."

Temple took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I don't see what you mean," she said, with a puzzled knitting of the brows.

"Like Bigger, I want to hold on to you," he said as he possessed himself of her hand, "only I want to keep you forever. May I, dear?"

The answer must have been "Yes," for an engagement ring in the form of a dog collar adorned the proper finger.

Lincoln's Reason.

One afternoon when Lincoln was president word came to the war department from the provost marshal at Portland, Me., that Henry Jameson, the Confederate secret service agent, was in the city. New York, where he had engaged passage for England. The war department was at once astir.

Charles A. Dana, then assistant secretary of war, received the message and hastened at once to consult with Secretary of War Stanton, says the Ladies' Home Journal.

"How do you advise me to act in this matter?" queried Dana.

"Arrest the man at once," was Stanton's reply; "but you had better see the president before you proceed further."

Dana went immediately to the White House. As he was a frequent visitor he was readily admitted to Lincoln's private room.

"What is it, Dana?" asked the president as the secretary came in.

Dana told about the incident and asked the president what ought to be done.

"Well," was the quiet reply, "you say Jameson will soon leave the country?"

"Yes, sir; he will escape within a few hours if nothing is done to stop him. My purpose is to arrest him."

"Well," was the president's reply, "when you have a white elephant on your hands and he's doing his best to get away, why not leave him alone, Dana?"

And Jameson was let alone.

The "Six Hundred Ruffians."

On Aug. 23, 1888, Lord Maldstone called the attention of the house to a speech delivered by O'Connell at a political dinner in London in which he asserted that the Tory election committee of the day—or the committee appointed by the house to try election petitions, a practice which has since been abolished—had stooped to "foul perfidy" in order that their friends might retain their seats. A vote of censure on O'Connell, which was moved by Lord Maldstone, was carried by a majority of nine.

A few days later a curious scene was witnessed in the house. O'Connell had stood up in his place in the crowded chamber while the speaker, James Abercrombie, delivered a speech for "the false and scandalous impression" he had cast upon "the honor and conduct of members of the house." It now only remains," said the speaker in conclusion, "that in obedience to the commands of this house I should reprimand you, as I now accordingly do."

The reprimand, however, made no impression upon O'Connell. "I have reprimed of nothing, I have retracted nothing," said he in the course of a speech he delivered when the speaker resumed his seat, and he concluded by moving a committee before which to prove his charges. He subsequently described the house of commons—in a speech delivered outside—as "six hundred ruffians."

"Shouting."

Early Australia and Bigger made many contributions to the songs of that commonwealth. One of these was "shouting" or standing drinks for everybody within hall, a practice of which the lucky digger was very fond. To refuse to drink with a digger who had "struck it rich," or turned up a big nugget, was a deadly insult. A critic quotes from J. F. Hogan's "History of the Irish in Australia": "Shouting was at one time almost universal. To shout in public house means to insist on everybody present, friends and strangers alike, drinking at the shouter's expense. It frequently happens that each one 'shouts' in succession."

The Rosetta Stone.

The Rosetta stone was found in 1799 in a Roman fort at Rosetta, Egypt. It is a black granite stela with an inscription in three different languages: Egyptian, Greek, and Latin. It was discovered by French engineer Jean-François Champollion in 1802.

How Tin Foil Is Made.

This foil, which is extensively used for wrapping and sealing food products and other articles of commerce, is a combination of tin with a thin coating of tin on each side. First a thin pipe is made of a thickness proportionate to its diameter, proportion not given. This pipe is then filled with molten lead and rolled or beaten to the extreme thickness required. In this process the tin coating spreads simultaneously with the spreading of the lead core and continuously maintains a thin, even coating of tin on each side of the center sheet of lead, even though it may be reduced to a thickness of .001 inches or less.—American Inventor.

He Knew the Kind.

"Father," asked little Rollo, "what is a Jingoo?"

"A Jingoo, my son, is a man who is firmly convinced that somebody other than himself ought to go out and whip somebody."—Washington Star.

Her Cleverness.

She—Mary Graham is certainly a very clever woman, yet she has little to say. "He's that's where her cleverness comes in. She leads a man to believe that she thinks he is worth his keeping."

"With your permission we will call," he suggested. "Your brother and I belong to the same camera club in town."

A POINTER FOR TOURISTS.

Put Your Prayer Book on Top of the Things in Your Trunk.

"If you ever go to Bermuda I can tell you how to make time at the custom house," said a returning Washingtonian.

"I reached Bermuda early in the morning. I made up my luggage rather hastily before leaving the ship.

"I came and got the plates," he explained when their own explanation had been offered and proper introductions accomplished. "I knew you couldn't get very far away, and I did want that picture with the light on the wet rocks. Come over this evening, Temple, and I'll show you my negatives. I go back to town in the morning."

"You don't have to wait to decide as you do when coming into the port of New York. As I stepped into the office of the Johnson, I unstrapped my case and opened it up. The official talked at me as if I had been a telephonist."

"Hello!" he said the first thing.

"What's this?" he asked, picking up my prayer book. "Prayer book, eh? All right. Shut up your case."

"Want to look at anything else?" I asked.

"All right. You're all right, my friend.

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now, when I first saw you Bigger had fast hold of you."

"I then took Bigger over to call that evening and many evenings thereafter. Mildred became his assistant in his photographic trips, but now Bigger had smiled amistly when she came upon the plates. It was while they were eating lunch the last day of Temple's stay that she patted the dog's white head and looked up.

"Do you know," she said, "I think that dogs take after their masters."

"As you early gave Bigger a certificate of good character, I felt satisfied," he said, with a laugh.

"Sometimes their masters take after the dogs," he insisted. "Now

Musical.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

MRS. ANNIE M. S. LEWIS
MR. F. PERCY LEWIS

PIANO, THEORY, ORGAN.

Fundamental principles, technique, and interpretation.

Consult at Woburn Unitarian Vestry, Saturday, 10:12 A. M., 2:45 P. M.

Address Winchester, Mass.

VIOLIN INSTRUCTION

GIVEN BY

WALTER LINCOLN RICE.

Virtues learned to beginners without cost until the progress made by the pupil warrants the purchase of an instrument.

For information regarding the lesson's cost, address the teacher.

38 Mt. Vernon St., Winchester, Mass.

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars, 11:15 A. M. Reading Square to Stoneman, Winchester, and Arlington as follows: 5:30, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneman for Winchester and Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:30, 7:45 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 4:45, 5:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneman and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneman and Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05, 8:30, 8:45 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P. M.

Leave Stoneman for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P. M.

12:10 A. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneman, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, 9:30, 10:00 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneman for Winchester and Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A. M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 A. M.

ARTIFICIAL PEARLS.

What a Little Silver Fish Taught a French Beadmaker.

"I'll tell you," said a jeweler, "how the wonderfully perfect artificial pearl came to be invented."

"A French beadmaker, Moise Jaquin—he lived in the seventeenth century—found a pond in his garden covered one morning with a lovely silvery luster. Amazed, he called his gardener, who said it was nothing—some albesites had got crushed; that was all."

"Albesites were little silver fish, breaks, the Leuciscus albus. The gardener explained that if you crushed them they always gave the water a pearly sheen like that. Jaquin put on his thinking cap."

"For two years he worked with beads and broken wanting millions of both, but finally he achieved success. He learned how to extract the pearly luster from the beads' scales and to cover a glass bead with it."

"What he did—and his method is still used—was to scrape the scales from the fish, wash and rub them and save the water. The water, decanted, gave off a lustrous fluid of the thickness of oil, a veritable pearl paint, a magic fluid that imparts a lovely pearly sheen to everything it is applied to."

"It takes 1,000 bleaks to yield an ounce of this pearl paint!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

CIRCUS RIDERS.

They Earn Good Salaries, but Their Careers Are Short.

A man horseback rider receives from \$7 to \$125 a week, but he must be a good rider and have about ten years experience.

He is short not so much because these men get stiff and lose their agility as because they lose their nerve. Nearly all circus folk marry young, and with their added responsibilities comes a lively sense of danger which they ignored in younger days. A man rider who can not command more than \$50 a week. A woman rider who can perform this feat gets from \$150 to \$200 a week if she is a finished rider.

This isn't much when all the disadvantages of the calling are taken into consideration, but it must be remembered that all the expenses are paid, including the care, feeding and their horses the transportation of their horses. All they have to provide is their own clothing. For the men riders clothe do not constitute much of a factor, and the women nearly always make their own, except those provided by the management.

French Rags High Priced.

A collector of rags offered the manager of a large boarding house a certain price for a bag of wornout linen.

"These rags are worth more than that," said the shrewd landlord. "I mean, I mean in this neighborhood, and all are occupied exclusively by French guests."

The dealer apparently considered that remark sufficiently explanatory.

He cast a hasty glance upon the contents of the bag, then raised the price. "And he could well afford to raise it, too," said the landlord. "Even at that rate he will make money off the things French rags the world over bring a higher price than any other. The reason why? French people wear a better quality of linen and their castor garments are in demand by manufacturers of high grade paper."—New York Press.

The Congregation Smiled.

Two country clergymen had agreed to exchange pulpits on a certain date. One of them made the following solemn announcement to his congregation on the Sabbath previous to the event:

"My dear brethren and sisters, I have the pleasure of stating that on next Sunday morning the Rev. Zephaniah B. Day will preach for you. Let me now sing two verses of hymn No. 489, 'That Awful Day Will Surely Come!'

And it took him some time to discover why the congregation smiled.

The First Boat.

At first when a man wanted to cross a deep stream he was compelled to swim across. But man at best is a poor swimmer, and it was not long before he invented a better method of traveling on water. A log drifting in a stream furnished the hint. By resting his body upon the log and paddling with his hands and feet he found he could move along faster and easier. Thus the log was the first boat and the human arm was the first oar.—S. E. Forman in St. Nicholas.

Nothing Doing.

The musician was visibly annoyed. "But, hang it all," he said, "I told your mother three or four times over the violin. I used was a genuine Stradivarius, and here in his report this morning there's not word—not a word!"

With a scornful laugh the editor replied:

"That is as it should be. Sir, when Mr. Stradivarius gets his fiddles advertised in this paper under \$2 a line, you come around and let me know!"—Los Angeles Times.

A Fine Morning.

"Fine morning, your honor," affably remarked the man who had been arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Did you ever try it?" "Well, I once tried to convince my wife that she didn't really want a new gown,"—Judge.

Golden Measure.

"In Australia," bragged the native of that country, "you can pick up gold by the pint."

"It comes in quartz in America," retorted the quick-witted nephew of Uncle Sam.—Pittsburg Post.

The Value of Ridicule.

"A man," said Dr. Johnson, "should pass a part of his time with the laughters, by which means anything ridiculous or particular about him might be pointed to his view and corrected."

Curran's Retort.

Justice Robinson's encounter with John Philpot Curran has been stated by Lord Brougham to have been the most successful instance of repartee on record. Judge Robinson was known to be the author of some anonymous pamphlets a circumstance which gave Curran an opportunity to retort when the judge made a brutal attempt to cross-examine him on a long and inexplicable point at the bar.

"I have searched all my lawbooks," said Curran, "and I can find no precedent on the point."

"Your law library," said the judge, "is rather contracted."

"My books," replied Curran, "may be few, but the title pages give me the writers' names. My shelf is not disgraced by any of such rank absurdity that their very authors are ashamed to own them."

"If you say another word, sir," said the judge, "I'll commit you."

"Then, my lord," replied Curran, "it will be a very bad thing you have committed this term."

The judge endeavored to get Curran disbarred, but failed.

Not the Store He Meant.

Crumpled in his hand was a batch of shopping bills, whose intermittent rustling, as the clutch of their possessor relaxed and again tightened, afforded ample testimony to the cause of his lordship's displeasure.

Gently and with all her wooling arts evidently in hair trigger readiness the young wife approached the offended one and began:

"Lovey, now don't sit here pouting all by yourself like a bad natured little boy. Such actions as you are well known to do will not at all contribute to the making of that blissful home you were so prone to picture to me during our courtship days. Don't you recall it, deary, and how eloquent you used to grow over the happiness the future had in store for us?"

With the spell of his displeasure partially broken by her persuasive manner, and yet with some touch of tartness in his tone, he turned and replied:

"Yes, I do, but I assure you, madam, that in that remark there was not even a remote hint of a department store."

To Let.

BY G. PLACE.

GOOD HOUSE with Barn and seven acres of land.

NICE SNUG HOUSE, all improvements, \$20.

SEVERAL GOODS TENEMENTS, May 1st.

For Sale in Highlands.

FINE HOUSE and BARN, 12 nice rooms, bath, furnace, and all conveniences. Price low and easy terms.

FIRSTCLASS HOUSE and BARN, 25,000 feet of land. See it before buying.

DOUBLE HOUSE, small Barn, 4 acres and, elegant place for hens and garden.

Don't forget the Office, 416 Main Street.

BOSTON COURIER

YORKSHIRE PIES.

Here is the Way They Were Made In the Olden Days.

The delicacy of the Yorkshire pies of olden days may be judged by the following recipe from an old fashioned cookery book: "First make a good standing crest, let the wall and bottom very thick; bone a turkey, a goose, a fowl, a partridge and a pigeon; season them all very well; take half an ounce of mace, a quarter of an ounce of cloves and half an ounce of black pepper, all beat fine together; two large spoonfuls of salt and then mix them together. Open the fowl all down the back and then draw them through the feathers; cover them; then the fowl, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case and wiped with a clean cloth; cut it to pieces that is, joint it; season it and lay it as close as you can on one side; then the goose and then the turkey, which must be large; season them all well first and lay them in the crust so that it will look only like a whole turkey; then have a hare ready case

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1907.

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, AUG. 30, 1907.

LABOR DAY.

It is expected that next Monday being Labor Day and a legal holiday will be observed in the usual manner in this city and elsewhere in the State. The usual manner is to suspend all business operations, close public buildings, and the people to make a holiday of it.

One day last week the Democratic State Committee decided, by a vote of 23 to 20, to hold their State convention at Springfield, in accordance with the decision of the Executive Committee. The contest was a hot one, but the Bartlett forces, led by Hon. John P. Feeney, Chairman of the State Committee, beat the Whitney forces, who objected to Springfield and voted for Worcester. Apparently the result of last week's fight over the matter was a decided victory for Bartlett.

Boston Uppertendom have been having a great time this week entertaining Prince Wilhelm of Sweden. He was the guest of Gov. Guild who laid him out to do the handsome thing by the youthful scion of royalty. The Governor was very happy in the discharge of his duties as host, more especially as Mayor Fitzgerald wasn't in to monopolize the honors, as in some late cases.

Senator Lodge wisely remarked at a clambake the other day that it would be soon enough for Republicans to talk about this fall's political campaign after it opens. The folly of beginning to make stump speeches too early is manifest in the lack of enthusiasm in the Bartlett-Whitney canvas which has been going on several weeks.

It reports are anyway reliable, the condition of Secretary of State Root is by no means serious, although he is pretty well run down from over-work. He recuperated rapidly at Muldoon's farm, where he went for rest.

There is to be a grand labor parade in Boston next Monday. At first the Unions thought of abandoning this regular feature of Labor Day, but subsequently the plans were changed, and arrangements have been completed for a monster parade through the streets of Boston.

It is expected that political campaigns will open in downright earnest immediately after Labor Day.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements

City-Del. Taxes
City-Debt Tax
Natl. Bank-Statement
J. G. McGuire-Citation
Hammond & Son-Goods

Mr. John T. Trull's family are away on vacation.

There has been a plenty of goodague weather this week.

Div. 3, A. O. H., are to have a picnic at Pinehurst on Labor Day.

William E. Kenney, postoffice clerk, is taking his annual vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Tripp are in New Hampshire on vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker L. Eaton have been visiting friends in Worcester.

Mr. E. Gerry Barker, Jr., has been visiting his father and family here.

City Tax Collector Gray has an interesting story in this issue of the Journal.

Several cities and towns hereabouts are complaining of a shortage in their water supply.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart have returned from their vacation sojourn in New Hampshire.

Mrs. E. M. Allen of Boston, formerly of Church avenue in this city, has been visiting here this week.

Fire Chief Littlefield has had another attack of rheumatism this week which confined him to the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward W. Hart went off again yesterday morning down Yarmouthway to finish their vacation.

The Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for G. E. Brown to Andrew Peterson the estate No. 150 Mountvale avenue.

Forest fires have destroyed a good deal of property on Cape Cod in the last few weeks, but the cranberry bogs are still safe.

The sidewalkers were alive with boys and girls last Saturday afternoon watching the great bicycle race. They did not mind the rain.

Burlington feels jubilant over its tax rate of \$9.60, a reduction of nearly \$1 from last year. The Assessors are pleased for their good work.

Dr. Thomas and Mrs. Caulfield of Church avenue went to Block Island last Wednesday evening for a little pleasure and a breath of salt air.

Mr. J. F. Deland, General Manager of the Hammond & Son Company, and family are at Marblehead Neck enjoying vacation pleasures.

When people come in from neighboring towns on Wednesday afternoons to do some trading and find the stores closed, they appear to be disappointed.

At the close of a protracted outing at Sakonnet, R. I., Dr. B. T. Church, a familiar figure in Woburn, returns to Winchester and business on Sept. 3.

Suspension of street watering this week subjected the people to some inconvenience, but the protracted drought made it necessary, and not much fault was found.

The mixup of teams and an auto near Lyceum Hall last Wednesday resulted in no personal harm to any of the occupants, but there were several narrow escapes.

The Woman's Club are about to resume active operations. That means more culture for our people. It is understood that the Club are in a flourishing condition.

Mrs. Dr. G. H. Hutchings of Main street is spending her vacation at Rockport on Cape Ann.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

Miss Carrie Spencer who was accidentally shot while handling a gun at Pittsfield, Maine, a fortnight ago, is improving and expects to return home in a week or two.

The St. Charles parochial school is to open next Wednesday, Sept. 3. Boys of the first, second and third grades are admitted to the school, which is a large one.

A trip to and sail on Lake Winnipesaukee tomorrow by favor of the Boston & Maine Railroad Company, all for the paltry sum of \$2. Leave Northern Station at 8:30.

When completed the changes going on in the rooms of the National Bank will materially improve the same. Mr. Johnson, the new Cashier, is evidently bound to have the best.

William P. Bixby, son of Dr. J. P. Bixby of N. W., who has been employed in the engineering department of the Panama Canal for a year, or more, is at home on a vacation.

Some picnics and several outings are on the cards for Labor Day, the managers of each one of which earnestly hopes that fair and agreeable weather will prevail on that annual holiday.

The consensus of opinion of experts places the completion of the Town Meadow playground at about the next hoeing potato time. That will be early enough for all practical purposes.

The average temperature in this city at 6 o'clock yesterday morning was 45 degrees above zero, which was an exceeding low figure for this time of year. But it has been a remarkable year.

Mr. Squire B. Goddard, senior member of the firm of S. B. Goddard & Son, Insurance Agents, has sufficiently recovered from a recent illness to be at headquarters in Savings Bank block again.

Mrs. Mary Howe and Miss Helen Beadle of Groveland were visitors in Woburn last Tuesday.

According to their report the recent smallpox scare of that town didn't amount to much.

The Woburn churches are to hold two more Sunday union services, Sept. 1, 8 at both of which Rev. Mr. Vandermark is to preach. Next Sunday they are to be held at the M. E. church, and on Sept. 8 at First church.

Woburn has had an impure water scare. There was no occasion for alarm however, as the water of Horn Pond was found perfectly pure.—*Worcester Star.* That's a fact; there is no better or purer water to be found anywhere than that of Horn Pond. The scare was launched by cheap politicians who, for personal reasons, are opposed to Mayor Blodgett and his administration.

Gage & Co., merchant tailors, are getting a good ready for a big fall trade. Mr. Flint has gathered in and placed on exhibition full lines of the best and most fashionable materials for men's wearing apparel, with the prices of which no reasonable purchaser can find fault. A firstclass cutter and corps of experienced needlemen and women turn these materials into the finest suits made anywhere.

Among the handsome pictures that Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the photographic artist, has lately turned out is a hollyhock in natural colors, an exact reproduction of a specimen of the flower growing on his Pleasant street lawn that the public have seen from Mr. Taylor's hands, or that of any other artist, and makes an elegant ornament for the parlor wall.

Captain Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., who has been on the Commander Staff at Fort Banks in Boston Harbor, is about to be relieved by order of the War Department to attend the school of Submarine Defense at Fort Totten, N. Y., for instruction. His promotions in the service have been more rapid than common, due, no doubt, to anything could possibly be, and so it was on Monday, Aug. 26.

Dogdays end next Thursday, Sept. 5. Repling to a criticism of a Main paper the Boston *Globe* tried to make it out that Dogdays ended on Aug. 5, and to that end ransacked its encyclopedia; but it was a failure—a lame and impotent conclusion, the *Globe* reached.

There is no statute that forbids the wearing of straw hats after Sept. 1, but custom has so ordained, and they say it is rigidly observed in Boston. There being no penalty attached to a violation of the custom, men are quite apt to follow the bent of their inclination in the matter.

During their Down East excursion with Charles Russell Lowell Post, 7, G. A. R. of Boston, last week, the Woburn Brass Band gave concerts at Rockland, Camden, Vinalhaven, and elsewhere on the Maine coast, which pleased the people thereon greatly. The Band had a fine time while away.

At a regular meeting of Burbank W. C. 84, held last week, it was voted to provide a series of dancing parties the coming season to begin in September. The ladies composing the Corps are industrious and patriotic, and a helpful auxiliary to Post 33, the members of which are gradually being reduced in numbers by visits from the great Reaper. The Corps held a grand picnic with Mrs. Catherine Lower at Montvale last Wednesday.

You ought to hear citizen George Buchanan talk about Horn Pond water. Uncle George has horse sense and a plenty of it; and he used to be President of the Woburn Board of Health; he says, sticks to it, that Horn Pond water is as good as he wants, and good enough for anybody—pure and healthy as can be.

The public schools in this city are to reopen for business next Thursday, Sept. 5, for which important event Sup't. Clapp, teachers and scholars are making due preparations. The corps of teachers are substantially the same as last year, with Miss Dora Wino filling the office of Instructor of Music, and Mr. Owen at the head of the High School.

The Danish Sisterhood Lodge Virksomhed, No. 101, are to give their first annual Fair and Ball in Sons of Veterans Hall, 415 Main street, on Wednesday, Oct. 30 next, for which preparations are already underway. The tickets are to be 25 cents. Many attractions for the Fair have been planned, and it is likely to be a great success.

Our Board of Assessors had a good time at Revere the other day as guests of the Assessors of that town, and deserved it, for their Department about the hardest working one in the Administration. They have to stand more abuse, too, than any other Board in the city government, on which account clam chowder is none too good for them.

Pastors of our city churches are getting back to their flocks, and the pulps are ready to receive them. The singing-sheets, too, will soon resound with the melody of well rested choirs; and it is hoped that the pews will make a better showing of occupants than ever before. Surely, vacation days are over and gone, and now is the time for the Company during the summer months.

The family of Mr. Charles A. Jones, who have been at York Beach all summer, will return next week.

Brush and field fires have kept the firemen quite busy of late. A good soaking rain would put a stop to them.

Mr. Herbert B. Dow and family have returned from their Down East outing, and Roland is at home from Rockport.

Dr. J. P. Bixby and family are at home again from their Maine vacation visits. The Doctor is a native and worthy representative of the Pine Tree State, and enjoys very much an occasional return to it.

At a meeting of the Board of Public Works last Monday evening a contract was signed for a new pump for the waterworks. The Platts Iron Works Co. of Dayton, Ohio, got the contract and are to receive \$24,475 for the pump.

Lyceum Hall is being equipped with a new heating plant to take the place of the present system. The Woburn Machine Company are putting in Sun Ray steam heater, that is warranted to do the business in the best of shape.

There are to be sports and games at the basket picnic of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners at Millikin's Grove, Woburn, on Labor Day. Special cars will take the picnickers from Woburn to the Grove.

Miss Mary E. Grimes, daughter of Editor Grimes, has been engaged by the school authorities of Indianapolis, Indiana, to teach English in the High School of that city and will leave here next week to enter on her duties there. She graduated from Wellesley in Class '06, and has the reputation of being a fine scholar.

Witcher is all the time picking up odd things to make pictures of. Queer bits of scenery, old buildings, characters, and historic things, are subjects of his well worked cameras, and his store windows abound in unique photographs. Just now he is showing, engroupe, the portraits of all the past postmasters of Woburn.

We received a copy of the Rockwood (Me.) *Courier Gazette* of Aug. 24 which contained a 3 column story of the visit of the Charles Russell Lowell Post, G. A. R. of Boston, and the Woburn Brass Band to Penobscot Bay and River last week, which praised the band boisterously, and informed us that the Massachusetts visitors to that fair Down East country had the time of their lives.

Woburn has had an impure water scare. There was no occasion for alarm however, as the water of Horn Pond was found perfectly pure.—*Worcester Star.* That's a fact; there is no better or purer water to be found anywhere than that of Horn Pond. The scare was launched by cheap politicians who, for personal reasons, are opposed to Mayor Blodgett and his administration.

Gage & Co., merchant tailors, are getting a good ready for a big fall trade. Mr. Flint has gathered in and placed on exhibition full lines of the best and most fashionable materials for men's wearing apparel, with the prices of which no reasonable purchaser can find fault. A firstclass cutter and corps of experienced needlemen and women turn these materials into the finest suits made anywhere.

Among the handsome pictures that Mr. Charles H. Taylor, the photographic artist, has lately turned out is a hollyhock in natural colors, an exact reproduction of a specimen of the flower growing on his Pleasant street lawn that the public have seen from Mr. Taylor's hands, or that of any other artist, and makes an elegant ornament for the parlor wall.

Captain Homer B. Grant, U. S. A., who has been on the Commander Staff at Fort Banks in Boston Harbor, is about to be relieved by order of the War Department to attend the school of Submarine Defense at Fort Totten, N. Y., for instruction. His promotions in the service have been more rapid than common, due, no doubt, to anything could possibly be, and so it was on Monday, Aug. 26.

For the first time in about 11 years Mr. Charles A. March came on Monday matinee Labor Day, Sept. 2, with an unprecedented bill of sensational features. During the summer the Orpheum has been a complete renovation and patrons of this popular playhouse will see a practically new picture of the summer and winter seasons that the manager and his wife have been doing for the past few years. The manager's wife, Dorothy, is a genuine humorist, her music is delightfully melodious, and her characters are attractive and picturesque. In fact, "The Greville" has been one of the most modern American comic operas, and that is "Robin Hood."

According to the general understanding and immemorial usage, summer ends tomorrow, Aug. 31; but almanacmakers claim that autumn does not set in until Sept. 21. This difference in calculation does not, however, generally have any perceptible effect on the weather, as experience proves. Some of the coolest days and nights of the season are often experienced in August, and some of the warmest in September.

With the opening of the new Auditorium at the "Regent" as its opening, the Woburn Theatres, under the charge of Manager Lindsay Morrison, the plans for the summer have been completed and the new season will be opened on Sept. 1.

With the exception of a few days in September, the Woburn Theatres will be closed until the opening of the new Auditorium. The Woburn Brass Band will give a concert on Sept. 1.

Meetings for the week.

Engineering "Cyr" Chase and wife are talking of visiting Hillsboro, N. H., next week.

Tin roofing, sheet iron, and furnace work and stove repairs. Satisfaction guaranteed at H. B. Blye & Co.'s, 367 Main street, Woburn, Mass.—At.

Mrs. Josephine Waterman and daughter, Miss Sarah S., have taken up their residence with Mr. and Mrs. Frederic P. Brooks at 64 Pleasant street.

Master Owen of the High School returns today from his summer home at Monmouth, Maine, to be ready to take up the burdens of life at the new school.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Marion of Providence, R. I., have been visiting Mr. C. W. Marion of the Highlands, and are now with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Marion at Wilmington.

—Fires—The alarm from box 65 last Wednesday afternoon at 3:40 p. m. was for the burning of old timbers on the bed of Green street. The alarm from box 39 yesterday afternoon at 1:35 p. m. was for the burning of grass on Sturgis street.

—Our merchants are feeling well. Confidence in a prosperous fall trade prevails quite generally among them, and they are prepared to meet the demands of the public for their wares and merchandise of whatever name and nature. Proprietors of leading mercantile houses express the belief that a revival of business is about to begin, and the coming fall will witness more activity and satisfactory trade in this city than for some time past. Besides home patronage the merchants of Woburn supply a considerable well settled territory with goods of all kinds, and derive no meager amount of revenue from the surrounding towns, cities and agricultural districts. People in these places and in the home city have learned that it is more profitable to trade with Woburn merchants than to go to Boston, and this has a salutary effect on our business. Prices of all kinds of merchandise are really lower here than in Boston, and equally good, although not so large, stocks are kept.

—Interviews with proprietors for the information that considerable leather is being manufactured in this city at the present time, showing that the trust has not killed the business here. Woburn is not the great leather-making center it was 20 years ago—

—The leather is being manufactured at the leather-making center of Woburn, and some of the leather is being turned out large quantities, and increasing the capacity of their plants to meet future demands for their products. Belegs, Fox, Kimball, and some other establishments, are turning out large quantities, and increasing the capacity of their plants to meet future demands for their products.

—We had the pleasure of a visit extending from Saturday afternoon to Monday forenoon, Aug. 24, from Robert D. Boice, Esq., and his granddaughter, Miss Lillian Richardson, of Geneva, Illinois. Mr. Boice was 80 years old, and is one of the leading business men of that fair city of the prairies for the last 50 years; a director of the Farmers' National Bank there 35 years; and has always been held in high esteem by his fellow townsmen. He and Miss Richardson came East a few weeks ago on a pleasure trip and have since visited in several New England cities, and had quite finished their list when they left here last Monday for home via New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and Chicago.

—We had the pleasure of a visit extending from Saturday afternoon to Monday forenoon, Aug. 24, from Robert D. Boice, Esq., and his granddaughter, Miss Lillian Richardson, of Geneva, Illinois. Mr. Boice was 80 years old, and is one of the leading business men of that fair city of the prairies for

PETE'S BAD HOUR.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

Pete Duffy ran crouching across the freight yards, scrambling under the cars on all fours. Then, ascending to the top of the box car with the agility of a cat, he lay panting beside the footboard.

The city rose from the yards as from an amphitheater. They were bathed in dust, though a red gash still showed in the west where the hostile sun with drew after a day that had filled the hospitals. The heat was intensified by reflection from the labyrinth of rails and the metal of the rolling stock. A switch engine coughed unseen far down the yards, where harsh, jarring sounds accompanied the shunting and coupling of cars. Lanterns danced and flickered in jerky undulations.

Pete was saturated with perspiration. He pressed his chest against the slope of the car roof, where it fell away from the footboard, to still the pounding of his heart. His temples throbbed, his mouth was dry, and he could hardly catch his breath with aches so sore. Yet, in the midst of his torture, he listened with a sense so sharpened by predatory habit and present danger that the physical consciousness of it added to his pain.

As yet he dared not move. Voices floated to him, muffled and indistinct, and he strained his ears to catch what was being said, or, failing that, to gather from their tones some clew to the identity of the speakers. A burst of laughter relieved him. The police would not laugh.

The revolver, thrust into the tight banded trousers that he wore in common with his type, pressed against his ribs as he lay on his back. He felt it out and reached under the footboard with his easy reach. There were still three cartridges in it. The other two had done their work—done it well, he hoped, with a grim tightening of his thin lips.

Mulligan had been looking for it since the section men's down the river picnic, when Pete proved himself the better man, as everybody had declared. Mulligan deserved it too. Couldn't he have taken a beating without making such a rumpus about it and then spinning Old Man Leary a whole string of lies? And Leary was just on the point of adding his consent to Norah's and let him hit off together. The next blow would have been to the liver. Even the priest had been spoken to with Leary's knowledge.

Oh, well, there was no use whining about it now. Mulligan was soft on Norah, too, as everybody knew, and that was the real bone of contention, and Mulligan was brother-in-law to the section boss, who was supposed to have a pull with the division superintendent himself. The end was as plain now as it pronounced in the crisp tones of a judge's sentence. Mulligan was in the doctor's hands and good for at least a month in the hospital. When he came out he would marry Norah, who would be married through him, told him, and—and well, he, Pete, would either have to stalk round in hiding or give himself up and take his medicine. And, of course, he had forever lost all chance of a job on the road with Mulligan.

Pete dug his nails into his palms and writhed. Remorse he had none. He would have done it all over again. What had happened was, from his viewpoint, inevitable, the one honorable thing. He would rest to the last, of course. Now that Norah was lost to him, what was the use of living?

They would search the freight yards, though they seemed to have lost the scent. The growing darkness favored him. His last mad venture now on a change of position.

He raised his head. The switch engine still puffed, and the uneasy reflection of lanterns glimmered in spots, their bearers hidden by intervening cars. The tracks shook with the vibration of trains passing on the main line. To the north a massive bridge overhanging the yard where it narrowed. Under the arc light that snapped and flickered above it two policemen were posted, their faces blue black under the shadow of their summer helmets.

He was about to descend between the cars when the sound of approaching feet awoke him even as his hand closed on the top rung of the iron ladder to swing off. He noiselessly coaxed the revolver.

The car door rolled open. There was a scramble and the crack of a match within. Pete lowered his weapon and peered downward just as a dark form emerged from the interior, closely followed by a second. There was that in each shambling figure needed no more than outline to declare the tramp.

A Silkworm of the Sea.

Silk is obtained from the shellfish known as the *phorm* (*mytilidae*), which is found in the Mediterranean. This shellfish has the power of spinning a viscous silk which in Sicily is made into a regular and very handsome fabric. The silk is spun by the shellfish, in the first instance for the purpose of covering its eggs.

A Curious Embrocation.

Battachore oil is prepared and prepared very carefully for use as a liniment in some parts of the world.

Rheumatism and sore joints are the ailments in which it is chiefly employed.

The fat is taken from the dead reptile and laid upon a cloth in the hot sun, from which the filtered oil drops into a jar. From fear that the reptile may be bitten itself the clear oil is tested by dropping a portion of it into milk. If it floats in one globule it is regarded as unaffected.

If it breaks into beads and curdles the milk it is judged to be poisonous and thence it is rejected.

The other man tried and succeeded on the fourth trial.

A Curious Embrocation.

One summer a well known senator

Marie (England) Golf club reads:

"A ball may be lifted and dropped with the loss of a stroke when played in the railings surrounding the powder magazine." There appears to be an element of danger in this kind of golf which reminds a London writer of a certain golf course on the West Afric

can coast, where the eighth and ninth holes are always optional, as several golfers are said to have been lost there owing to the proximity of the jungle, which is known to be a favor

ite lair of the lion.

Where the Difference Lay.

"One of his complaints against his wife in the divorce suit," said the lawyer, "was that she smoked cigarettes."

"Oh, my goodness! And whenever he comes to see me," cried the bride-

"Oh, he doesn't mind other women smoking cigarettes," declared the lawyer.

"He likes it. It is only his wife,"

—New York Press.

The Intelligent Bohemian Life.

Coret, the French landscape painter,

was a model of consistent bohemianism of the best kind. When he

gathered (which is done at low tide)

he would go to the beach and

lie down in the sand.

His Symptoms.

"Maybe that boy of yours will be

famous some day," said the friend.

"I shouldn't be surprised," answer

ed Farmer Corrotto; "he does like to

smoke, and he's a good boy."

His Encouragement.

Frances—Harry says he just wants

to fall down and worship me all the

time. Her Mamma—Oh, well, don't

mind that, dear. After you're mar

ried he won't let it interfere with his business."

Long Distance Wagery.

Knickers—Some jokes can be carried

too far. Boker—Yes; for instance,

Smith's cotton is seven miles from

the station.—New York Sun.

OUR COIN MOTTO.

"God We Trust" Suggested by Maryland Farmer.

In the attempt to discover some universal law of bird flight scientists have disclosed concerning a number of species a most puzzling paradox, perhaps the most mysterious of the enigmas that the subject presents. It is that in a number of birds and insects the size of the wings does not correspond to the size in the body of the wing creature. The Australian crane, for instance, weighs over 300 times more than the sparrow, but in proportion has only one-seventh the wing area of the smaller bird.

This curious fact is equally striking if we compare birds with insects. If the gnat were increased in size until it was as large as the Australian crane and if the wings of the insect were enlarged to maintain the proportion they now bear to the body they would be about 150 times larger than the crane's.

It requires 3.62 square feet of wing area per pound to float the band swallows in the air. Between the two extremes only .08 of a square foot of wing surface per pound of body. The batrachos, weighing eighteen pounds, has a spread of wing of eleven feet six inches, while the trumpeter swan, weighing twenty-eight pounds, has a spread of wing of only eight feet. The swan weighs eight times more than the pigeon, but its proportion has only half as much wing surface.—Everybody's Magazine.

WANTED SOME FLOWERS.

The Woman's Order Started the High Priced Florist.

A woman went into a fashionable New York florist's store one day to buy some flowers for a sweet girl graduate.

"I want to get some flowers for a young lady who is to graduate tomorrow," she said. "What have you?"

"How would some American Beauties do?" asked the florist.

"What are they worth?"

"The best are \$7 a dozen."

The woman thought a moment.

"Have you none cheaper?" she asked.

"Yes," said the florist. "We have some with short stems for \$3 and \$4."

She looked at the carnations. "How much are these?" she asked.

"We have them for 50 cents a dozen and 75 cents a dozen."

"Would carnations do for a graduating present?"

"Yes indeed."

"Will you tie them up with ribbon?"

"Yes."

"Will you mix the colors?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the woman after a moment's hesitation, "you may give me a red one and a white one."

The florist gasped. "Shall I put them in separate boxes?" he asked.—Everybody's Magazine.

Walk a Crack?

Most men cannot walk in a straight line with their eyes open, and none ever lived that could do so with his eyes shut. Try to walk a straight line with your eyes closed, and you will find that you have to make a great effort to do so.

It is a strange limitation of form, and there must be a reason. Those who

delve into origins may ascribe the

whole motive of sports to some long

armed, hirsute ancestor who first

threw a pebble at a fellow cave dweller and found it great fun.

Or it may be poor mortal's attempt to get in a small fashion into the

treacherous school of life. Or it may be the result of the transplanting movement of

the spheres. Or it may be that sports are framed in inevitable obedience to

some irresistible law of nature.

At any rate the fact is sports are based

upon the propulsion of the sphere,

and some one ought to find a reason

therefor.—New York American.

A Good Medicine.

Laughter not only gains friends, but it's a good medicine—keeps the eyes bright, the head light and increases the number of red corpuscles. Perhaps that is the reason one sees so few fashionable people laughing. They are cultivating blue blood.

A man who was very ill was visited by his doctor, one of those inglorious creatures, about as cheerful as a tombstone. He assumed the properly dejected air and inquired of the sick man where his friends were. In the crowd where his friends were, he could not find any to tell him about his last request.

"Yes, one," the patient answered feebly.

"What is it?"

"I wish I had another doctor."—St. Louis Republic.

A Curious Embrocation.

One summer a well known senator

Marie (England) Golf club reads:

"A ball may be lifted and dropped with the loss of a stroke when played in the railings surrounding the powder magazine." There appears to be an element of danger in this kind of golf which reminds a London writer of a certain golf course on the West Afric

an coast, where the eighth and ninth holes are always optional, as several golfers are said to have been lost there owing to the proximity of the jungle, which is known to be a favor

ite lair of the lion.

Where the Difference Lay.

"One of his complaints against his wife in the divorce suit," said the lawyer, "was that she smoked cigarettes."

"Oh, my goodness! And whenever he comes to see me," cried the bride-

"Oh, he doesn't mind other women smoking cigarettes," declared the lawyer.

"He likes it. It is only his wife,"

—New York Press.

The Intelligent Bohemian Life.

Coret, the French landscape painter, was a model of consistent bohemianism of the best kind. When he

gathered (which is done at low tide)

he would go to the beach and

lie down in the sand.

His Symptoms.

"Maybe that boy of yours will be

famous some day," said the friend.

"I shouldn't be surprised," answer

ed Farmer Corrotto; "he does like to

smoke, and he's a good boy."

His Encouragement.

Frances—Harry says he just wants

to fall down and worship me all the

time. Her Mamma—Oh, well, don't

mind that, dear. After you're mar

ried he won't let it interfere with his business."

Long Distance Wagery.

Knickers—Some jokes can be carried

too far. Boker—Yes; for instance,

Smith's cotton is seven miles from

the station.—New York Sun.

Home Diplomacy.

Jack—Hullo, Charlie! And how do

you enjoy married life, eh? Ever

had a quarrel with your wife?

Charles—Yes, but I don't

get her know about them—Reynolds

Janet.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LVII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 40.

Business Cards.
Cummings, Chute & Co.,
—DEALERS IN—
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands
of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.

AMATUER SUPPLIES. All
Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscape, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures
Copied and Enlarged.

Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of
work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals, all
constantly on hand.

Office and Warerooms,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone,
No. of Telephone 144.

Residence and Night Telephone 353-5.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counselors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading &
Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Reading Square for Stoneham,

Woburn, North Arlington and Reading 5:00,

5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00,

7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30, 9:00, M. and every 30
minutes until 11:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham 5:00 A. M.

and Reading 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:00,

8:20, 8:40, 9:10 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 4:00, 4:40, 5:00,

6:00, 6:25, 6:40, 7:00, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Woburn and

Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 4:00, 4:40, 5:00,

6:00, 6:25, 6:40, 7:00, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Woburn and

Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 4:00, 4:40, 5:00,

6:00, 6:25, 6:40, 7:00, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 4:00, 4:40, 5:00,

6:00, 6:25, 6:40, 7:00, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and

Arlington 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 4:00, 4:40, 5:00,

6:00, 6:25, 6:40, 7:00, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A. M.
and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Arlington for Woburn, Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:50, 7:50, 8:20, 8:50 A. M. and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P. M.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Woburn for Lowell, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:30 A. M. and every 30 minutes until
10:30 P. M.

RETURNS.

Leave Lowell for Woburn, and

Reading 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00,

MOTHERHOOD

The first requisite of a good mother is good health, and the experience of maternity should not be approached with any painful physical preparation, as a woman who is in good physical condition transmits to her children the blessings of a good constitution.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which is made from native roots and herbs, more successfully than by any other medicine because it gives tone and strength to the entire feminine organism, curing disbursements, ulcerating the womb, and the result is less suffering and more children healthy at birth. For more than thirty years.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

has been the standby of American mothers in preparing for childbirth. Note what Mrs. James Chester, of 427 W. 35th St., New York says in this letter:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—"I wish every expectant mother knew about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. A neighbor has learned of it, and she has told me that life urges me to try it, and I did so, and I cannot say enough in regard to the good it did me. I recovered quickly and am in the best of health now."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is certainly a successful remedy for the peculiar weakness and ailments of women.

It is an emollient, nutritive tonic of the Vegetable Compound. Dragging Sensations, Weak Back, Falling and Displacements, Inflammation, Ulcerations and Organic Diseases of Women and is invaluable in preparing for Childbirth and during the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free.



AN UNOPENED PADLOCK.

Vienna's Strange Relic That Defied the World's Locksmiths.

In 1810 a blacksmith went to Vienna and locked an iron band around a tree with a padlock. What he did with the key no one knows to this day. There is a mythical legend to the effect that he carelessly threw it into the air and that it never came down again. At any rate, the key could not be found, and the Austrian government offered a prize of 500 ducats to any one who could make a key that would turn the bolt.

Many have tried to open the prize but nobody has won it. Eventually it became the practice among the contestants to drive a nail in the tree and the heads of some of the nails bear the initials of those who drove them.

The practice of driving nails into the tree sealed its fate. The lower part of the tree in a few years assumed the appearance of a solid mass of iron. One spring the leaves failed to come out, and later a summer storm blew the top away.

The historic stump was cut off and placed on a pedestal in one of the prominent squares of Vienna.

At the same time the iron band was cut in two and put around the stump to hold it in its niche, leaving the padlock in its original position. And there the old stump stands to this day an object both of the curiosity of tourists and the veneration of the residents of Vienna. Incidentally, a street, Stock in Eisen—"Stick in Iron"—has been named after the stump. Scrap Book.

ANTIQUITY OF GEOMETRY.

The Science May Have Existed in India for Long Ages.

Did we learn geometry from three of our English friends? Indians have brought to light astronomical tables in India which must have been constructed by the principles of geometry. Some are of the opinion that they have been framed from observations made not less than 3,000 years before the Christian era, and if this opinion be well founded the science of geometry must have been cultivated in India to a considerable extent long before the period assigned to its origin in the west, so that many of the elementary propositions may have been known in India before the time of Pythagoras.

The Indians have a tradition called the "Surya Siddhanta," which professes to be a revelation from heaven communicated to Maya, a man of great sanctity, about 4,000,000 years ago. This book contains a rational system of trigonometry which differs entirely from the first known in Greece and Arabia. In fact, it is founded on a geometrical theorem which was not known to the geometers of Europe before the time of Vieta, about 200 years ago. And it employs methods of demonstration unknown to the Greeks, who used others. The former have been attributed to the Arabs, but it is possible they have received this improvement in trigonometry as well as the numerical characters from India.—Chicago News.

If Washington Were There.

Two prominent society women of Washington were seated in the gallery reserved for the families of congressmen.

"What a grand body of men!" exclaimed the younger of the two enthusiastically.

"Do you think so?" asked the other.

"Of course, I do. See how alert and businesslike they are. I am sure if George Washington could come back to congress he would be proud of such a dazzling spectacle."

"I fear, dear," remarked the elder of the two seriously, "that if George Washington were to come back and see congress he would lose no time in delivering another farewell address."

Lippincott's.

Early Use of Tobacco.

I have heard my grandfather say that one pipe was handed from man to man round the table. They had first silver pipes, the ordinary sort having a waist shell and bowl.

Tobacco was sold then for its weight in silver. I have heard some of our old neyemon neighbors say that when they went to Malmesbury or Chippingham market they called out their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco. Sir W. R. standing in a stand at Sir Robert Poyntz's park at Acton, took a pipe of tobacco, which made the ladies quit it until he had done.—"Brief Lines Set Down by John Aubrey," 1690-96.

Two Acres Farms.

In Belgium a two acre holding is sufficient to maintain a farmer and his family. The typical two acre farm in that country contains a patch of wheat or rye and another of barley. Another fair portion grows potatoes. A row of cabbage grows all round on the sloping sides of the ditches, with a row of onions just outside, leaving bare walking room between them and the grain. The shade trees round the house are pear trees. Every foot of land is made to produce, and the farmer keeps pigs and chickens.

Turned Down.

"Bea' pardon, sir," said the waiter, with outstretched palm, "but 'aven't you forgotten something?"

"No," replied the departing guest, "but I'm trying to forget it. Good day."—"Catholic Standard and Times."

Corrected in Rhyme.

Thackery was much pestered by the autograph hunter, says Hodder in his "Recollections." He disliked all things to write in an autograph album and often refused those who asked him to do so sometimes rather brusquely.

On one occasion the owner of an album, a young lady, was fortunate, Thackery took her book to his room in order to look it over. Written on a page for the hunter was:

Mount Pleasant is the monarch of mountains.

They crowned him long ago.

But who they got to put it on.

Nobody seems to know.

Albert Smith.

Under these lines Mr. Thackery wrote:

A HUMBLE SUGGESTION.

I know that Albert wrote in hurry. To criticize I scarce presume. But yet methinks that Lindley Murray instead of "who" had written "whom." W. M. Thackery.

Pliny's Yarns.

Pliny's yarns about human anatomy were something wonderful. He tells of a race of savages men whose feet are turned backward and of a race known as Monoculi, who have only one leg, but are able to leap with surprising agility. The same people are also called Scolopendri, because they are found in the habit of riding on the backs during the extreme heat and protecting themselves from the sun by the shade of their feet. These people dwell not far from the Troglodytes, to the west of whom again there are a tribe who are without necks and have their eyes in their shoulders.

Clever.

Mrs. Petter—Did you see that? Dixie on seized that rocking chair and was it before he hit his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding trip too, Mr. Petter—That's just it. There's where Dixie is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding trip, don't you see? And besides he gets the chair.—Boston Transcript.

All That He Had.

"Can you give bond?" asked the judge. "Have you got anything?"

"Judge," replied the prisoner, "since you ax me, I'll tell you. I hadn't got nuthin' in the worl' 'cept the spring chills, six acres o' no 'count land, a big family, a hope of a hereafter an' the ole' wad rheumatism."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Stinger.

Mrs. Petter—Did you see that? Dixie on seized that rocking chair and was it before he hit his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding trip too, Mr. Petter—That's just it. There's where Dixie is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding trip, don't you see? And besides he gets the chair.—Boston Transcript.

When to Shoot a Critic.

At a supper party at the Garrick Club in London some years ago a theatrical manager wound up a humorous speech by declaring his conviction that it would be to the advantage of the drama if a master were made of all the theatrical critics and they were shot off. John Knight the critic, called upon to reply, in this playful structure, rose and in his richest tones spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, I have not the faintest objection, understand me, to the course proposed by Mr. X., provided that in mercy we are shot before being invited to witness such entertainments as our dear friend has recently produced at his theater."

Making a Monkey of Him.

"I have something to tell you. I have a tale about my ancestors."

"I presume your ancestors had tails about themselves."—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing can be done at once hastily and prudently.—Publius Syrus.

Not Qualified.

During a match at St. Andrews, Scotland, a rustic was struck in the eye accidentally by a golf ball. Running up to his assailant, he yelled, "This 'll cost ye £5—£5." But I called out 'fore' as loudly as I could," explained the golfer. "Did ye, sir?" repeated the troubled one, much aped. "Well, I didna hear. I'll take fewer."

Willing to Compromise.

"No, sub. Harris isn't ready for de kingdom yit," declared Uncle Peter.

"Hit 'don' gib' yo' wings ter hab yo' name on de bifeah ob de bifeah."—Youth's Companion.

Quackery has no friend like gullibility.—Italian Proverb.

Plenty of Them.

Jonkey—You're right. Most people worry over what they haven't got, but I know certain people who worry because of what they have. Coakley—

That so? What have they? Joakley—

Nothing.—Philadelphia Press.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1907.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

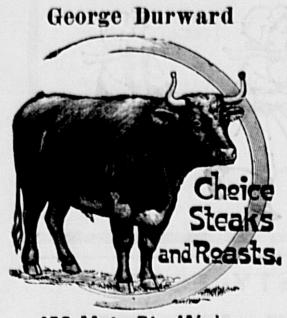
VOL. LVII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1907.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office, as second-class matter.

NO. 42.

Business Cards.
Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.



CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.

AMATUER SUPPLIES. All Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscapes, Interiors, Machinery. Pictures Copied and Enlarged. Painting, Finishing, and all kinds of Work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,

Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals, all constantly on hand.

Office and Warehouses,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone. No. of Telephone 14-236.

Residence and Night Telephone 236-4.

NORRIS & NORRIS,
Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change Of Time. Reading & Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars will leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00, 5:20, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Winchester and Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40, 6:10, 6:40, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham and Arlington 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 7:30, 8:00, 8:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham and Arlington 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:30 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Stoneham and Arlington 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 8:10, 9:10, 9:40, 10:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Arlington 7:10, 8:10, 8:40, 9:10 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M.

LEAVES WOBURN.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:15, 7:15, 8:15, 9:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15 A.M. and every 30 minutes until 11:30 P.M.

Leave Woburn for Boston 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 18, 1907.

SENATOR AND REPRESENTATIVE.

Present appearances indicate that the Republican caucuses and conventions will encounter no difficulty, and have no contests, in selecting candidates for the Sixth Senatorial and 20th Representative Districts this fall.

Senator Herbert S. Riley will, of course, meet with no opposition to a nomination for a second term, for not only does custom demand it, but his record in the Senate, and personal merit, entitle him to it.

Representative Andrew R. Lincoln will, also, receive unanimous votes in the convention, and, as a matter of course, their election will follow in November, as it will deserve to do.

So, the Republican caucuses and conventions for Senator and Representatives in this District will be tame affairs—meetings merely to endorse candidates already agreed on.

FOR ECONOMY'S SAKE.

At a meeting held one evening last week the Board of Public Works, at the suggestion and recommendation of Mayor Blodgett, who is, likewise, ex-officio Chairman of the Board, abolished the office of Superintendent of Public Buildings, which carried a salary of \$600, to save unnecessary expenses, and for the best interests of the taxpayers. There was hot opposition to the move, but a majority of the members voted to abolish, and the same was done, to take effect on Oct. 1, 1907.

The office was a needless one, and a sinecure for the holder of it. The execution of its alleged duties demanded neither time nor labor, and the salary was as good as money thrown away. There can be no doubt but that the public will heartily approve of the action of the Board in abolishing the office.

Although nothing definite was decided on at a meeting of the milk producers and contractors held at the American Home, Boston, last Tuesday, the prevailing sentiment was that the price of milk will soon be raised to 10 cents a quart in Greater Boston. The demand of the farmers on the contractors for an increase of price was resisted by the latter, who, it was thought, will be compelled to yield ultimately and milk will go up to 10 cents. The result will be, that the consumers will stop using milk, and the farmers will find, in the end, that they have cut their own throats.

We are pleased to hear from our esteemed contemporary, the Reading Chronicle, that Hon. James W. Grimes of that fair village is able to read his title clear to an unopposed reelection to the State Senate in November next. He has shown himself eminently qualified for the honorable office of Senator; has been true to his constituency; done his duty faithfully; and if ever a man deserved reelection without opposition, that man is Hon. James Wilson Grimes.

Mr. James W. Killam, one of Reading's Selectmen, is trying to beat George A. Shadcock for the Republican Representative nomination in that town. Word comes that the fight, as it stands at present, is a pretty one. In the meantime, Reading Democrats are looking coldly on Brother Lewis, who vainly longs for a second election to the House of Representatives.

Last week's Medford Mercury contained a 4-column argument against the proposed merger of the New York, New Haven and Hartford and the Boston & Maine Railroads, which was evidently from the pen of General Samuel Lawrence of that town, who is a heavy stockholder in the Boston & Maine Company and an earnest and influential opponent of the merger.

In a speech made the other day Speaker Cole said the merger is a business proposition and should not be made a political issue by the Republicans in the pending campaign. The Speaker is exactly right; the merger should cut no figure in the canvas, Senator Lodge and Governor Guild to the contrary, notwithstanding.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements:
F. P. Lewis—Card.
F. P. Lewis—Reader.
B. F. Burns—Editor.
Middlesex County—Pet. and Order.

Hon. George F. Bean was elected Vice-President of the Bean Family Association last week.

The Woburn Brass Band are to give their final concert of the present season on the Common tonight.

Last Monday evening the City Council approved of the Mayor's list of appointees for Ward officers.

The Registrars of Voters will be in session at City Hall tomorrow evening, Sept. 14, to prepare the voting lists.

The number of pupils registered in the schools last Monday was 2,845, a considerable increase over last year.

Persons seeking a musical education should read the card of Mrs. Annie and Mr. Percyval Lewis in this paper.

Supt. Myers of the Woburn Division of the Boston & Northern Street Railway Co., is taking a well earned vacation.

Mrs. Ella W. Putney of Putney, Georgia, is visiting relatives and friends in this city, which was formerly her home.

Only 2 more Wednesday afternoons closing by the traders. The Wednesday evening closing of stores will continue.

The drought caused a premature disrobing of shade and fruit trees, and in many places the ground is covered with fallen leaves.

The annual promenade and concert of the Woburn Brass Band last Friday night was handsomely patronized, and deserved it.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilbur Brown have returned from Squam Lake, N. H.

Hon. E. E. Thompson and his daughter have been at Marblehead a few days this week.

The bowing season has opened and the rush of the spheres and rattle of the temple will soon be heard at the Towns Clubhouse.

McLaughlin & Dennis, druggists, are sailing along smoothly, with constantly increasing trade. They are a brace of popular young men.

The Woburn Democracy would prefer some other man than John B. Lewis for Representative this fall, but fear they will have to take him again.

The Middlesex County, W. C. T. U. convention is to be held in the Baptist church, Malden Square, Main street, Malden, on Thursday, Sept. 26.

Connoisseurs and sticklers for good eating always choose "Copp's Tomatoes," raised by Mr. George W. Copp of the West Side, for they are the boss.

The old High Schoolhouse has been christened with the name of Hanson after James L. Hanson, for many years the able and popular principal of the school.

E. Prior may be found at 346 Main street, Woburn, prepared to sell Real Estate of all descriptions—sell at Auction and does a general Fire Insurance business.

The City Council Committee on Salaries have fixed the pay of the election officers as follows: Wardens and Clerks, \$10; Inspectors, \$7; Deputy Inspectors, \$2.

Mr. Henry P. Harrington and Miss Susan A. Tufts were married last evening in this city. Mr. Harry F. Parker of Church avenue was best man at the wedding.

A smart rain last Wednesday was followed by the fairest day of the present fall on Thursday. It was an elegant day, and more of the same sort would be acceptable.

The heavy storm last Sunday must have gratified to the old farmer's wife who said she was always glad to have it rain nights and Sundays so the hired men could rest.

Commissioner Hayward managed the water question in good shape, and howling has ceased. He can be depended on to do the right thing in his Department at the right time.

Last Monday John A. Hartshorn, a former stonemason in this city, was prostrated by a severe paralytic shock, and when Dr. Chalmers was called he found him in a serious condition.

The E. Prior Real Estate Agency has sold for Leonard Fowle and Mrs. Ella F. Blaney the estate No. 4, Garfield avenue to James H. Knight, who buys for occupancy.

Miss Carrie Spencer, who accidentally shot herself at Pittsfield, Maine, on Aug. 20, left there last Friday night and arrived at the Medford hospital early Saturday morning, where she now is improving.

A public hearing on the petition for widening Abbott street, presented to the City Council last Monday evening, is advertised to be held at 8 o'clock, Thursday evening, Sept. 26, in the Council Chamber.

In the person of John Crosby the School Board made an excellent choice for janitor of the Union street and Plympton schools. He will be found a faithful employee, a man who understands the business, and will attend right to it.

Mr. Arthur Whitcher is not only an earnest supporter of the petition before the City Council for the widening of Abbott street for the new Federal building to be erected on the Blake property, but an energetic worker for the same.

The choir of the M. E. Church were pleasantly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard Copeland at their residence, 16 Scott street, last Monday evening. Refreshments and social intercourse contributed to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Mr. S. R. French, 5 School street, N. W., is agent for the sale of the famous Whirligig floating toilet soap, which is a favorite with the people. He is also agent for other first class soaps. Mr. French is a fair man to deal with.

The following Woburn women have been in attendance on the G. A. R. convention at Saratoga this week: Madams Ella F. Peckham, Carrie LeBaron, Ella LeBaron, Lu DeLoria, Margaret Simpson, Sarah A. Woodside, and Miss Grace Leslie.

Harry B. Blye has a neat store at No. 367 Main street, with a snug and well appointed workshop in the rear, manned by skilful artisans. The shop is filled with hardware and kindred goods of all kinds and is a first-class prosperous establishment.

Rev. Dr. Norton, pastor of First church, is still in the Maine pines battling manfully and successfully with the hay fever, with which he is troubled every fall. Although his vacation season has expired, he will not be at home to preach next Sunday, but furnish a substitute.

Rob Sullivan, a graduate from the JOURNAL printery, Class '06, was looking fine when he came around to call on his alma Mater a few days ago. He is now engaged at his trade in a Stoneham office. A JOURNAL diploma never fails to secure a good job for the holder of it.

Company G's 5th Reg't, rifle team beat Company H's 6th Reg't rifle team at Wakefield last Saturday handily. Tomorrow G. Co. and Duke of Cornwall's Own of Ottawa, Canada, are to shoot their second match, the former at the Wakefield Range; the latter at Ottawa.

Our Woburn reporter says the Woburn Club of that town have engaged Mrs. Josephine Hayward of Woburn to fill one number of this season's list of lectures already prepared by them. Mrs. Hayward has many calls to lecture before clubs and literary societies, and was kept quite busy last fall and winter filling engagements.

The annual promenade and concert of the Woburn Brass Band last Friday night was handsomely patronized, and deserved it.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1907.

HARDWARE

Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.

H. B. BLYE & CO.

367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

The Caucuses.

The Republicans of Woburn are to hold their caucuses on Tuesday evening, Sept. 24, at the following places:

Ward 1, South End Hall
Ward 2, Highland Hose House
Ward 3, Mechanics Hall
Ward 4, Republic Hose Headquarters
Ward 5, Hose House
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House.

The Democratic caucuses are to be held on Friday evening at:

Ward 1, South End Hall
Ward 2, A. O. H. Hall
Ward 3, Mechanics Hall
Ward 4, Mechanics Hall
Ward 5, Porter Hose House.
Ward 6, Vidette Hose House.
Ward 7, Cummings Hose House.

MEETINGS FOR THE WEEK.

UNITARIANS.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. Dr. George W. Williams, on "The Project of Liberty and its Cost."

BAPTIST.—At 10:30 A. M., preaching by the Rev. Dr. George W. Williams, on "The Project of Liberty and its Cost."

UNITED METHODISTS.—At 7:30 P. M., Sunday School.

WESLEYAN.—At 7:30 P. M., Sunday School.</

Bad Beginnings.

By BRIAN CARILL.

Copyrighted, 1907, by P. C. Eastman.

Eddowes scowled at the clock as he let himself into the office. A freight train on the branch line over which he commuted to town had backed the tracks and he had been forced to tramp two miles across country to reach the trolley. Arriving after a series of transfers, he found Bentons card on the floor beneath the letter drop with the penciled legend that he was going out of town.

The dead Eddowes had been working on would not hold out until Bentons return, and he gritted his teeth as he thought of all the commission on the transaction would have meant to him.

It would have made up the sum needed to complete the purchase of the little house he wanted. Mrs. Edna Conant as a housekeeper it might mean a year now before another such brilliant opportunity would offer.

He glanced out of the window through the light, driving rain, at the sodden vista of wet roof tops and smoke stained buildings, and thought how well the weather matched his own feelings. For months he had been working to close the real estate transaction. Benton was to be at the office at 10 to put the final details through, and now he had sailed for Europe and would not be back for several months. It was the final happening of a chain of accidents that had begun with a stab in the back, got out of bed, followed by the loss of his last collar button under the bureau, the burning of half his breakfast by a green serving girl and then the wreck and its attendant discomforts.

He turned from the window with a shudder.

"This is a fine beginning for the week," he said to himself. "If it keeps up this way until Saturday I shall land in the lunatic asylum." He took his seat before the desk and busied himself with the papers in the Benton manner. Four signatures and the exchange of a check would have made the set complete and would have brought his commission \$10,000. Everything had been arranged to expedite matters. Benton had waited half an hour in the hall until he had just time to make the steamer upon which he was to sail.

Eddowes carefully clipped the papers to a file board and caught up his umbrella. He fell in with the procession of people and started home. The wind had freshened, and the rain was driving in sheets now. At the corner by the trust company building the air currents were unusually strong, and just as he passed the curb a girl ahead made a clutch at her umbrella as it turned inside out, while the torn silk fluttered from the bent ribs. Eddowes covered the dainty hat with his own umbrella and steered her to the protection of the entrance.

"Let it drop in the gutter," he said. "There is no hope of saving any part of it."

"Harry!" gasped the girl. "Where did you come from?"

"From the office," he laughed. "What brings you downtown, Edna?"

"I was to meet father for lunch," she explained. "He was called to an important conference and left word for me to go to lunch alone. I was going home. I am so perfectly miserable. Everything has gone wrong to day. It has been a chapter of accidents ever since I rose."

"Let's be miserable together," he suggested. "Come and have some lunch, and we'll tell each other our troubles."

He led the way to a little place where the service was excellent and the prices moderate. Here, at a little table in the corner, she detailed her chapter of accidents, while he in turn gave a whimsical account of his own mishaps.

"We are companions in misery," he said, with a laugh. "I really believe that it has done me good to pour my tale of woe into sympathetic theory of flight—Everybody's Magazine.

As though in answer, a beam of sunlight stole through the windows and fell across the table. Eddowes looked up.

"There is the sun," he cried. "That last burst of rain must have been the final gust of the storm. The sun is coming through the clouds."

"And it's always going to shine," she answered.

"Let's pay the check and go and get the ring," he suggested. "I want to have you sealed and signed. I—he'll."

His face was blank with amazement as Benton threaded his way toward them between the rows of tables.

"I thought I should find you here," explained the newcomer when greetings had been exchanged. "We have left the house, and when we are around to avoid ramming a schooner, and in trying to pull our nose out of the mud the propeller shaft broke. We sail at 9 tonight. In the meantime I thought I would come back to town on one of the tugs and close up there."

"Everything is all ready," exclaimed Eddowes, rising. "We'll go right over to the office. It will be a fortunate investment, I am sure. We have just found out that bad beginnings make good endings."

Perhaps Benton understood why Eddowes pressed Edna's hand as he helped her into her coat. At any rate he smiled in sympathy as they went out into the sunlight.

The Milk in the Cocoanut.

Every boy knows the three eyes to be found in one end of a cocoanut, and many a boy has bored these eyes out, or one or two of them, with the small blade of a pocketknife so as to get at the milk in the cocoanut, which he then drained out into a cup or drunk direct from the cocoanut itself. But there is a more fascinating way still of getting at the milk in the cocoanut. By this other method the cocoanut is opened at the other end from the eyes. The cocoanut is struck all around gently and repeatedly with a hammer or a stone, until at a distance of about one-third of the way from the top, about where the Arctic circle would be on a globe. A continual gentle tapping will finally crack the shell of the nut all around; not in a line exactly on the circle perhaps, but pretty near it. Sometimes it cracks shell and meat of the nut, too, so that both can be lifted off together; sometimes it cracks out only a shell cap at the top, which is lifted off, and the cap of meat underneath is then cut out around with a knife. And then there you are with the white lined coconut cup to drink from.

A Bird Flight Fallacy.

There have been decades of dispute over the question of whether the air and the air sacs in many species of birds. It has been contended that, inasmuch as the temperature of birds is higher than that of any other creature, this network of air chambers, becoming filled with air warmer than the surrounding atmosphere, enables the bird to fly. It is true that the gannet, the pigeon, the pelican, the albatross and other flying birds are equipped with air chambers, but the Australian emu, which flies when at all with the greatest difficulty, as well as the ostrich and the apteryx, which cannot fly at all, are also provided with these air sacs and so, too, is the young swan. Moreover, notably good fliers—swallows, martins, the glass starling, the spotted flycatcher, the wood wren and the black headed bunting—have bones destitute of air, some of them, in fact, being filled with marrow. No fallacy in science has been more difficult to puncture than this air cell or balloon theory of flight—Everybody's Magazine.

Eating Eggs.

He was a Frenchman and on his way to make his first visit to the land of Uncle Sam. At breakfast the first morning after the steamer had left Cheung-kiang his right hand neighbor nodded and said: "I am a Frenchman, too." The American who sat opposite, The meal finished, inquiry was made as to the reason for the Frenchman's interest in what was going on in front of him.

"Did you see them?" he sputtered. "The remarks may be freely translated—'Did you see them eat the eggs?'"

"Why, of course I saw them. What about it?"

"They broke—it in horror—they broke the eggs into cups and then mashed the mixture with a spoon and ate it."

"Yes. You see, that's the way we Americans eat eggs. We don't crack the top and eat the egg out of the shell as you do."

"Oh, we do—that is, some of us. We fix eggs that way for children who haven't learned table manners."

It Didn't Go.

"Lady, I'm out of work," explained the tramp, undismayed by the forbidding glare of the Illinois farmer's wife. "I'm a deep sea fisherman; but the fish is all fish out of the Atlantic ocean this year. Bel'm poor, unfortunate, but honest man, I'm now on my way walkin' to the Pacific coast where the fishin' is good. Can't you help a feller along a bit?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the farmer's wife. "I'll just unloose the dog and help you run part of the way."—Lipincott's.

Family Report.

"Well," snapped Mrs. Henpeck, "I certainly was a fool when I married you!"

"True, my dear," responded Henpeck, "and I regret to state you haven't improved any!"—Detroit Free Press.

Good Beginning.

Doctor—Madam, your husband must have absolute rest. Madam—Well, doctor, we won't listen to you. Doctor—A very good beginning, madam—a very good beginning.—Binghamton Herald.

Speechless, but Graphic.

A knowledge of the art of drawing is sometimes very useful. A well known caricaturist had done himself very well at a dance and was being put into a cab by some friends, none of whom knew where he lived, and himself was more or less speechless. At last, however, he managed to extort a pencil and a sheet of paper from his pocket and drew a sketch, which, when finished, he handed out of the cab. The drawing was a clear sketch of a well known church steepie in Binghamton. "The rag had slipped off, and my mother's ruse was exposed!"—Kansas City Star.

Appear to know only this—never to fall nor fall—Epileptics.

Safe.

Mrs. Smith—Yes, my little five-year-old girl is a great help in my house-keeping. Mrs. Randall—Why, what can such a child do to help? Mrs. Smith—She goes down and tells the cook for whenever we're going to have company.—Harper's Bazaar.

Dilectious Put.

He would say that she painted, powdered and all that. He was too much of a gentleman for that.

"Still I may as well confess," he said, "that she impressed me as one who thinks she can improve upon the Lord's handwriting."

The Plagiarist.

"Father," said Rollo, "what is a plagiarist?"

"A plagiarist, my son, is a kleptomaniac who lacks the courage to take anything which the police could be called on to protect!"—Washington Star.

Hopeful.

Granger—How are you getting along at your house? Timson—Pretty well, on the whole. We are nearly out of everything but debt, and in time, if things go on as they have been going, we ought to be out of that.—Boston Transcript.

A man can know nothing of man-kind without knowing something of himself.—Beaconsfield.

LEGAL TENDER.

You Might Think Gold Certificates Are, but They Are Not.

"Gold certificates, silver certificates and national bank notes are not legal tender, but both classes of certificates are payable for all public dues, while national bank notes are receivable for all public dues except on imports and may be paid out by the government for all salaries and other debts and demands owing by the United States to individuals, corporations and associations within the United States," says the treasury department.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Gold coin is legal tender at its nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government.

"Standard or silver dollars are legal tender at their nominal face value for all debts, public and private, except debts of the government

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 484 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LVII.

Business Cards.

Cummings, Chafe & Co.,

— DEALERS IN —

Flour, Corn,

Meal, Oats,

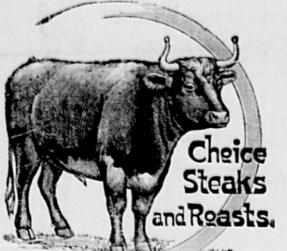
Hav, Straw,

Coal and Wood.

Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.

9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.

AMATUER SUPPLIES. All

Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscape, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures

Copied and Enlarged.

Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds

of work for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,
Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals
constantly on hand.

Office and Warerooms,
No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.

No. of Telephone 144.

Residence and Night Telephone 233-6.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

415 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice To Patrons,

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Beginning Monday, June 3, 1907, cars
will leave Arlington for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00 A.M., 5:30, 6:45, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:30, 6:45, 6:55, 7:05, 7:20, 7:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40, 6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stoneham and Reading 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Stoneham and Arlington 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05, 8:20, 8:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M., then
12:10 A.M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5:00, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:30, 6:45, 6:55, 7:05, 7:20, 7:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 5:40, 6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

The following new timetable for the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1907.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5:12 A.M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27 P.M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn, Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. The Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6:17 A.M., and then every 15 minutes until 10:30 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave 7:32 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 10:32 P.M., and then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which runs via Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford, Square will be discontinued on Jan. 15, 1907, and the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winchester, and Reading, where the cars will run via Boston for through cars to Saco Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. There will be no car to connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connects with Lowell car at Woburn. On No. 15, the hour even and returning leave Perry Corner, Woburn for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

RETURNING.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:30 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05, 8:20, 8:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:40 P.M., then
12:10 A.M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington as follows: 6:00, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 5:20, 5:50, 6:05, 6:20, 6:30, 6:45, 6:55, 7:05, 7:20, 7:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Reading 5:40, 6:10, 6:25, 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

The following new timetable for the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1907.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5:12 A.M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27 P.M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn, Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. The Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6:17 A.M., and then every 15 minutes until 10:30 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave 7:32 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 10:32 P.M., and then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which runs via Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford, Square will be discontinued on Jan. 15, 1907, and the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winchester, and Reading, where the cars will run via Boston for through cars to Saco Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. There will be no car to connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connects with Lowell car at Woburn. On No. 15, the hour even and returning leave Perry Corner, Woburn for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

RETURNING.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05, 8:20, 8:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

The following new timetable for the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1907.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5:12 A.M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27 P.M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn, Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. The Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6:17 A.M., and then every 15 minutes until 10:30 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave 7:32 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 10:32 P.M., and then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which runs via Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford, Square will be discontinued on Jan. 15, 1907, and the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winchester, and Reading, where the cars will run via Boston for through cars to Saco Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. There will be no car to connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connects with Lowell car at Woburn. On No. 15, the hour even and returning leave Perry Corner, Woburn for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

RETURNING.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05, 8:20, 8:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

The following new timetable for the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1907.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5:12 A.M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27 P.M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn, Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. The Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6:17 A.M., and then every 15 minutes until 10:30 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave 7:32 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 10:32 P.M., and then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which runs via Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford, Square will be discontinued on Jan. 15, 1907, and the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winchester, and Reading, where the cars will run via Boston for through cars to Saco Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. There will be no car to connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connects with Lowell car at Woburn. On No. 15, the hour even and returning leave Perry Corner, Woburn for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

RETURNING.

Leave Reading Square for Stoneham, Winchester and Arlington 6:30, 6:30, 6:45, 6:50, 6:55, 7:00 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 10:30 P.M.

Leave Stoneham for Winchester and Arlington 6:20, 6:50, 7:05, 7:20, 7:50, 8:05, 8:20, 8:45 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Reading 6:40, 7:10, 7:25, 7:40, 8:10, 8:25, 8:40, 9:10 A.M., and every 30 minutes until 11:10 P.M.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

JAS. O. ELLIS, Div. Sup't.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

The following new timetable for the Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. is the result of the arrangements which went into effect on Sunday, Jan. 15, 1907.

Cars leave North Woburn Car House for Winchester, Medford and Elevated at 5:12 A.M., then every 15 minutes until 9:27 A.M., then every 30 minutes until 12:27 P.M., then every 30 minutes until 11:27 P.M. Cars leave Woburn Centre ten minutes later than North Woburn, Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co. The Elevated for Winchester, Woburn, and North Woburn at 6:17 A.M., and then every 15 minutes until 10:30 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 12:02 P.M., then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight. On Sundays cars leave 7:32 A.M., then every 15 minutes to 10:32 P.M., and then every 30 minutes to 12:02 midnight.

The through car from Lowell, which runs via Merrimack Square, Lowell, via Tewksbury, Winchester, Woburn and Medford, Square will be discontinued on Jan. 15, 1907, and the new schedule provides for cars to run from Merrimack Square, Lowell, by way of Tewksbury, Winchester, and Reading, where the cars will run via Boston for through cars to Saco Square, station subway, Boston Lynn, Peabody and Salem. There will be no car to connect with car that leaves North Woburn car house and connects with Lowell car at Woburn. On No. 15, the hour even and returning leave Perry Corner, Woburn for No. Woburn on the half hour.—tf.

MEN ADMIRE



A pretty face, a good figure, but sooner or later learn that the healthy, happy, contented woman is most of all to be admired. Women troubled with fainting spells, rheumatism, neuralgia, and those dreadful dragging sensations, cannot hope to be happy or popular, and advancement in either home, business or social life is impossible. The number of these troubles however yields quickly to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and herbs. It acts at once upon the organs afflicted and the nerves, dispelling symptoms. No other medicine in the country has received such unqualified endorsement or has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Emma Runtzler, of 631 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., writes: "For a long time I was troubled with a weakness which seemed to affect all my strength areas, had lost my head, and was unable to think clearly. Chances to read of your advertisements of a case similar to mine cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I decided to try it and I cannot express my gratitude for the benefit received. I am entirely well and feel like a new person."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most successful remedy for all forms of Female Complaints. Weak Back, Feeding and Digestion, Indigestion and Ulceration, and is invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Agreeing With Beamish.

By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan.

"It looks like a graveyard," said Audrey, with a little shiver, as she stared into the body of the theater.

On the stage the open fire skylights flooded the bare space with light and created a grateful draft, but the body of the house was swathed in white thin cloths over the rows of the rounded backs of the seats, suggesting an order of royal sumptuousness.

In the broad baye of the balcony of the box of Manager Beamish's "No. 2" company went through its rehearsal, while still another touring organization occupied the side lobby downstairs, but it was the Avenue stock company, the pride of Beamish's attractions, that occupied the stage. Audrey Harwood sniffed at the thought that this season she was rehearsing with the crack company on the stage instead of one of the less important companies in the lobby.

The year before she had labored the box与其 with a road company, and it had not been until the last of the season that Basil, the general stage manager for Beamish, had noticed her work on one of his trips of inspection and had promoted her to the metropolitan company.

"It's been the graveyard of many a blasted hope," retorted Maida Terry, the leading lady, with a laugh, and Beamish is the ghost that goes prowling around the place seeking where he may devolve. "There comes now," she added, as the hulking figure of the manager was discerned descending the staircase leading from the balcony, where he had been watching the rehearsal of the minor company.

Now he settled his huge bulk in a seat at the rear of the house, his pudgy hands clasped across his fat stomach, while he viciously chewed the end of an unlit cigar. Beamish was an inveterate smoker, but he lived in dread of a fire that might put his house out of business for a time, and he never slept in the theater, even in his own office.

His presence made itself felt to Howard Basil, though the latter stood with his back to the auditorium. Some of the actors played better with the manager's eyes upon them, others grew nervous and Beamish, and Audrey, coming under Beamish's notice for the first time, failed utterly in her scene. As her voice faltered and broke, he may devolve, "There comes now," she added, as the hulking figure of the manager was discerned descending the staircase leading from the balcony, where he had been watching the rehearsal of the minor company.

After the last curtain the crowds in the restaurants were discussing her wonderful work, but she still lingered in the dressing room. The other players had gone, and only the cluster of electric lights in the center of the stage illuminated the place, emphasizing the dark shadows thrown by the stacked scenery.

"Going great," he said shortly. Then he turned upon his heel and walked back to his place of observation.

In the second act Audrey had her big scene, and forgetful of self, threw herself into the part. She could not act well at rehearsal, but now the lights and the crowd acted as a stimulus. Nerved by the further desire to justify Beamish's confidence, she surpassed herself. At the end of the act the first act was over with a roar of applause, and the audience clapped and cheered, and her success was assured.

"Get another girl for that part of *Mona*," said the general manager. "That stick you've got there is rotten."

"She will play all right," was the response. "She rehearses badly, and then she is nervous because you are out here."

"I want another girl," was Beamish's emphatic answer. "It's only a bit that she plays, but it comes in *Terry's* big scene, and we can't have that spoiled. Get rid of her."

"If I thought that she would spoil it, I should not have engaged her," answered Basil quietly. "The girl will remain in the cast."

"Give the part to Ashton," ordered Beamish. "Let this girl out tomorrow."

"I have full control of the companies," said Basil, whose face had grown very white. "Miss Ashton can play the part at a pinch. Miss Harwood can live the part. If she goes, I go."

"I've got you under contract," snorted Beamish.

"I just mentioned the important clause of that contract," retorted Basil. "You will break it by your own action."

The younger man stood quietly for a moment while Beamish chewed his cigar viciously. Basil was a man hard to replace. Moreover, he had seen the English production of the piece and had read the play with the author. It would never do to let him go on the eve of a production. Beamish rose heavily to his feet.

"I don't suppose that you will object to Ashton understanding it," he asked gruffly.

"Not in the least," said Basil. "I'll send for her this afternoon."

He returned to the stage. Those better versed in the Beamish methods and guessed that he had been sent for had been fighting for Audrey and had told the girls so. She flushed him a grateful glance, but he merely took his place by the table and ordered the rehearsal of the scene over again. It was not until after the company had been dismissed that Audrey had a chance to speak to him.

"How can I ever thank you?" she said gratefully.

Basil looked down into the wistful face. "By doing as you as possibly can," he said. "I want you to justify my judgment. I am a fool to think that there will be an understanding tomorrow, but don't worry. If Beamish wants to pay any extra salary, let him. It is seldom that he indulges in that luxury."

He turned away to hide the real an-

STATE POLITICS

Rotteness in Boston City Hall Slowly Being Uncovered

STARTLING DISCLOSURES

Whitney and Quincy invade Dominion of Canada--Gerry Brown is on the Anxious Seat

The sensational disclosures brought by the finance commission which is investigating the department affairs of the city of Boston have astonished a good many people, although those involved as to political matters have known that there was a state of absolute rottenness existing at Boston city hall.

Those who have watched the course of events at the hall for a good many years and have seen the grafting right and left, have been astounded at the openness with which this kind of business was being conducted under the present administration, although they have doubted if the finance commission would be able to uncover much of it. It has been generally understood by those conversant with proceedings at city hall the past two years that under no previous administration had there even been such wholesale plundering of the city as during the present administration of Michael J. Coughlin, who was elected mayor by the finance commission, and who has given his solemn pledge publicly, on many occasions, that he would protect the city and safeguard her interests in every quarter and under all circumstances. During his campaign for nomination and election, he reiterated over and over again, his unwavering purpose to conduct the affairs of the city on a business basis, and save the taxpayers in every possible way. He pledged himself to be a credit, not only to the city, but to its supporters and friends. From his attitude and utterances, one who did not know him might have been led to believe him indeed a statesman rather than a politician. Those who knew him simply grinned and said: "Oh, that is Fitz's bluff; this same old gag he has worked from time immemorial, and with which he has fooled the people first, last and all the time."

Boston's Dire Need Now

The finance commission evidently has arrived at the conclusion that the only thing against which the city needs to be protected is Fitzgerald himself. Every department so far investigated by the finance commission has been proven guilty of grafting, and the end is in sight. The total purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And yet these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for governor later on, when the city of Boston, with its 1,000,000 purchases made for the city, experts figure that more than 30 percent of all the money paid out was graft. Who got it? Did it all go into the pocket of the coal dealer, or did some of it reach persons higher up than the purchasing agent? These are questions which interest the tax payers of Boston.

And these are the methods which the Democratic party would like to install at the state house by the election of a Democratic state administration to replace the present Republican regime. Fitzgerald himself is even credited with having a high ambition to run for

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.

Published Weekly: Every Friday Morning by George A. Hobbs. Office at 434 Main Street. \$1.50 a Year. Single Copies 3 Cents.

VOL. LVII.

WOBURN, MASS., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1907.

Entered at the Woburn, Mass., Post Office,
as second-class matter.

NO. 44.

Business Cards.
Cummings, Chute & Co.,
— DEALERS IN —
Flour, Corn,
Meal, Oats,
Hay, Straw,
Coal and Wood.
Agents for the Leading Brands of Fertilizers.
9 to 21 High St., Woburn.

George Durward



450 Main St., Woburn

CHARLES H. TAYLOR,
Photographer.

AMATUER SUITIES. All

Films.

Discount of 10 per cent from list.

Landscape, Interiors, Machinery, Pictures

Developing, Printing, Finishing, and all kinds of

work done for Amateurs on Plates or Films.

23 Pleasant St. Woburn

B. A. & C. E. TRIPP,

Funeral Directors.

Everything pertaining to Funerals, all

constantly on hand.

Office and Warerooms,

No. 10 Prospect St., WOBURN

Office and Residence connected by Telephone.

No. of Telephone 14-4.

Residence and Night Telephone 235-6.

NORRIS & NORRIS,

Counsellors and Attorneys-at-Law,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

115 Main St., WOBURN, MASS.

Notice To Patrons.

Boston & Northern St. Ry. Co.

Change of Time. Reading &

Arlington Route.

WEEK DAYS.

Begins Monday, June 3, 1907, car-

will leave Reading Station for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

10.50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10,

6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

SUNDAY TIME.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A.M., and every 30

minutes until 11.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Stowham and

Reading 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

RETURNING.

Leave Arlington for Winchester, Stow-

ham and Reading 6.30, 6.45, 6.50,

7.30, 7.45, 8.00, 8.30 A.M., and every 30

minutes until 11.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.50 P.M.

Leave Winchester for Arlington 7.10,

6.10, 6.25, 6.40, 7.10, 7.25, 7.40, 8.10 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 11.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

Winchester and Arlington as follows: 5.00,

5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 6.45, 7.00, 7.30 A.M.,

and every 30 minutes until 10.30 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Winchester and

Arlington 5.20, 5.50, 6.05, 6.20, 6.50, 7.05,

7.30, 8.00, 8.30, and every 30 minutes until

11.50 P.M.

Leave Stowham for Reading 6.40, 7.10,

7.25, 7.40, 8.10, 8.25, 8.40, 9.10 A.M., and

every 30 minutes until 10.10 P.M., then

12.10 A.M.

NOTICE.

Leave Reading Square for Stowham,

The Woburn Journal

Telephone 55.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 27, 1907.

REPUBLICAN CAUCUSES.

On Tuesday evening, Sept. 24, the Republicans of Woburn assembled at their several wardrooms and, in a quiet and orderly manner, selected full complements of delegates to the State and other conventions, the names of all of whom are given in another column of this paper.

The caucuses were thinly attended, owing, no doubt, to the fact that there were no exciting contests to be settled at any of the conventions, and especially as the renomination of Senator Riley and Representative Lincott of this city were beforehand fully assured.

As we understand it, the delegates chosen are unanimous in their adherence to the renomination of the present State and County officers of Riley and Lincott, of Readville's selection for Representative, with scarcely one choice for the Presidential ticket an unknown.

The nomination demanded no strenuous efforts, and consequently but little interest was taken in the caucuses last Tuesday evening.

COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Republican Middlesex County Convention is to be held at East Cambridge, as usual, on next Tuesday, Oct. 1.

Business of importance is to be transacted by the convention, therefore a full attendance of delegates is earnestly desired by the County Committee.

A Sheriff, County Commissioner and Associate Commissioners are to be placed in nomination. It looks as though the present incumbents of those offices—all good and true men—would be nominated by acclamation.

An Attorney convention is to be held at Cambridge, as usual, on next Tuesday evening.

Business of importance is to be transacted by the convention, therefore a full attendance of delegates is earnestly desired by the County Committee.

Quincy A. Brackett went to New York last week to enter the Western Electric Company, for the discharge of the duties in which position he is amply equipped.

Board of Public Works will meet to consider the builder of the new school in balance of his pay and to see if the architect can agree on a suitable plan.

Mary D. Prior of the High School is enjoying her leave of absence at Intervale, N. H. In the meantime, the Miss Gladys Aldrich, as her substitute, is filling the bill admirably.

— Henn & Roessler, the up-to-date monument dealers at 117 Salem street, are now running their large granite works with a 15 horse power electric motor. Business is rushing with them on their fall work.

Comrades of Post 161, G. A. R., Crystal Fount Lodge, I. O. O. F., now Rebekah Lodge, 39, all of this city, attended the funeral of George L. Tebbets of Stoneham last Saturday morning.

— In response to a polite and cordial invitation it is expected that Intonit Canoe Club, or many members of it, will attend a smoke talk to be given by the Medford Boat Club at their clubhouse tomorrow evening.

Henn & Roessler, proprietors of the New England Monument Co., 117 Salem street, have a large variety of highly finished memorials, ready for immediate delivery. Prompt service, low prices and the best of workmanship.

— The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Melina Skinner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Skinner of Woburn, to Frederic Thompson Dow of Birmingham, Ala.—Boston Transcript. The JOURNAL's congratulations to the bride and groom to be.

— After a pleasant visit to relatives and acquaintances at the old home in Nova Scotia, Mr. Alexander Grant is at his rooms in Mechanic's building doing business. He enjoyed the sea voyage, and the meeting of former neighbors down there, and had a grand time.

— The Woman's Club are to hold their first meeting of the present fall on Oct. 18, in Lyceum Hall. A program for the season was nearly completed at a meeting held last week at the home of the President, Mrs. Dr. S. W. Kelley, and in due time the same will be publicly announced.

— A recent issue of the Boston Globe gave the military side of Lieut. A. E. Tornrose of Co. G, and a good picture of him. He has been appointed, or promoted, to an important position in the 5th Regiment, that of Arms Inspector. He has lived in this city 5 or 6 years, and is an artist of considerable ability.

— There is a movement on foot to secure the closing of the provision markets every Wednesday afternoon the year round, instead of during the summer months as at present. It has received the sanction of the leading proprietors of the leading markets; but the opposition of one or two of them may defeat it.

— One young lady was asked when she came out of Madams Taylor's and Andrews's High School dining room Tuesday: "Well, did you get anything to eat?" "Lots of it, and it was awfully good, too," was her quick reply. There was a big rush for the tables at lunch hour; but the purveyors were equal to the emergency.

— The grading of the High School grounds by Capt. J. M. Ellis is about completed. He has made a good job of it, as is his habit, and next spring and summer, when the grass and vines come out, the grounds will make a fine appearance, thanks to the good judgment and correct taste of the landscape architect and Capt. Ellis.

— In the competitive State rifle match at the Range in Wakefield last Saturday the 5th Regiment, M. V. M., a considerable number of the members of Co. G in the contest, won the Douglas trophy, beating the famous 6th down town. The 6th won the tri-color prize. The Woburn boys proved themselves fine marksmen.

— The Line Gale got along all right and pretty nearly on time. It was due, of course, on Saturday, but did not reach here until late Sunday. It was the real thing, barring wind, for the rain poured furiously all Sunday night, and only a little less so at frequent intervals on Monday. The Line Gale, sometimes called the Equinoctial Storm, is pretty sure to come around annually about this season of the year, although some people profess to take no stock in it.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.

A. S. Hoyt—Jelita—Hill, H. B. Humphreys—Hill, H. H. Morris—Montgomery, D. C. Morris—Montgomery, Grace Morris—Morl, Sales, L. W. Johnson—Montgomery, L. W. Johnson—Montgomery, Sales, Mertens Bancroft—Montgomery.

— Read what the Boston Branch say in their ad. about coffee.

HARDWARE
Cutlery, Painters' Supplies, Kitchen
Furnishings, Tin and Sheet Iron Work.H. B. BLYE & CO.,
367 MAIN ST., Opp. The Common.

Telephone connection.

— It was only 40 above zero yesterday morning. How was that for high!

— The Woburn Phalanx (Co. G, 5th Regt.) are to open a series of military services at the Armory on Oct. 10.

— Madams Taylor and Andrews opened the High School luncheon room in grand style early this week. It is a fine thing.

— Following a heavy thunder storm Saturday evening Sunday's weather was the most delightful of the season.

— A letter last week from our friend Mr. Robert D. Boice, written on returning to his Illinois home from a delightful New England tour, was perused with great pleasure. He says: "We are amicably this year, and the boys are growing up healthy. Some of the prices of fruit and vegetables out there on the prairies, given by him, excited our envy."

— Rev. William H. Osmond has accepted the call extended to him by Trinity Episcopal church of this city to come their Rector, and will soon enter on his ministerial duties thereat. Rev. F. W. Beekman, the immediate predecessor of Rev. Mr. Osmond, is to leave in a few days for Uniontown, Pa., where he has accepted the pastorate of a large and flourishing church.

— Last Saturday evening Mr. John Brauer, a long time friend of the JOURNAL, presented that estimable, and only real local, family paper with his annual contribution of beautiful flowers raised in the well kept garden on Eastern Avenue, for which they were grateful. Undoubtedly, the lady of the house, Mrs. Brauer, was entitled to a good share of the credit for the handsome present.

— The Line Gale did some damage here to trees and electric wires, but not much. Away down on the Eastern Coast, in Newfoundland, and all along shore, it was terribly destructive to shipping, many lives and vessels having been lost. We got the tail end of it here on Tuesday evening in the shape of a brief but smart thunderstorm accompanied by considerable wind and rain. Wednesday was as fine an autumn day as ever laid outdoors.

— The Line Gale did some damage here to trees and electric wires, but not much. Away down on the Eastern Coast, in Newfoundland, and all along shore, it was terribly destructive to shipping, many lives and vessels having been lost. We got the tail end of it here on Tuesday evening in the shape of a brief but smart thunderstorm accompanied by considerable wind and rain. Wednesday was as fine an autumn day as ever laid outdoors.

— Mr. J. Howard Nason of Everett, the well known Boston tour conductor, formerly a respected resident of Woburn, is recovering from what was born, by some might be the cause of his shuffling off his mortal coil pretty soon. Barley water 3 times a day and pluck has pulled him through in fine style, and nobody in Boston or Everett sees any reason why he may not, with the aid of Providence, "live 10,000 years, bright shining."

— Unless New Hampshire vacations are taken moderately and in reasonable doses they are sometimes liable to go back on a fellow. A case in point was that of Mrs. Charles J. Chase of Church Avenue last week, who suffered quite an ill turn soon after she and the Engineer returned from their vacation outing among the Granite Hills. Lamprey, the expressman, blamed the attack on the fresh water fish the Chases ate up there, for Lamprey claims, seriously, that only salt water fish are fit to eat, haddock preferred at this season of the year. However this might have been, the good lady, with the aid of Dr. Charles J. Chase, was soon on the mend again, plucked, pulled all right, and her neighbors were glad of it.

— To preserve the rare natural and artistic beauties of that choice spot of earth which lies, more or less, in the rear of the Wm. Public Library, attended to under several different, but generally, euphonious names, "playground" being the most common, the city authorities, in an exhibition of official wisdom seldom looked for in that direction, have ordered a sign, "No Trespass," to be so conspicuously placed that a man riding by on horseback couldn't fail to see and be duly warned by it, and Mr. Collins, the author of the fine piece of work (the playground), has put it where it will do the most good. The present condition of this choice bit of earth warrants the belief that the sign will be of vastly more value as a danger signal to unwary pedestrians than as a warning to the public to "keep off," etc.

— That his name and public services may not be buried forever in Woburn, Commissioner Kelley insists that Mayor Blodgett shall return to its position of honor on the walls of the new schoolhouse that beautiful bronze tablet on which his name and office are handsomely inscribed, but which, when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— It is surprising how cheap men's and boys' every-day or go-to-meeting suits can be bought at Hammond & Son's big store in this city. The days of "shoddy" clothing have passed away, and now not only the material of which suits are made equal to the best of custom work, but the cut and make are as stylish and neat fitting as is turned out by the best tailors.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

— The case of Rev. William H. Scott of this city and Lewis E. Baldwin of Boston against Frank L. Robinson, proprietor of the Quincy House, Boston, and two of his clerks, for discrimination on account of color when they applied for and were refused rooms at that hotel on Sept. 19, was continued by the Court to Oct. 7. Mr. Scott declares that, if the case goes against him and Baldwin, it will go to the U. S. Supreme Court and made a test of. There's where he is right, and will be sustained by the public. There should be no discrimination on account of color at Boston hotels.

Musical.

MAUDE H. LITTLEFIELD,
Piano-forte and Violin
INSTRUCTION
79 Prospect St., Woburn.

Artistic and Scientific
MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
Mrs. Annie M. S. LEWIS in Woburn on
Mr. F. Percyall Saturdays, etc.
PIANOFORTE and ORGAN.
Also, History, Theory, Harmony, etc.

Consult in Unitarian Vestry, Saturday, 2 to 4 P.M.,
or address Winchester.

MISS MERTENA BANCROFT

WILL RESUME
PIANOFORTE INSTRUCTION

In this city October 1, 1907.

STUDIOS:

12 Franklin St., Woburn
6 Newbury St., Boston

Boston Blend
Coffee

The most uniformly satisfactory
COFFEE on the market. It has
made itself popular on quality
alone. It is a

25c. Coffee

Worth what it costs.

Boston Branch
Tea and Grocery Emps.
351 Main Street.
FITT & STANLEY
TELEPHONE 139-6.

AFTER HARD WORK
THE USE OF

Woburna
Lotion Soap

Gives a feeling of freshness
and invigoration obtained in
no other way.

F. P. BROOKS, Druggist,
361 Main St.
WOBURN

WE SELL AI HAN.

SMOKED H

with a pedigree never goes
the kind you're looking for
can give you. Because

WE SELL AI HAN.

doesn't signify we ask more. On the
contrary, we charge a less price than is often
asked for hams that won't stand investigation.
Our hams are from healthy stock
properly cured and will keep in any climate.
Good hams don't stop, but buy them

RALPH N. SMITH, Ass't Clerk.

There Are Certain
Times To Eat
Hathaway's Celebrated
Cream Bread

Those certain times are three times a day, 365 days each
year.

It is home-made bread, but we do the work.
Ask your grocer.

C. F. HATHAWAY & SON
CAMBRIDGE and WALTHAM



Mortgagee's Sale

— OF —

REAL ESTATE
AUCTIONEERS,
43 Tremont Street. — BOSTON.
TEL. 727 HAY.

By virtue and in execution of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Sarah M. C. Phillips to the Mutual Friend, dated April 10th, 1906, and recorded in the office of the Probate Court, Woburn, and Middlesex County District Deeds Book 329, Page 146, for breach of the condition contained in said mortgage deed and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

MONDAY, the 14th day of October, A.D. 1907.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:

—Northwesterly by land with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn, County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows:—Northwesterly by Hudson street, about seventy-five (75) feet; eastwardly by land, bounded and described as follows:—about eighty (80) feet; southerly by land of Patrick Farry about seventy-five (75) feet; northwardly by land of the same, bounded and described as follows:—about six thousand (6000) square feet.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of one and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time of sale, either in cash or by a bill of exchange.

JOHN F. FEELEY, Mortgagee,
Woburn, Mass., September 23, 1907.

Mortgagee's Sale.

By virtue and in execution of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Alva S. Wood to Charles Cummings, dated March 30, 1907, and recorded with Middlesex County District Deeds Book 329, Page 470, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to Grace L. Norris of said Woburn, for breach of condition of said mortgage deed, and for the purpose of foreclosing the same, will be sold at public auction on the premises, on

TUESDAY, October 22, 1907.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed and therein described as follows:

—A certain parcel of land with the buildings thereon situated in Woburn, County of Middlesex, bounded and described as follows:—Northwesterly by Hudson street, about seventy-five (75) feet; eastwardly by land, bounded and described as follows:—about eighty (80) feet; southerly by land of Patrick Farry about seventy-five (75) feet; northwardly by land of the same, bounded and described as follows:—about six thousand (6000) square feet.

The premises will be sold subject to taxes of one and two hundred dollars will be required of the purchaser at the time of sale, either in cash or by a bill of exchange.

JOHN F. NORRIS, Assignee,
and present holder of said mortgage
Woburn, Sept. 23, 1907.

W. B. CHAMBERS, Esq., Auctioneer.

W. B. CHAMBERS, Esq., Auctioneer.</p

TUMORS CONQUERED

Overwhelming Proof that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Tumor.

The growth of a tumor is so insidious that frequently its presence is wholly unsuspected until it is well advanced.

So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive monthly periods accompanied by unusual pain, "till the abdomen through the groin and thigh."

If you have mysterious pains, if there are "indies" of indigestion or disease, secure a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from 100% concentrated herbs, right away and keep it.

The results of active health convince every suffering woman of its virtue, and that it actually does conquer tumors.

Mrs. May Fry of 320 W. Fairfax Ave., of the Bend, Ind., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"A few weeks ago I wrote you for advice to a tumor which the doctors thought would have to be removed, instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am not only cured of the tumor but other female troubles and can do all my own work after eight years of suffering."

"S. J. Barber, of Scott, N. Y.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"A few weeks ago I wrote you for advice to a tumor which the doctors thought would have to be removed, instead I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and to-day am a well woman."

Mrs. May Fry, of 320 W. Fairfax Ave., of the Bend, Ind., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I take great pleasure in writing to you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I also took the Blood Purifier in alternate doses with the Compound. Your medicine removed a cyst tumor of four years' growth, which three of the best physicians declared I had. They had me eat only an operation could help me, I am very thankful to your medicine. It has made a strong and well woman and I shall recommend it as long as I live."

Mrs. E. F. Hayes, of 26 Ruggles St., Boston, Mass., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been under different doctors' treatment for a long time without relief. They told me I had a fibroid tumor, my abdomen was swollen and I suffered with great pain. I wrote to you for advice and replied to your advice. She is the Mrs. Pinkham who has been advising sick women free of charge for more than twenty years, and before that she assisted her mother-in-law, Lydia E. Pinkham in her work. Thus she is especially qualified to guide sick women back to health."

Mrs. Perry Byers, of Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, writes:

"Out of the Frying Pan."

By CECILIA A. LOIZEAUX.

Copyright, 1907, by C. H. Sutcliffe.

"There's not much use in our planning anything," said Mrs. Markham, a trifle petulantly. "You don't know Mary. She's too contrary to agree with herself, and the minute she finds out that we want her to meet Ben she'll go off at a tangent and everything will be spoiled."

"There are more ways than one to kill a cat," replied Mrs. Markham succinctly. "Why do you let her find it out, then? Just let him take her by surprise. I'll arrange it so that he stays here, like us. We'll be surprised when he comes for his vacation. He will just drop off for a day to see his aunt, and then our troubles will be over. There is no doubt whatever that they were made for each other, and they might as well have it over with. If I were you I'd have the wedding in October," she finished complacently.

"Well," said the other doubtfully.

And then: "How does Ben feel about it? After all, it mostly depends on how he takes it. Is he interested?"

"Indeed he is. He feels a little shy, I think, but he's willing to be shown. Says he's from Missouri. I think he's even anxious. But, as far as that goes, Mary is interested, too, only she is too independent to show it. Just give her a chance to meet him accidentally or unexpectedly, and everything will be all right."

"Is that so?" ejaculated a girl in the girls' hall, though she suppressed her voice. "So I may have a blue ribbon tied about my neck and be exhibited to this eager young man from Missouri, am I?"

Once in her room she turned the lights on at either side of her dressing table and looked at herself in the glass. Her glowing dark face was anything but meek, and she turned the light off again with a little vicious snap and then sat down in the open window. She was angry—very angry, she told herself.

"The very idea of planning to marry me off to a man I've never seen and never want to see! It's positively medieval!"

But presently the humorous side of it came to the rescue, as was usual with her, and she laughed as she undressed.

Early the next morning she wrote a long letter to her best friend, who was spending the summer at the lakes, and made a foolish mistake in putting the letter in the box. Early as she was, however, some one had been there before her. A letter was stuck out, and, thinking that the postman must have passed already, she pulled it out to see if it was hers.

"Mr. Ben Markham, Des Moines, Ia.," she read and rammed it violently back into the box. "They aren't wasting any time at any rate. But it takes two to fall in love, Mr. Ben Markham, and I can't get away to marry you today," she sang, "not this October either."

For two days she watched the mail closely, and on the third day the postman again put the letter in the box, after which he had to wait.

It was in a masculine script and addressed to Mrs. Markham. She carried it up to the lady in her room and then went on into her own, leaving the door open a crack. She was rewarded by hearing the guest say to her mother: "He's coming Thursday. He has tried to write indifferently, but—" And then she banged the door.

"He probably was indifferent. He would be if he were anything but a petticoat man! I should think he'd hate the sound of my name as badly as I do his. He would if he were anything but a mollycoddle!" And she wrote another brief note to Madge, telling her she would be down on the next train Thursday.

On Wednesday while her mother and Mrs. Markham were out driving she got a large trunk safely away from the house.

"There is no use going down there without anything to wear," she philosophized. "I shall probably see other people quite as wonderful as Mr. Benjamin Markham and a great deal more interesting."

trap, and Madge caught sight of the man, and Madge caught sight of the man.

"There!" she almost screamed and stared at the young man and from him to Mary. "Why, you must be insane! Don't you know?" The man drew closer, and Madge suddenly laughed at the utter bewilderment on Mary's face.

"What are you talking about? You must be insane yourself! Why?" Madge wiped her eyes and held out her hand to the man.

"You have hopped out of the frying pan straight into the fire, my dear," she said to the dazed girl. "Allow me to introduce Mr. Ben Markham."

It was quite six weeks before he dared to tell Mary that he had not run away from her, too, as she had interpreted his presence on the train, but had been there by design. When she heard that her mother had met the trunk on its way to the station the day before she left and Mrs. Markham had telephoned her nephew she gave up in despair.

"You see," said the man, "you might at least have given me the chance I was giving you. I felt as much like a fool as you did, only I was willing to be shown and you—well, you were afraid."

"I wasn't," said Mary. "But at any rate we will not be married in October. That would be too much. Your aunt actually said, 'If I were you, I'd have an October wedding,' to my mother, just as if I had nothing to do with it. We will show them that they can't manage everything."

"We will!" said Ben firmly. "We'll be married in September."

The Only Convert.

For some years there had been a Presbyterian mission at the Whiteman's go-reservation in Nebraska, but there were few converts. The missionary was on a brilliant plan. There were some bucks on the reservation who had been at the Carlisle school, where they had studied singing. He organized a quartet. The bucks liked to sing of hellfire and brimstone. One of them had a yellow dog, the others accompanied his master to church.

At first the Indians liked the singing; then they grew tired of it. Even the choir lost its religion. It became a trio, then a duet; finally the solo quit. A new missionary came into the field. One day he ascended the pulpit and looked around. The only sign of life in the pews was a yellow dog. Calling to the sexton, he said, "Put that dog out."

"Excuse me," replied the sexton mildly. "I'd rather not. The fact is he is the only convert."—Saturday Evening Post.

A Hideous Dream.

I had a horrible dream a few nights ago. I dreamed that I was the sub-editor of a religious weekly. There is nothing dreadful in that, of course. The horrible part comes later. My editor, just off for a holiday—editors generally are, you know— instructed me to write to several people of eminence and ask them to tell me their favorite prayer. (I recall this little story in all reverence, you understand.) Well, many of the eminent people replied, including a lady novelist of great fame, the lady wrote:

"Dear Sir—In reply to your esteemed favor, I enclose a clipping from an eminent person, desiring me to inform you that my favorite prayer is 'Give us this day our daily bread.'

I placed it at the head of the column, put the paper to bed and went there myself, feeling pleased. Next morning when I opened my copy of the religious weekly I found that three letters had been dropped from the lady novelist's favorite prayer, which, to my consternation, now read as follows: "Give us this day our daily bread."

And so it was. I hope the author will be pleased.

They are planning some more little surprises, I presume," she thought.

The next morning no one seemed to notice that she was dressed in her pongee suit instead of her usual house gown, and she strolled down the street after breakfast slowly and carelessly, quite unconscious of the fact that the two women on the porch were having a good time at her expense.

"I hope to goodness that Ben didn't miss that train," said Mrs. Markham.

"That makes it twice as funny for him to be on the same train."

And Mary coolly entered the chair car, settled herself with moderate satisfaction. Mary, my child, are you thinking for a minute?" she said, as she looked at the young man's discomfiture when he finds that little Mary has flown?" Then she became aware that the strange young man across the aisle was regarding her with much interest in his glance, and she lifted her chin a little and began to read her magazine. The young man went back to his paper, and after a little she looked him over suspiciously. He was evidently a college man, she decided—clean cut, big and vigorous, with a clear, brown skin and gray eyes. And presently there came to her a haunting sense of familiarity. She thought she must have seen him somewhere.

The young man looked up to see her gazing speculatively at him, and their eyes met. Again, as the boy had said, it was too late, for she had been caught, and the warm rosy red tinged in her cheeks and on her forehead. The man lifted his hat gravely, but with an amused twinkle.

Many felt horribly embarrassed and humiliated. In sheer desperation she turned to the window to put it down. It worked more easily than she thought and before she could pull her arm back had caught and impeded the corner of the loose sleeve of her little pongee wrap. She could not pull it out without tearing it, and the suit was. She spoke softly to the old man. And then, while she bit her lip and flushed still more deeply, the young man from across the aisle had reached over her without a word, and her arm was free.

"Thank you," she said feebly, and then in spite of herself she looked up and caught the gleam of a pin on his soft shirt. "Oh!" she exclaimed and then blushed again.

He whipped off his Panama and bent down. "Please don't be formal. You see I'm from your own college, only I've been east since at a law school."

Later she asked suddenly: " Didn't you belong to the Dramatic club? Weren't you Benedict in your class play? That's where I must have seen you. The pictures are up in the clubroom, you know."

It was three hours later that the train stopped at the little station at Oskaloosa, and she realized the man she had been talking to was the man in front of her, but he did not hear. And then, while she bit her lip and flushed still more deeply, the young man from across the aisle had reached over her without a word, and her arm was free.

"Thank you," she said feebly, and then in spite of herself she looked up and caught the gleam of a pin on his soft shirt. "Oh!" she exclaimed and then blushed again.

He whipped off his Panama and bent down. "Please don't be formal. You see I'm from your own college, only I've been east since at a law school."

Later she asked suddenly: " Didn't you belong to the Dramatic club? Weren't you Benedict in your class play? That's where I must have seen you. The pictures are up in the clubroom, you know."

It was a typical moment, when some one spoke to her after a day of certain gazing speculatively at him, and their eyes met.

"It was too late, for she had been caught, and the warm rosy red tinged in her cheeks and on her forehead.

The man lifted his hat gravely, but with an amused twinkle.

"It is imprudent to leave loaded guns within your son's reach like this."

"Oh, he doesn't even know they are guns; he was using them for stilts the other day."

Making Sure.

Lodger—I have decided to take a room that has piano in it. Landlady—But you do not play, sir. Lodger—No, but I am in my room when he wife's got work, sah!"—You-Know-Statesman.

It is not enough to aim; you must hit.

—Italian Proverb.

A Dumas Story.

Dumas the elder was rarely spiteful to or about his fellow men, but one day, when he happened to be in that mood, a friend called to tell him a piece of news. "They have just given M. X. the Legion of Honor," he said. Then he added in a significant tone, "It is a very injurious toy to the rubber balloon. The fumes and solvents used in reducing sheet rubber to the necessary thinness while retaining its strength and the dyeing of the brilliant yellows, greens and purple are most of them poisonous."

A Swelled Head.

A typical moment, when some one spoke to her after a day of certain gazing speculatively at him, and their eyes met.

"It was too late, for she had been caught, and the warm rosy red tinged in her cheeks and on her forehead.

The man lifted his hat gravely, but with an amused twinkle.

"It is that so?" said the Englishwoman. "Why, what could Mrs. Dash have meant the other day when she said he was suffering from a swelled head?"

His Narrow Escape.

A jolly old steamboat captain with more girth than height was asked if he had ever had any very narrow escapes.

"Yes," he replied, his eyes twinkling, "once I fell off my boat at the mouth of Bear creek, and, although I'm an expert swimmer, I guess I'd be there now if I hadn't been for my crew.

You see, the water was just deep enough so's to be over my head when I tried to wade out, and just shallow enough"—he gave his body an exploratory pat—"so that whenever I tried to swim out I dragged bottom."

—Everybody's.

The French Brand.

Customer—Why is a pipe made from French briar root better than one made from American briar root?

Tobacconist—Because anything that's French is a little tougher than the same thing in any other country.—Chicago Tribune.

Those Girls.

She—Him—kissed me when I was not dreaming of such a thing. Her—I'll wager you were not. You always were wide awake when kissing was in sight.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Crash.

John—what was that awful noise in the bathroom just now?

"Don't worry, my dear," replied John sleepily. "It was merely a crash towel falling!"—Milwaukee Sentinel.

—Everybody's.

THE WELSHERS.

How Absconding Bookmakers Are Treated in England.

One thing that deters people from absconding is the comparative frequency with which the books there depart with the stakes. This is a rarity almost unknown at an American course, and in the very exceptional case when it does happen the turf association always makes good all losses.

But if the cry of "Welshers" is on an English track, prepare for trouble. Battle, murder and sudden death generally follow. As everybody knows a gambling debt is illegitimate, so the mob's only recourse is to take its money's worth out of the unfortunate man's person. They knock him off his box, tear his clothes to pieces, beat him kick and bite him until he is unconscious in time to the point where they are apt to finish him altogether.

The authorities are on the alert to prevent such things, and as soon as there is a sign of trouble the terror-stricken bookmaker is followed by a group of "hobble," who fight their way through the dense mass and escort him beyond the reach of the fury of the mob.—From "The People and the Ponies," by C. F. Peters, in Bohemian.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XIII.—Third Quartet, For Sept. 29, 1907.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, a Comprehensive Quarterly Review—Golden Text, Ps. 83, 8—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns